

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

*FEBRUARY, 1883.*

## SARAGOSSA.



ARAGONESE CALESA.

"**DEMONIO!**" exclaimed my fellow-passenger, "shall we never reach Saragossa? It seems to me these railway-trains run slower and slower every time I ride on them. We shall

be compelled to go back to the diligence, after all, I fear."

The speaker was a portly old gentleman of sixty years or thereabouts; the place, a station not many miles from the

Aragonese capital, where we had stopped for the one-hundredth time after leaving Barcelona, pursuing our journey in the mean while with the provoking deliberation characteristic of railway-travel in Spain. We were alone in the compartment, which had been uncomfortably crowded since our departure, as the half-burnt cigarettes, crusts of bread, and similar relics scattered over the carpet and stowed away in the corners of the seats abundantly testified. A Spaniard generally carries his lunch with him; and should he happen to be near an open window he throws out what he does not want, otherwise he drops it quietly on the floor. This method, while offering some objections on the score of cleanliness, is not without its advantages. It is convenient, and saves exertion. Besides, it may prevent the interruption of some important political discussion, upon whose arguments, one would suppose from the earnestness with which they are conducted, the destinies of the country depend. My acquaintance with my companion had been made under rather amusing circumstances. He had got on at Manresa, and had neglected to close the door as he entered. The weather was damp and chilly, and, as the train moved off, the rain came driving in. I noticed, to my surprise, that he coolly deposited himself in a corner, wrapped to the chin in his cloak, and almost concealed by an immense quantity of baggage piled up in front of him. We were getting wet, and I was growing decidedly uncomfortable.

"Will you please shut the door, sir?" I asked.

"The guard will attend to it presently: that is *his* business," was the reply.

I then clambered over the bundles and valises and closed it myself.

I was at a loss to understand the motive for this singular conduct, until I accidentally learned that he was a grandee of the bluest blood and considered the slightest act of menial service highly derogatory to his dignity. The sacrifice of personal comfort was nothing to it. I was forcibly reminded of the story of

Philip III., who, sitting in front of a blazing fire, and the officer whose duty it was to move his chair not being present, etiquette forbidding the king to do it himself or any one to volunteer, the royal imbecile received such a roasting that he died from its effects within a week. My fellow-traveller had evidently adopted this noble model for his guidance; but, for the credit of the country be it said, there are few such fools left in Spain.

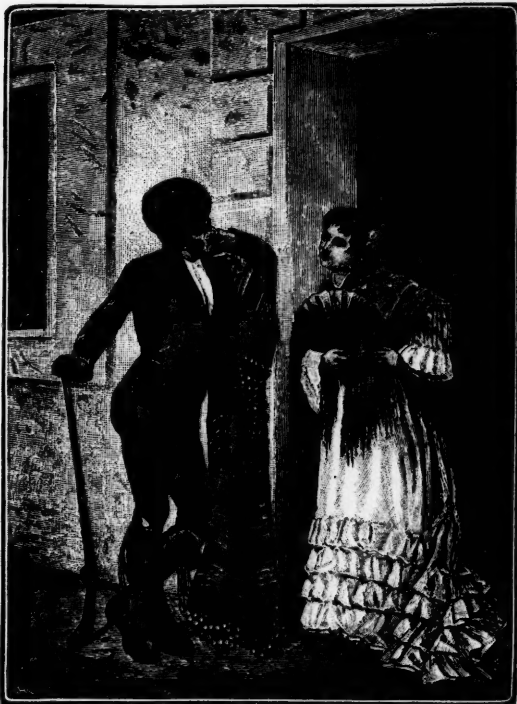
The line from Barcelona runs through a rugged and thinly-settled region skirting the Pyrenees, from whose defiles occasionally issue troops of well-armed and desperate brigands, that "go through" a train and "hold up" the passengers in our most approved American fashion. At every cross-road a well is located, and near by stands a lofty and often handsomely-carved stone cross; while at intervals along the route may be noticed smaller ones of wood, each marking the spot of some duel or assassination. The frequency with which these suggestive memorials occur does not speak well for the peaceable disposition of the peasantry, who, like their neighbors the Catalans, have always been noted for their indulgence in private feuds and their ungovernable spirit of revenge. The dress of the people is simpler and of less expensive materials than that of the south, as the sterility of the soil, barely affording the necessities of life, keeps them forever in poverty. None but the smugglers can afford any display of finery, and these are consequently regarded with great respect and envy by their associates. Indeed, in Spain the profession of a *contrabandista* is rather a distinction than otherwise. No disgrace attaches to his calling, which he seldom conceals; as he must necessarily be a man of courage, he is idolized by the women, and, like the bull-fighter, is often the petted favorite of those far superior to him in social position. He is on the best of terms with the *carabineros*, or custom-house officials, who fairly swarm in all towns near the mountains, and who, receiving a mere pittance from the

government, levy black-mail regularly upon these outlaws, their vigilance being stimulated a hundred-fold by considerations of personal interest. The principal contraband article is tobacco, as it is the least bulky and pays the highest duty, though large quantities of cloths and jewelry are continually smuggled in from France. No one who has not seen the bold, undisguised manner in which this illegal traffic is carried on would believe it possible. All the military, from the captains-general to the *peons*, appear to be interested in it; and there are not lacking those to insinuate that even officers of state do not disdain to share in its profits. This, however, is but one of the innumerable evils of the Spanish civil service, which is rotten to the core.

Leaving behind the dun-colored, sandy hills, we enter the valley of the Ebro, and soon the city of Saragossa, with its multitude of domes and slender spires, environed by extensive gardens, comes suddenly into view, like an oasis in the desert.

Saragossa, under Saracen dominion, was at first the seat of provincial government, and afterward the capital of an independent kingdom. Its inhabitants, descended from the natives of Barbary, though turbulent and ruder in manners than their kinsmen of Toledo and Seville, were not deficient in those intellectual qualities that seemed the birth-right of their race, and, profiting by their opportunities, made considerable progress in the arts of civilization. Here, as elsewhere, the Moor applied himself most diligently to agriculture, with such success that the Ebro became known as the "River of Fruits," from the orchards through which it ran for

miles. At one period of its history its population equalled that of any of its sister cities, and it maintained a lucrative trade with France, Italy, Egypt, and the rich principalities of Andalusia. The climate was so dry that provisions did not decay, and grain of all kinds could be preserved uninjured for an unlimited time. The Arabs, charmed with the lovely situation of their capital,



THE CONTRABANDISTA.

attributed to its surroundings many wonderful virtues. Among other things, it was said that if any reptile was brought to Saragossa, and permitted to touch the ground, it instantly became helpless, and soon died, owing to the peculiar talismanic nature of the soil, which nourished and protected all that was good and beautiful and expelled all that was hateful and noxious from its bosom. The architecture of the most

flourishing Moslem era exhibited plainly its African origin. It was coarser in detail, grander, and more massive, than that which, modified by Persian and Byzantine influence, characterized the fairy edifices of Granada and Seville; but the general style of ornamentation remained unchanged. Saragossa was well supplied with hospitals, schools, and colleges, liberally endowed by the wealthy and pious, and from her institutions of learning came forth many who did her honor in the council and in the field. The sultans and walids entertained at their courts philosophers and poets, though science was never pursued by them in the enthusiastic spirit with which the khalifs and the princes of Toledo, rivalling their chemists and astronomers, devoted consecutive days and nights to the solution of its fascinating problems.

As the capital of Aragon, a kingdom gained foot by foot through incessant wars with the infidel, and whose inhabitants have never ceased to manifest the greatest jealousy of any infringement of their time-honored liberties, Saragossa has always exerted a more weighty influence in political matters than any other city of its size in Spain. So far back that there now exists no authentic record of their origin, the forms of a constitution were observed in Aragon, the royal authority being so limited and hedged in by restrictions as to make the power of the sovereign merely nominal. The crown was elective, and when the nobles swore allegiance, their oath, instead of being couched in the set phrases of loyalty and devotion, began with the haughty declaration, "We, your equals." In many respects the constitutional provisions of ancient Aragon present a parallel with those of England. It had its House of Lords, to which ecclesiastics were admitted, its Commons, an excellent system of judicial tribunals, and its "General Privilege," corresponding to Magna Charta, which antedated it by twenty-three years. But the rights of the English people were never so guarded nor their interests consulted, in feudal

times, as were those of the subjects of this remote and insignificant kingdom. The courts of justice were open to all: if the plaintiff was too poor to prosecute his suit, the government was bound to furnish him the means and provide him with counsel. The liberty of each individual was protected by a proceeding analogous to *habeas corpus*. Judges held their offices for life, and, while they performed other than judicial functions, were held to a strict accountability in the discharge of all their duties, any violation of which was punishable with death. The integrity of the magistrates was further secured by a council of inquiry, composed of the chief dignitaries of the realm, and presided over by the monarch, which assembled once a year to examine all complaints against them.

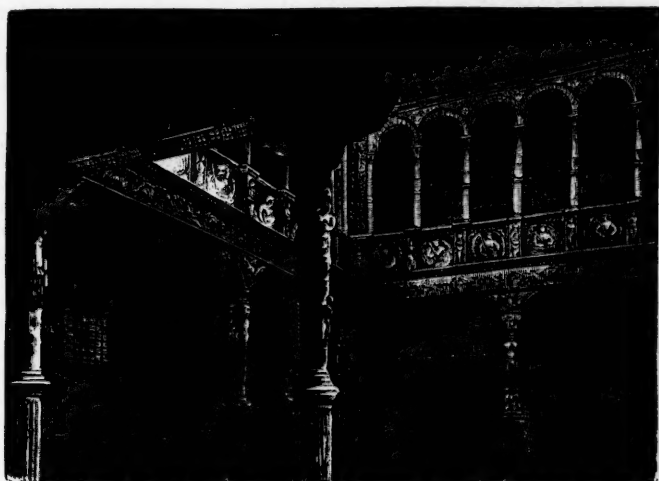
The main thoroughfare of Saragossa is called the Coro. It is intersected midway by the Paseo de Santa Engracia, forming a handsome square, whose pavements are as smooth and free from dirt as a marble floor. It is interesting to see the perfect but simple manner in which these streets are cleaned. That knotty problem, which annually throws our great cities into a turmoil, is easily solved in this unsophisticated community, where there is no circumlocution office and political jobbery is unknown. Two lines of men are formed at the end of a street, reaching from wall to wall. The first row is provided with hoes and brooms; the second with baskets, into which the sweepings are deposited, and when full the contents are dumped into carts. The rapidity with which the labor is performed is exceeded only by its thoroughness. Esparto, a kind of coarse grass that grows along the Mediterranean and is adapted to the manufacture of ropes, mats, and other useful articles, composes the material of these baskets. They are as flexible as bags, and answer the purpose of the wheelbarrow in other countries. An early riser will not fail to meet many a *mozo* on his way from market with a dozen of them full of meats and vegetables strung around him, forming a load that would stagger a donkey. Ores and heavy sub-



stances are conveyed in larger ones carried on the head. In this way, tedious as it may seem in the day of elevators, cars and ships are loaded with grain.

The Ebro, a wide but shallow stream, is crossed by a stone bridge, whose piers contain rooms built from the level of the water. These curious houses, constructed for the convenience of sentinels, are inhabited by a number of poor families, who gain their livelihood by fishing. On the river-bank, and but a few paces apart, stand the two cathedrals; for Saragossa enjoys the rare distinction of possessing a pair of metropol-

itan churches, in which high mass is celebrated on alternate Sundays. The more ancient, called La Seo, is Gothic, with some traces of Moorish arabesques upon its walls and the ceiling of its vestibule. The finest of its chapels is the one dedicated to San Pedro Arbues, Grand Inquisitor of Aragon. The Inquisition, immediately after its establishment in the city, had begun business in rather too pointed a manner to suit the wealthy merchants of Saragossa, for whose discipline the familiars of the Holy Office seemed to evince marked anxiety; and, while willing enough that



COURT, PALACE OF ZAPORTA, SARAGOSSA.

Jews and other infidels should be purged of their heresies by fire, they seriously objected to figuring themselves in *autos-da-fé*. Therefore, after sundry protests and petitions, which were contemptuously disregarded, they, to the number of several hundred, banded together to kill this tyrant, who had in the short space of a few months gained a reputation for merciless cruelty that would have elicited the approbation of St. Dominic himself. Arbues suspected the plot, and wore a coat of mail constantly; but this precaution did not avail him, for the conspirators entered the cathedral at midnight, when he was at his de-

votions, and two of them stabbed him with the fatal dexterity peculiar to their countrymen. Two hundred persons were roasted alive for their connection with this deed. The majority had their right hands cut off before being burnt; but those who had given evidence to convict their companions, under promise of pardon, were considerably burnt first and mutilated afterward. The fiend who so richly deserved his fate was subsequently canonized, and is now one of the most invoked saints in the Roman Catholic calendar. His tomb, placed near where he fell, is of black and white marble, surmounted by his

statue. He is represented kneeling on a mass of snowy clouds, and going to heaven as fast as two stout angels can carry him.

But it is in the other cathedral, with its glittering domes, its lofty aisles, its matchless altar and inestimable jewels, that the interest of the pilgrim centres. *Nuestra Señora del Pilar*, one of the infinite manifestations of the Virgin, is the genius of the shrine, and over her image, a rudely-carved doll thirteen inches high, a church five hundred feet long, and the largest in Christendom except St. Peter's, has been built. According to the popular legend, while St. James was living in a temporary hermitage in the vicinity of Saragossa, the Virgin appeared to him and commanded that a temple should be raised in her honor over the place where she had descended. As she vanished from the sight of the astonished disciple, he perceived a bright object standing upon the spot so lately sanctified by the presence of the Mother of God. Approaching, he beheld the little statuette and its pedestal, which had been left with him as a token of this supernatural visitation. The image has no artistic merit whatever, and the color of the wood cannot be seen, as it is entirely gilt. It is surrounded by a halo of gold and jewels. A solid silver railing encloses the altar: within its precincts no one below the dignity of a king or a cardinal is allowed to pass. The pillar is sheathed in the same metal, richly chased, which among the ancients was sacred to the moon, and which is more used than gold in decorating the shrines of the Virgin, as it was in the temples of the Egyptian Isis, her prototype. *Nuestra Señora* has a magnificent wardrobe, and is dressed every day with great ceremony. She has her chamberlains, also her ladies-in-waiting,—a position much coveted by the high-born dames of Saragossa, who, for the sake of obtaining it, contribute annually large sums to her treasury. The chapel in which these relics are placed is a showy pavilion, full of tasteless frescos and poor statuary. At the rear a small oval opening discloses a portion of the pillar.

It is of red jasper, and, notwithstanding its flinty hardness, the stone has been so worn away by countless kisses that quite a hole has been formed, and it seems to require a considerable amount of exertion to get the desired satisfaction from an embrace. The place is crowded day and night with suppliants, and the incessant ring of money, from the doubloon of the señora to the ochavo of the beggar, as it falls upon the marble within the consecrated railing, is the first and last sound the visitor hears in the church. Every afternoon, the canons, in their black and purple robes, preceded by heralds wearing powdered wigs and carrying maces, and accompanied by the pomp of candles, crucifix, and incense, move in solemn procession to this chapel to pay homage to *Nuestra Señora del Pilar*.

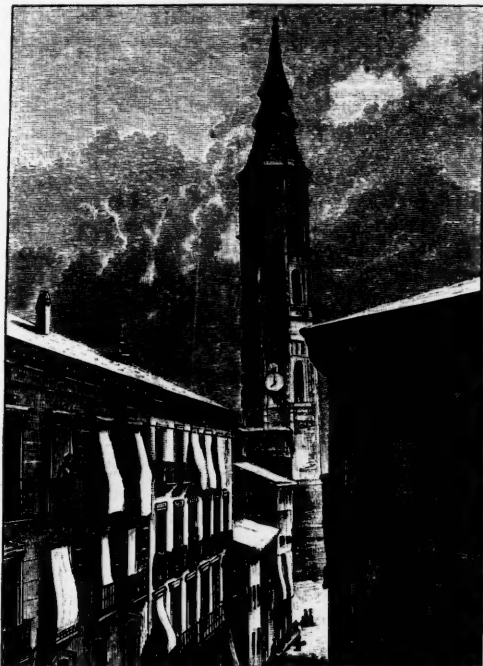
The high altar of the cathedral is an exquisite piece of carving in alabaster. The subjects represent various scenes in the life of the Virgin, the central one the apparition to St. James. The figures are almost natural size, and the details are so fragile that the authorities have never permitted this magnificent specimen of sculpture to be cleaned. No host is enshrined upon this altar dedicated to the mother of the Saviour, who here, as indeed in all Catholic communities, holds the first place in the affections and reverence of the worshippers.

Saragossa is one of the few Spanish cities where the influence of Catholicism does not appear to be more or less undermined. This is unquestionably due to the profitable trade driven by the inhabitants through the aid of the favorite image. *Nuestra Señora del Pilar* is the Ephesian Diana of the Aragonese. To implore her help, eighty thousand pilgrims visit her chapel every year. Her sources of revenue are endless. If a child is to be given her name, whether it be prince or peasant, a stated sum, graduated according to the means of the parents, must be sent to the archbishop and his written consent obtained. A rosary that has been worn by "Our Lady" for a day commands a fabulous

price, for it has become an infallible remedy for fevers. A piece of cloth that has draped the sacred pillar will cure or prevent smallpox. A medal bearing the effigy of the idol is fatal to the evil designs and looks of enemies,—in other words, is an amulet to ward off the evil eye. So many Aves or Pater Nosters said before the shrine—supplemented, of course, with an appropriate contribution—will insure success in a business undertaking. Volumes have been written on the portentous miracles performed here, all attested by the evidence of the most distinguished ecclesiastics. A picture of one of these occurrences shows the restitution to a cripple of a leg that had been cut off and buried for two years and five months. We are informed that the name of this fortunate individual was Miguel Pellicer, and that the event occurred March 29, 1640. The hour is not given,—which is a pity, as it is well to be exact about such matters. The strangest part of the miracle is that the amputated limb, as exhibited in the painting, has increased in size until it is so much larger than the other that the angels appear to have a great deal of trouble in adjusting it.

It is evident to the most careless observer that a radical change is taking place in the theological ideas of the Spanish people. Their sovereign has long since forfeited the title of "Catholic," so prized by King Ferdinand and his immediate successors. The expulsion of the Jesuits at different times, the confiscation of Church revenues, the suppression of monasteries and their transformation into barracks, have materially crippled the ecclesiastical power. The army of mendicant friars has been starved into a corporal's guard. The majority of the holidays have been abolished, to the incalculable benefit of in-

dustry, and the commerce of a great city is no longer suspended when some titled infant receives the rite of baptism or a silly monarch performs humiliating penance. The educated classes, however they may resent the unfriendly criticism of foreigners, do not hesitate to sneer at priestly dogmas among themselves. While Romanism is declining, Protestantism does not apparently make much



THE LEANING TOWER.

progress. That it has been able to obtain any foothold at all is a tacit acknowledgment of the weakness of the dominant sect. But a nation does not readily adopt opinions heretofore abhorred as heretical, and Spain, fast following in the footsteps of France and now verging toward religious indifference, will presently fall into infidelity.

The day after my arrival in Saragossa was Sunday, and I had just come out of the old cathedral, when I saw across the street a crowd gathered around the door

of a handsome building, into which people were passing and repassing in an endless throng. At the entrance a fellow was seated at a desk, with a heap of copper coin before him. His flashy dress and the slender cue in which his hair was braided indicated his profession, and I at once recognized the sporting character, or *aficionado*. Above, a placard announced, in letters a foot long,—

PROCEEDS FOR THE BENEFIT  
OF THE HOSPITAL  
OF THE HOLY TRINITY.

It was evidently some kind of a show. "What is there inside?" I asked the door-keeper.

"*Pelea de gallos, señor.*"

"A cock-fight, is it? Don't you have them except on Sundays?"

"No, señor; cock-fights before mass, and bull-fights afterward," he replied, smiling at my ignorance.

Without further conversation I paid my medio and went in. The room was about seventy-five feet long, and would hold three hundred persons, the seats being very close together and reaching to the roof. In the centre was a circular platform, five feet in diameter, draped with red curtains and enclosed by a light railing. As I sat down, the masters of ceremonies were weighing a pair of cocks suspended from the beam of a steel balance. These were so metamorphosed by the trimmer's art that I was not sure of their identity till I heard the familiar crow. The neck, legs, and under portion of the body had been plucked clean, and the tail-feathers, cut squarely off, stood out like a fan. They wore no "gaffs," as Spanish fowls provided with these weapons would kill each other at once, and of course the enjoyment of the spectators would be diminished too much to be profitable.

It was an uncommonly lively crowd, uproariously noisy, with a number of soldiers and priests scattered among the benches. One of the latter sitting near me, with his shovel-hat thrown rakishly back from his forehead, and undoubtedly more proficient in the rules

of the noble sport than in the lessons of his breviary, bet heavily, and was very successful, winning several hundred pesetas in a few minutes. The chickens fought desperately, and, as the blood and feathers flew, the delight of the audience became unbounded; mounting on each other's shoulders, they bent toward the little arena, while the cries, "*Una peseta al colorado!*" "*Duplo doy!*" "*Dos duros!*" "*T-a-a-b-l-a-s!*" rent the air, accompanied by the most extravagant gesticulation.

A "*correo de gallos*" lasts about two hours, or until the tolling of the church-bells is heard, when the room is cleared, and the *aficionados* disperse, to estimate their gains and losses and get up impromptu "mains" on the sidewalk for the benefit of impecunious *gamins* who have not been able to muster the admission-fee.

This amusement, only inferior in its disgusting brutality to the bull-fight, is very popular, and, though its professionals are of the most dangerous and degraded classes, it is patronized by persons of every grade of society, some of them of the highest distinction. A pastime to be at all acceptable in this country must involve some form of suffering, and the more severe it is the greater the fascination it possesses for the public. This utter want of sensibility, so prominently displayed in the gladiatorial combats of ancient Rome, and incident to every race in the age of its decadence, is nowhere more noticeable than in Spain, whose diversions, forming as usual an unfailling index of national character, indicate clearly the poverty of intellectual resources as well as the moral debasement of the people.

The houses of Saragossa are substantial old mansions, whose solid masonry enabled them to defy the French artillery during the two sieges of the city in 1808-09. The palace of Zaporta, an Italian merchant, built in the sixteenth century, is the most elegant. The pillars of its *patio* are sculptured from base to capital, and the gallery is adorned with medallion portraits and bas-reliefs representing the labors of Hercules.

The church-towers, suggestive of minarets by their slender proportions, constitute a picturesque feature of the place, giving it an Oriental aspect. The leaning tower, with its summit ten feet out of the perpendicular, is remarkable, but can scarcely be considered a rival of the famous one of Pisa. It was probably intended to be straight, but, having settled in the course of construction, the architects may have taken advantage of this circumstance to produce something singular by making the walls of the lower side stronger than those of the upper, thus preserving the equilibrium.

It is generally supposed in Saragossa that the inclined position of the tower is due to a miracle in which the tutelary deity of the city, whose stock of prodigies is inexhaustible, was somehow or other mysteriously concerned.

The convent of Santa Engracia possesses a subterranean chapel full of tombs and relics. Rows of marble sarcophagi that, covered with grotesque sculptures, line the crypt, contain the bones of Christian martyrs put to death by Diocletian. We have the authority of the priests for saying that they bleed copiously upon certain occasions.



THE CASTLE OF THE ALJAFERIA.

The convent of San Domingo is an immense pile, deserted and fast going to ruin. It was built from the funds acquired by the discovery of the New World, and is but one of the seventy that once flourished here. In those days of bigotry and ignorance monasticism was so popular that the swarms of friars belonging to the various religious orders constituted one-fifth of the entire population.

The old Moorish palace, the Aljafería, lies outside the walls. In common with many other Saracen edifices, it has been altered so frequently that little of the original remains. A pretty mosque used by the sultans has escaped the general wreck. Its arabesques have been disfigured with lime, but the alabaster columns that support the horseshoe

arches are unsurpassed in the delicate chiselling of their capitals.

The "Hall of the Throne," built by Ferdinand and Isabella, has a wooden dome, carved by the most skilful Arab artists of the time.

The castle, once the seat of the Inquisition, is now one of the most important arsenals of the Spanish government, accommodating a numerous garrison and furnished with arms for fifty thousand men.

On my return, I passed through the gate of El Portillo, where was fought one of the bloodiest battles of the Peninsular War. The story of the "Maid of Saragossa," who aided her lover in the desperate struggle in which the French were repulsed, retaining her place to revenge his death, after he had



been shot down at her side, forms one of the most romantic episodes of Spanish history :

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear ;  
Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post ;  
Her fellows flee—she checks their base career ;  
The foe retires—she heads the sallying host.  
Who can appease like her a lover's ghost ?  
Who can avenge so well a leader's fall ?  
What maid retrieve when man's flush'd hope  
is lost ?

Who hangs so fiercely on the flying Gaul,  
Foil'd by a woman's hand before a batter'd wall ?

The name of this heroine was Augustina : she was the daughter of a *lavan-dera*, or washerwoman. Lord Byron, who was certainly a judge of female beauty, if any ever existed, and who often saw her during his travels in Spain parading the alamedas in military costume and blazing with orders, has testified to her charms of form and face as well as to the amiable qualities of her mind. Her patriotic example, followed in all the provinces, was productive of a host of Amazons, who vied in martial prowess with their husbands and lovers, until the expulsion of the invaders gave peace to their desolated country.

The injurious effects of shrine-cure and of mistaken charity are seen in the incredible number of beggars that infest the streets of Saragossa. "They are a horrible plague, for which there is no remedy," remarked a shopkeeper to me, as he drove away for the third time a band of about twenty, who were foraging around for a breakfast, evidently with designs on the money-drawer. "They interfere with our business, and are such thieves that they will steal the hat off your head if you give them half a chance." The priests, to sustain the impostures that constitute the principal

part of their stock in trade, assisted by the great painters, have done much to extend and perpetuate this nuisance. As the shrines are sustained mainly by the contributions of superstitious and misguided persons, and as many of the mendicants collect for the imaginary benefit to be derived from supplication of the images, the scheming old *padres*, to preserve their credit, cannot do otherwise than support them, and both classes prey upon the public. Again, every traveller who is familiar with the master-pieces of the finest Spanish painters knows that the unrivalled excellence of the execution often hardly compensates for the repulsiveness of the subject, where the most loathsome details are portrayed with marvellous fidelity, more attention apparently being paid to the sores that cover the beggar than to the features of the saint who relieves his necessities. These pictures and their copies, abounding in every church and suspended over every altar by the way-side, have familiarized the popular mind with promiscuous alms-giving, until a beggar, however unworthy, is seldom refused. He is the outgrowth of an obnoxious system which has always encouraged idleness provided it tended toward orthodoxy and winked at crime if committed in the interest of its unholy ministers,—a system that can only be overcome by the unchecked diffusion of knowledge, the introduction of liberal ideas, and the abridgment of the privileges of an insolent priesthood, which accepts as a leading principle of its ethics that "when the people have advanced in intellectual culture to a certain point the sacerdotal class must either deceive or oppress them if it means to keep its power."

S. P. SCOTT.

## THE JEWEL IN THE LOTOS.

## CHAPTER VI.

## RELATIVES.

THERE had been a croquet-party in Calverly Park, and some persons had been invited in from outside. They had had tea under a patriarchal elm-tree, and afterward the young people went wandering about the green, and through the paths that at this hour could still be private; for, though the public could not be excluded from the avenue when the gates were open, low fences still shut in the larger part of the grounds. Pretty groups dotted the bright turf,—young girls in their soft rose, white, blue, and many-tinted garments, making far more artistic combinations of color than were to be seen in the hard splendors of ribbon-bordering in the gardens beyond the avenues, which at a distance looked like strips of painted wood. The voices and laughter of these girls were scarce louder than the murmur of a breeze through the foliage, and in their lovely braided hair one found the sunshine that was missing in their skies.

The table had been carried away, but some chairs were left under the trees, and two ladies sat there talking. One was a plain, elderly woman,—Mrs. Kinlock. She was rather dowdy in dress, but had a pleasant face. The other was a grand-niece of the Glenlyons,—Mrs. Armandale. She had married a distant relative of the Duke of Omnium, and had just returned from a visit to the duchess, who had also presented her. She was rather pretty, had an air of conscious elegance and beatitude, and was a good sort of person, though rather frothy.

Near the two, and listening to their talk, were a young man and a young woman. The girl had wavy blond hair drawn back into a bunch of curls, a delicately fair skin, and a pretty figure. She wore a gray muslin dress with blue ribbons. Her companion, whose eyes

frequently turned to her and rested as long as they dared, was a handsome youth, fresh-colored and a little freckled, with clear blue eyes and decidedly auburn hair. He wore his gray tweed suit with a certain grace, and held a straw hat in his hand. This was Robert McLellan, sixth son of the Earl of Earncliffe.

Mrs. Armandale was speaking: "Her Grace takes chocolate every morning in bed; and she frequently sent for me to come and talk with her awhile before she dressed. It was delightful. Nothing could be lovelier than her Grace's manners. She has been so much in courts and in continental society that she has selected the elegances of all the world."

"Is not the duchess rather original in her toilets?" the young lady asked. "I have heard that she invents them herself."

Mrs. Armandale gave a glance of quiet appreciation over the gray muslin dress, from the uttermost hem of it up to the wearer's face. "I should question the taste of any one who would criticise the Duchess of Omnium's toilets," she said coldly. "It could not have been any one who has been admitted to her Grace's society."

Aurelia blushed under the rebuke, and still more at the sudden thought that her dress, instead of being simply modest, as she had meant it to be, was probably dowdy. But she smiled through her blush. "I am sure that you are an authority, Mrs. Armandale," she said. "Your own toilets are always exquisite."

The young man was perhaps a little too enthusiastic in ascribing this reply and the manner of it to unmixed saintliness. There may have been a grain of worldly prudence in it. He interposed: "Aunt, will you allow Miss Winfield to go and walk with me? She refuses to go without your consent. We have been

waiting for the Duchess of Omnium to drink her chocolate."

"I am sorry to have detained you. Pray excuse me," said Mrs. Armandale with elaborate politeness.

"I wanted to hear. I was so much interested!" Aurelia made haste to say.

Mrs. Kinlock nodded smilingly, and the two young people strolled away down a narrow path that obliged them to walk quite close together.

"Elizabeth Armandale is a fool, you know," Mr. McLellan said confidentially. "To hear her talk, one would think that she was a suddenly-promoted lady's-maid. At home we call her our Graceful cousin. She's the tallest sort of a snob."

"Oh, Mr. McLellan!" said Aurelia chidingly, but with no very crushing severity.

"She is, though," he persisted. He had deeply resented that depreciating glance at the gray muslin. "If she were a poor man, she'd want to be a tall footman. She's like the fellow in the play—what is it?—who was going to have clothes with 'buttons all over 'em.'"

"Mrs. Armandale is very pretty," remarked Aurelia.

"Not half so pretty as—some other people," returned her companion.

"Not so pretty as dear Lady Grizel," said Aurelia with enthusiasm. "She has the most beautiful hair I ever saw,—such a rich, shadowed gold!"

"Pretty hair for a girl," the young man admitted in a careless way, glancing up into the branches over their heads, but holding his breath while awaiting her reply. His sister Grizel's hair was precisely the same color as his own.

"It is pretty for any one," Aurelia declared, with an air of conviction. "It is a coronet in itself."

A quick smile flashed across her companion's face. "I was sorry not to be at home when you came to Earncliff," he said. "The family enjoyed your visit so much. The girls are always quoting you; and my mother holds you up to them as a model."

"Oh, they are my models," Aurelia exclaimed. "I shall never forget how

very kind they all were to me. They taught me a great deal. I have never known young ladies so industrious and so accomplished."

"You must come again, but not when I am away," said Mr. Robert.

"I might not know that you were away. I did not know it then."

"I could write and let you know when I am going to be at home," he said impulsively.

"I am afraid that would hardly do. You would not expect me to come to see you."

"Of course. How stupid I am! But there is no reason why I should not write to you, if you are willing. We are a sort of cousins, you know. Besides, I think that it would be the proper thing for us to call each other Aurelia and Robert. I shall put the question to my aunt this evening. Aurelia is the sweetest name I ever heard."

"My mother gave me the name when she was dying," the girl said, with a sweet seriousness.

There was silence for a moment. They had walked down into a hollow, and were now ascending a gentle rise, both pretending not to be aware that in changing their path they avoided meeting some of the company who would have interrupted their conversation. One of the small private gates opened just before them as they went up, and a gentleman came through.

"Let's go across the green," said the young man hastily. "Helvellyn is going to fall upon us. I never meet a man of that size if I can help it. I am but twenty-three, you know, and have not yet got my growth; and they have, a certain way of looking down upon one which is humiliating. In ten years or so—"

He broke off; for Aurelia, uttering a joyful "My dear guardian!" quitted his side and ran to meet Glenlyon. He saw the old man take her in his arms and kiss her. Then the two came toward him. For an instant he felt as if Helvellyn had indeed fallen upon him. "If there's a blunder in the lot, I'm sure to draw it!" he muttered.

But the two approaching faces reassured him. Aurelia, hanging on her guardian's arm and gazing up into his face as she talked, had yet a smiling glance to spare him: she seemed, indeed, to be speaking of him, and his uncle looked at him kindly. He took heart and went to meet them.

Aurelia left her guardian's arm, and Glenlyon extended his hand cordially to his nephew. "I do not know how it is that I have not seen you since you were a boy," he said; "but I am glad to see you now." And the eyes that glanced over the young man's form and face expressed pleasure and approval.

"You were occupied with more important objects than raw school-boys, sir," McLellan said, walking beside them. "But I have seen you more than once in these years, and, if I had not felt my insignificance too much, would have made myself known to you."

"There were those to whom I could be of some service, perhaps," said Glenlyon. "You did not need me, Robert."

"At all events, I am glad to have met you at last, sir; and I hope that in the future you will believe I need you all you will allow me to."

There was something very pleasant in the young man's frank, respectful address, and he walked beside his uncle with uncovered head.

Aurelia looked across at him with beaming eyes. She was not that unfortunate female usually described as "clinging;" her delicate touch never lost its value, and her smiles and glances were never cloying; but she was prodigal of her sweetness now for five minutes; and gave the two gentlemen a brief season of unexpected felicity.

Mrs. Kinlock and her niece had risen at their approach, and came forward to meet Glenlyon.

"It would be interesting, not to say historical, to know what has brought you out of London," his step-sister said. "If the motive be a person, that person ought to be proud."

"I was moved as the hour-glass is,—by a good many little things," he said, taking the chair that Mrs. Armandale gracefully

offered him. "The last grain was Aurelia's last letter. I am here as her guest."

She stood beside him, smiling with an expression of affectionate pride.

"I also come to celebrate my seventy-fifth birthday," he added cheerfully. Then, turning to his ward, "The ring is an improvement, and the cord was just in time.—She forgets nothing," he said, glancing at the others. Then to her again, "You were taking a walk with Robert. Go and finish it. I will stay and talk with these ladies, with their permission.—I had a note from your husband this morning, Elizabeth."

"If we should wait for you—" Aurelia began.

"No; I have already spent an hour in walking about the town, and I wish to see Mrs. Armandale. Besides, I like to sit under a tree. Go and finish your walk."

"I wonder if she will have the courage to talk court twaddle and etiquette to him," the young man said, as they turned away.

"Etiquette is a useful study," remarked the girl judiciously. "The knowledge and practice of it make even a subordinate position dignified. I mean to ask a great many questions of Mrs. Armandale."

Her companion did not seem to be much cast down by her severity. "Of course it is useful," he said. "And grammar is useful, too. How would you like to hear me conjugate verbs for a conversation? I love, thou lovest—"

"I shouldn't like it at all," she interrupted hastily.

"What a fine fellow my uncle is!" he said. "I always had a temptation to follow in his tracks. My family were afraid that I would, and were all down upon me,—three sisters and mother, five brothers and father. That makes four women and six men,—a good many tongues to have against you in your own house. I should like to be such a man as he is."

Aurelia looked dignified. "I do not think that 'fellow' is the proper term for any one to use in speaking of my guardian," she said, "and especially for a

near relative to use. And it would not be easy to be such a man as he is." She was decidedly of opinion that one philanthropist and reformer was enough in the family.

McLellan blushed and laughed at once. "That's my careless way of speaking," he said. "I own it isn't the proper term. Don't be angry with me. As to being like him—I suppose all other men look to you like pygmies beside him."

"Of course most men seem inferior in comparison," she replied hesitatingly.

They walked on a little way in silence. Coming presently to a clover-bank, McLellan bent over it and began to search among the leaves. "I once found a five-leaved clover on this spot," he said.

His companion stood and smiled indulgently on him while he searched, but did not herself look. He found the leaf presently, and gave it to her. "I want you to keep this and to make me a promise," he said.

"What is it?"

"Promise me that when you see a man whom you like as well as you do my uncle, or better, you will send me that leaf back."

"But I shall never see him," she replied, standing with the leaf in her hand and looking down at it.

"Oh, yes, you will. Or you will imagine that you do. I am quite in earnest. I am—curious to know what sort of man will please you."

"I promise, then," she said slowly; and, taking a tiny tablet from her pocket, she put the leaf in it. "But perhaps I shall not know where you are."

"You can always know, if you will," he replied, with growing ardor.

"Well, I will send it on that condition. But the condition can never be fulfilled." She looked back while speaking. "But, see," she added hastily, "Mrs. Kinlock and Mrs. Armandale are gone home, and he is waiting for us. Come."

They walked back almost in silence over the bright grass from which the sunset light had but just lifted itself into the trees. Glenlyon looked at them attentively as they approached him. Eighteen years had passed since his

first and last visit to this place, and then he had taken away a weeping infant. Now she came smiling toward him, a fair, good, happy girl; and there was a young man by her side whose devotion was not hard to understand. It seemed to Glenlyon that he had done well by her. He thought with contentment that here was one work of his life of which he saw the successful accomplishment. And at the same time he thought also that perhaps there was no more for him to do here. Well, the pain of it was slight. If she had no need of him, she would at least never be glad to get rid of him.

She also, in her way, remembered his former visit. She came to his side, touched his shoulder with one hand, and silently pointed with the other to the villa nearest them.

"Yes," he said.

She bent and kissed his white hair, with tears in her soft eyes. They remained so a few minutes without saying a word, both looking at the house wherein she had lost both father and mother and found a friend who had replaced them both.

Then Glenlyon rose. "Your aunt tells me, Robert, that you dine with her while you are here," he said. "I think it is time for us to go."

They walked slowly homeward, out of the Park, through Church Road, and across the Common to the street above, where Mrs. Kinlock had taken lodgings.

Glenlyon asked his nephew about his future career.

"Oh, my family and I have not yet agreed about that, sir," he said, with a faint sigh. "I hope to bring them round; but at present they seem to have booked me for the Church. John and Duncan have all the army patronage we can count on, and Douglas the diplomatic. They are all three well on. Churchill says that he is going to raise cattle in Colorado. I offered to change with him, but he said—well, sir, I'm afraid that what he said was rather rough."

"What did he say?" inquired Glenlyon, with a faint smile.



Robert glanced across his uncle's beard at the face over the blue breast-knot. It was looking downward, and seemed on the point of becoming severe.

"Oh, no great harm," he answered, "only Churchill said that the colliers could take care of sheep, but cattle needed a man to look after them."

Aurelia's face became severe; her eyes remained fixed on the ground.

"Don't allow yourself to get in the habit of sneering about religious subjects, Robert," his uncle said, with kind seriousness. "It isn't gentlemanly; and, what is more, it isn't right."

"I never meant to sneer at religion, nor did Churchill," was the hasty disclaimer.

"And tell your brother for me," Glenlyon continued, "that it requires more courage and manliness to preach and act the truth always than it does to fight lions. The martyrdoms of to-day are not so violent and conspicuous, nor are they so inspiring, as those of old; but for that very reason they are harder to bear. Satan found that his old mode of warfare aroused enthusiasm and weakened his cause, and he has changed his tactics. He smiles, and sneers, and whispers down the truth, and pricks it to death with pins. He has changed from a roaring lion back to a serpent again."

"I'm afraid very few people believe in Satan nowadays," the young man observed.

"If they fought him they would feel him," said Glenlyon.

McLellan was blushing. He had a trick of blushing. But his uncle's gravity was equalled by his gentleness, and the nephew's heart was touched. "I will remember what you say, sir," he said, and for a moment forgot to look and see if Aurelia were propitiated.

They were at the gate of their lodgings, and Mrs. Armandale stood in the door to receive her uncle, as she called Glenlyon.

"Are you angry with me?" Robert asked, in a hasty whisper, as Aurelia passed him.

"You must remember what your

uncle has said to you," she replied evasively, but with a friendly glance.

Their lodgings were in a quiet, orderly house overlooking the Common and the town. The air was pure and fresh, the whole apartment full of the mild light of that misty clime. There was something that was at once soothing and cheerful in the place and the company.

"If it were not for these dreadful joints, I should be charmed with everything," Mrs. Armandale declared, as they sat at dinner. "I dread the roast. It is literally a bone of contention between my aunt and me."

"I stand by the joint," Mrs. Kinlock said. "I think that a part of our national prosperity and manliness depends upon it. Minced meat goes with minced morals."

"But I do not wish to be manly," her niece sighed, looking pathetically at a brown precipice of roast beef that loomed before her.

Robert and Aurelia sat together opposite Mrs. Kinlock. "There goes the war of the points of the compass!" he said to her.

Mrs. Kinlock overheard him. "I hope, brother," she said to Glenlyon, "that you will give us your aid in trying to break Robert of some unpatriotic habits of thought which he is falling into. I like to see a Briton think well of his country."

"And ill of every other," added her nephew.

Glenlyon glanced seriously at the young man from under his heavy brows. "Am I to understand that Robert does not prefer his own country to others?" he asked.

"He can explain himself," Mrs. Kinlock replied. "I suppose he likes to tease me."

McLellan was cutting bread for Aurelia; for Mrs. Kinlock's loaves were as unfailing as her joints. He finished his smooth division of a milk-white slice before replying:

"My aunt assisted, not long ago, at a little discussion I had with John. His argument was that the star of empire, travelling westward, remains and will re-

main in the West. I argued that, like any other star, it goes in a circle, and may, in some later century, shine in the East again. West is a relative term. America is our West, and the old Orient is their West. With the settlement of California and its commerce with Japan and China the circle became complete. Mexico was the West stuck in the mud, if you will allow me. The ancient people of the New World went backward against the sun, and they died out. The Americans have opened the Golden Gate to a new revolution of our star of empire. The Chinese are mingling with them, going against the sun,—the first step toward extinction, or at least subjection."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Kinlock, unable to keep silence, "do you mean to say that the Americans are going to conquer India?"

"I mean that light is going to conquer it," McLellan replied. "When that time comes, who knows what changes may have occurred?"

A singular change had passed over Glenlyon's face while listening. He became fixed for an instant, his brows raised, his eyes gazing through the window, and far away. Those eyes, widening and brightening, seemed to behold a great light. "Could it be in Jerusalem!" he muttered. Then, recalled by the sound of his own voice, he dropped his glance again. "I see no lack of patriotism in Robert," he said. "He only seems to believe that nations are not immortal; and history has already taught us that."

"But doubting them is no way to preserve them," Mrs. Kinlock persisted. "I think that self-respect in a nation or a person is the surest road to the respect of others; and that self-respect is impossible where one dwells upon inevitable defects and possible failure."

Glenlyon bowed a tranquil acquiescence. "It is true that to a second-class self-respect some conceit is necessary," he said.

"And what, then, is first-class self-respect?" his step-sister asked, looking at him with surprise.

"Reliance on God," he replied.

Mrs. Kinlock was a religious woman. She was silent a moment, then said, in a subdued voice, "You have taken a higher ground than I did, brother."

But the thought crossed her mind that both Glenlyon and Robert were rather unpractical. What would become of society if people trusted in God alone and did not keep their powder dry? "That poor Glenlyon!" she thought; "he would be capable of marching up to the Red Sea and expecting it to stand up in two walls beside a dry path for him to pass through."

"Apropos of the Chinese," Mrs. Armandale said, "her Grace has invited the Chinese ambassador to Omnium." And the talk came to the surface again.

It was a pleasant company, and this was the beginning of several pleasant days for Glenlyon. He spent the most of his time with the family, and entered into all their little pleasures and interests. For the first time in his life, he watched and studied those trifles which go to make up so many lives, and tried to find some value in them. He did find a value in them. They were like the fine stippling which makes the delicate lights and shades of a face; like the little unnoticed details which finish an heroic picture and make its strength seem stronger; like the wild weeds and flowers clothing with a grace soft and minute the landscape's bold and sweeping lines. Great forces shape the earth, but its fair colors come from nothings. They signified little, these things he watched, but the little they did signify was necessary to a perfect whole. He looked with a sort of wonder mingled with admiration at these women who were content to go on so from day to day and from year to year. If it had been a waiting for some grand thing to be accomplished in the future, their patience would have been sublime; but there was no air of waiting or of expectation. It seemed almost fruition to them. He could but think that their idea of heaven would be much the same life with some impediments that now exist removed forever. It was true that their conduct

revealed many amiable qualities and some virtues. They were charitable—within certain limits. Beyond those limits they were not, perhaps, uncharitable: they did not reach at all. Their charity was the shining of a small lamp whose radiance made a spot of light upon a field of shadow. Well, if all should make their little circle of light, the world would be brighter. They were amiable to each other, and to those about them, exercising, when necessary, those little forbearances without which no harmony can exist; but he could not be sure that either would be capable of forgiving a wrong. They were honorable ladies. They did not lie, nor steal, nor rejoice in slander, as so many ladies do. They were pure; their impulses were kind; they did not hate any one, they merely disapproved. They were not extravagant, they were orderly, and they were prudent. Not for the sake of saving a soul would they have stepped out of the well-drilled ranks to which they belonged. If, lacking their help, the soul should be lost, they would sincerely deplore its loss as an inscrutable dispensation of Providence.

He recognized their excellences; but at length the contemplation of them made him feel cramped. It was changing his view from the telescope to the microscope. He began to regret his dim London drawing-room.

If but the spring would come back to his nerves, and the old martial music sound again! He read papers and letters, and talked of affairs with his nephew, but no echo woke in him as of old. He liked to talk with Robert, and saw an important reason for knowing him well. The Countess of Earncliffe and Mrs. Kinlock both wished that he should marry Aurelia, and it was evident that the young man was more than willing; and, though her guardian saw in her no sign of other than a friendly liking, it behooved him to know well the person who might one day ask him for his ward.

The result of his observation was pleasant. Robert was a manly, honest fellow, with a certain sweet charm of

manner which covered much of latent reserve and firmness. A closer acquaintance with him showed that his frankness did not tell all, and that there were deeper feelings which were too sensitive to reveal themselves.

Robert remained with them but a few days, being expected at home, and in that short time he won his uncle's confidence and affection.

"If only you could persuade him to make up his mind to the Church!" Mrs. Kinlock said, the last day they were together. "He could have such a career there as he can scarcely hope for anywhere else."

She was alone with Robert and her step-brother in a sort of supplementary family council.

"I doubt the wisdom of doing too much to influence a young man in the choice of a career," Glenlyon said. "Nature has something to say in the matter. Besides, I do not know what Robert's feelings and wishes are."

"I am not fitted for the Church, sir, and I do not believe in forcing a vocation. I might get through my duty in a dry way, but I should never love it, and I should not make people respect and admire the profession in me. I believe that no good work is done which is not done joyfully, especially when the work is a moral one. Besides—"

"Oh, you have said enough," his aunt interrupted hastily. "Arguments are always unprofitable. I was only thinking of persuasion."

"I think it right to tell my uncle what I really wish to do," the young man said, looking steadily at his aunt, whose movement he understood. "I wish to be a painter, sir. I am sure that I have talent. And if I have a passion in life, it is for painting."

Mrs. Kinlock flashed a quick glance in her step-brother's face. What could she say against the boy being a painter before one whose father was a painter?

Glenlyon's face was impassive. "I do not think that I have any right to interfere," he said. "Robert has a father and mother to advise him. But, if I had the right even, I have not the

ability. It seems to me that after a young man's friends have expressed their wishes and their arguments in favor of a certain course for him they should leave the decision to himself, and not torment him with teasing. There are few mistakes more objectionable than that of one person trying to dispose of the life of another. If it were a question of disposing of his fortune, everybody would cry out against it. Yet life is more than fortune."

Mrs. Kinlock sighed, and leaned back in her chair.

"It is not a caprice with me, sir," the young man said earnestly. "I wish to please my family when I can. I am very sorry and uncomfortable about their opposition. But this is too strong for me. If I were a rector, I should have a studio in my attic and let my wife manage the parish. I should be sure to do it. Why, I cannot look at a face that pleases me without thinking how I may paint it."

"Think of his being a portrait-painter!" ejaculated Mrs. Kinlock faintly, —addressing, apparently, the heavenly powers, for her eyes were cast upward.

"Hardly that," the young man replied, with a smile; "though I should like to paint yours and uncle's."

Into the silence that followed stole a clear, low voice singing a song from the garden below. It hummed a few lines of "Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast," then sang out with exquisite emphasis, "I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee!"

Young McLellan reddened with a swift delight, and rose: "May I be excused? I am going to walk with Aurelia, and she is waiting for me."

The two elders glanced at each other and smiled when he left them.

"Aurelia could persuade him better than we," Mrs. Kinlock said. "She would make an admirable wife for a clergyman; her tastes are so serious. He would do anything to please her."

Glenlyon's smile faded quickly. "I will not allow it!" he said with decision. "I will not assist in using a man's weakness and the persuasions of the woman he loves to turn him to a course which

his conscience does not approve. Robert must make his decision uninfluenced by her."

"I could never understand how a gentleman could wish to be an artist," said Mrs. Kinlock, with a little irritation. "It cannot be an inherited taste in him; for, though our father was a painter when he was young, painting had no great hold on him, or he would not have given it up when he married my mother. If he had painted all his life and become famous, then I should say that Robert inherited his taste."

"I almost believe that my father made a mistake in the choice of his art," Glenlyon said thoughtfully. "He was born in Italy, and every influence thrust painting on him. He showed great talent, certainly; but I think that if he had chosen differently he would have persisted."

"He might have gone into Parliament very young," Mrs. Kinlock remarked hesitatingly.

The battle of the Italian marriage had been fought out when they were young, and the two sisters had learned early that they were not to touch the land of Glenlyon's birth and of his mother's.

"No, my father was a born artist," he said. "Art is the offspring of the creative instinct. He must have made something. I have more than once thought that music suited him; but it was too late when he himself thought of it. He had no musical education, but he was a fine whistler, and he used to improvise unconsciously. A friend of his has told me that he never heard more beautiful or inspiring melodies than my father would whistle at his painting, without seeming aware or remembering a note of them."

Mrs. Kinlock breathed a mute thanksgiving that her father had chosen painting. A British gentleman whistling his own melodies as a profession was certainly several grades below the same gentleman painting Italian girls in short petticoats and with towels on their heads. She could not rid herself of the impression that her father's first wife had

been one of these girls, though she knew better.

Nor could she disabuse her mind of a long-fixed idea that Italian women were distinctly divided into two classes,—the short-petticoated, and another composed of Tullias, Lucretia Borgias, Julia Farneses, and Olympia Maldachinis.

On the whole, she preferred the former class.

## CHAPTER VII.

### RESIGNATION.

AURELIA saw her lover go with a tranquil face, though his was full of pain. It was quite *en règle* that men should plead and women be obdurate, she thought. And she had been obdurate. For Robert had spoken, prematurely, he confessed, but inevitably.

"How could I see you and not love you?" he said. "And how could I love you and not tell you of it?"

She was not offended with him for telling her: she mentally agreed with him that it was quite natural. He was by no means the first one who had sighed at her feet and been calmly bidden to rise. Aurelia had none of that excessive sensibility which makes some girls fly from an impending offer of marriage as they would from the cannon's mouth, and weep at the sorrows of a rejected suitor with a grief exceeding, possibly, his own. Still less would she have married a man merely because he loved her. He must love her, indeed; but not for that alone would he win her.

"Robert has offered himself to me," she said to her guardian, after the young man had left them.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Glenlyon. "And you?"

"It was, of course, very premature," she replied. "I like him, certainly; but that is of no consequence. It is impossible to accept a man whom one has known only four or five days."

"You have not refused him, Aurelia!" he said almost reproachfully.

"I have requested him to act just as though the offer had never been made, and have assured him of my friendship.

I gave him permission to write me once a month, if you are willing, but to write merely friendly letters. I told him that he was to hope nothing, positively nothing, from this permission, and that if I were to accept some one else after a few months he would have no right to complain."

Glenlyon looked at his ward as she stood by the window where he sat, her expression one of quiet reserve, and no tinge of a blush on her fair face as she told her story. He opened his lips to speak, but closed them without having uttered a word.

"I hope that you approve of what I have done," she said, after a moment's pause.

"I approve of your having refused to enter into an engagement so hastily," he replied, with a slight coldness. "It would have been indelicate. I should have been pleased if you had postponed your decision. But perhaps that is the meaning of this correspondence," he added, looking at her keenly. "You cannot expect that he will write you merely friendly letters. To allow him to write is to give him an opportunity to urge his suit, and is for you to become better acquainted with him."

"I made him understand that I would not be considered as committing myself in the least by the correspondence," she replied firmly. "I consented to it merely because he was unhappy."

"Aurelia," said her guardian with decision, "if you are resolved not to accept Robert, I object to your allowing him to write to you."

"I will, then, write and tell him so; or perhaps you would prefer to write," she said, quietly, but with a faint color in her cheeks and something not unlike displeasure in her tone.

"Do you mean that you will write him a final refusal?"

She hesitated an instant, then said, in a lower voice, "I do not think that I am quite prepared to do that."

Her guardian's face softened. "Then let the arrangement stay as you have made it, my dear," he said kindly. "I only wish you to be careful not to en-



courage hopes which are to be disappointed in the end. I am afraid that Robert would not have spoken so hastily if he had not fancied that you gave him some encouragement. In the intimacy of our family life it was easy for him to make that mistake. But you know that two or three others have made the same mistake, though they did not blame you."

A light, quick blush fluttered across the girl's face. "I cannot help it if gentlemen find me fascinating," she said, almost haughtily.

"Moths will fly about the flame, I know," her guardian replied, with a faint smile. "When a few more shall have been disappointed, I think that you will have found some way of saving them the mortification of a refusal, if you should still be unable to prevent their being fascinated by you."

Was there a faint, faint mocking in his pleasant tones and in the eyes that were steadily fixed upon her as Glenlyon rose? The blush on her cheeks did not fade, but deepened rather.

"Are you going out? Do you wish, for company?" she asked hastily.

No; he would go alone.

Perhaps Glenlyon did not understand how fascinating his ward really was. Nothing stimulates pursuit like that sweetness which seems at once so near, yet inaccessible. She liked to please, and she pleased easily. More than one had had the vanity to think at first sight that she would be easily won, and had begun love-making half in play. But the frost soon chilled their self-conceit, while kindling their passion. That gentle coolness which might, they hoped, show any moment a small answering spark, was like a breeze that fans the flame. They would not believe that all their ardor could not touch her, till at last, weary of gentleness, she dropped upon their wild illusions a cold and stern refusal.

She could not help it if they found her fascinating; yet, as her guardian left her with that faint mocking, she was forced to confess to herself that the sighs of adoring lovers made a music not unpleasant to her ears.

Glenlyon went out and walked about the pleasant Common, which slopes and curves its bright green acres round the hill, half wild, half cultivated. Then he went back to the upper part and seated himself on a bench under the tall, dense trees. His mind was groping for a decision impossible to settle on his shaking premises.

He looked at the children playing about on the green, and at the people who passed by. Now and then some gentleman would pass with a straightforward gaze and rigid countenance, though there was no one else within rods of them. He was accustomed to these manners, and himself but little likely to address strangers; yet at the moment it seemed to him discourteous and too cold.

"Two Italians would not pass each other so," he thought. "Still less would any Italian pass an old man sitting alone and not salute him. We are not, certainly, a graceful-mannered people."

His thoughts turned away to the land of sunny aqueducts and shadowy memorial gateways. It was the land of his birth; and as he looked in spirit toward it he was conscious of some faint stirring in his heart, a tender sweetness, a sense of comfort and rest. It was a voice as small as that of a thread of water hidden in the hill-side, heard at night only, but it was there. Italian words came up, like flowers when the earth grows warm in spring, and blossomed over his rough English speech.

"*La mia patria!*" he said, and with unseeing eyes looked far off to the horizon, while his soul saw, hovering like a mirage betwixt its present life and heaven, the sunny shores and purple mountains of his native land. Silent and bright it stood there on his road to heaven, and, as he looked, the valley of the shadow seemed a soft twilight set between a rainbow and the morning star.

"*La mia patria!*"

He drew a deep breath and looked once more about him. It was a noble landscape underneath a sky of mottled

gray and silver cloudlets spread across the tender blue. The air was bright with an almost imperceptible mist. The land, monotonous at first sight, showed at the second glance a gently-accentuated variety, "as if the hand of God touched, but did not press, in making England." Those great trees were no *asperi sterpi* in the involved and knotted limbs of which a Dante could find a prison fit for violent suicidal spirits. All was full of a dull, unintrusive vegetable life, a growing up of nebulous consciousness not yet conscious of itself. No English reeds would ever tell the secret whispered to them. Dignified mansions stood somewhat apart in dignified domains, and little villas seemed to be the children of the mansions. It was a sleek and prosperous scene, full of a dull contentment, and he was out of tune with it.

The thought began to glimmer on him that his late activity had been but the momentum of a past impetus. His true work had been when he had worked almost alone. When the objects for which he had striven became party creeds he scarcely knew them any more, and felt but a sober, half-distrustful satisfaction over their successes. They wore another face from that fiery one which had seemed to look at him from between a sweep of wings till he had followed, while men said he chased an *ignis-fatuus*. With a crowd behind his heels then, he had drawn back, and only half rejoiced at that digested manna in the breasts of those who dreamed of flesh-pots and three-times-three hosannahs paid for in place and pounds and pence. He would not follow them. And they had blamed him. They either could not or would not see that one who would be true to God must needs be somewhat polyglot in party creeds.

But the criticisms of men had never moved him. Now that they were past, the only serious thought they gave him was that possibly there might have been some grain of justice in them. No matter how wrong the critics were: had he been always right? He had meant well, had always meant well; but had he never failed in doing? He must go aside, and

take breath, and think, ere he should go away forever.

Oh, where were now those caves and solitudes where men could once put off the world and teach their spirits how to walk a little on the borders of the other world, yet steadied by the flesh, like infants by their mothers' hands, lest they should reel with headlong dizziness if that let go too suddenly?

His mind was clear now. He laid aside his life of action with a solemn Amen. The clinging tendrils and curved roots unclasped their hold, and did not bleed. Perhaps there was a moment's faintness. He had been stopped while running.

"I will go home," he said. And by "home" he meant Italy.

That afternoon, when he was alone with Aurelia, Glenlyon told her something of his plans. In a month he would go over to the Continent, cross leisurely, stopping at several places, and spend the winter in his apartment at Sassovivo. Would she like to go with him? or would she prefer to remain in England?

She listened with startled eyes. It was a wild proposal to come from him, who had grown old in London, and a fairy-like one to come to her. "Oh, don't leave me behind!" she exclaimed. "Of course I couldn't think of your going alone."

"Certainly you shall go if you wish," he said. "Only I thought that you might not care to leave England. Don't decide too hastily. We will go to Paris, and there you can decide whether to return or go on. The place in Italy might be dull for you. It is not a great city, you know, but only a little town."

"Oh, that makes no difference," she protested. "My place is by your side wherever you go. Do not you think that I might be of some use to you? I never leave you except at your own request. Can it be that you *want* me to remain behind?"

Who would not have been pleased with such devotion! To him, who did so much and asked so little, she was at that moment as Ruth to Naomi; and he

told her so. It was pleasant to praise her, and see the dimpling smile come, and the sweet eyes grow sweeter, and hear her soft protest that she did not deserve such praise, and to know that afterward she would study how she could most please him, as if his praise had made her happy.

She asked a thousand questions, and he answered what he could. Fortunately, his habitual silence as to his intentions, and her own good taste and training, prevented her asking intrusive questions.

"Perhaps I can find some young companion for you there," Glenlyon said. "You will want an Italian teacher, and you might have both in one. I will write this evening."

"How delightful!" she said, with full and gentle gladness. "But when shall we arrive at Sassovivo?"

"We might manage to be there the 1st of October. The Campagna is fine at that season. That will give us another month in England, and a month on the way."

"And the house in England?"

"Mrs. Kinlock can take it. I think that she will be glad to."

Mrs. Kinlock was glad to take the house, though immeasurably astonished at this sudden oversetting. "I might have known that when he left London wonders never would cease," she said.

The letter to Italy was written, certain family councils were held, and then Glenlyon returned to London, to make all necessary preparations for what might be a final removal. He did not say so to his family, but to his mind there seemed no reason why he should ever return.

He made last visits to all the scenes of his busy life, and made them alone. He said nothing to any one. He only stood and looked, then bowed his head and turned away. But of all his friends he took a serious leave. "I am an old man," he said. "We may not meet again." He was more cheerful with his relatives, for they were already planning to visit Italy the next year.

The evening before they left London, Robert McLellan arrived. There had

already been some correspondence with him on the subject of their journey, and he had obtained permission to accompany them as far as Paris and stay there as long as they did.

"We shall be glad of your company, Robert," his uncle said cordially; and Aurelia seconded the welcome, though with a certain reserve.

"It is too bad, Aurelia!" he exclaimed to her, when they were alone a moment. "If I were going to Rome, as I long to, then I could not wish for better. But you in Italy and I in England! Do you know, I almost fainted when your first letter reached me? Promise that you will be true to me there!" The boy was half beside himself.

"You speak as if I were engaged to you; and I am not. You might as well ask your uncle to be true to you," she said. "If you are going to Paris with us with the expectation of binding me, or of making others think that I am bound, then I would rather you should not go."

"I am going to Paris with my uncle," the young man declared. "I have said so to every one. No one knows that I have spoken to you, unless you have told. And I am sure no one would ever think from your manner to me that we were engaged."

"I should hope not," she responded tranquilly. Then, "Of course I told my guardian all that you said. It was right that he should know."

Then there were the leave-takings, — a cordial, confused, cumbersome business, with tears and tickets, caresses and carriages, trunks and sighs, and hurry and luncheon, all mingled together, — the short run to Dover, the small misery of the Channel, a brighter sunshine and something gayer in the air, and they were in Paris.

Robert had concluded to let well alone and be happy while he might, and Aurelia, freed from any fears of being misunderstood, treated him charmingly. For a week both were in paradise.

"You see how much better it is to be quiet friends, like brother and sister, than to be continually exacting and con-

tending," she said to him. "It is a mistake to think so much of love and marriage: it destroys all comfort. Sometimes I have been almost disgusted with men. I never was friendly with one nor took pleasure in his society but he spoiled everything by a declaration. Are you not better contented now than when you were talking of the future?"

"I am very happy now," he was wise enough to say.

They went everywhere, and everywhere together, even to shopping. Acting on a quiet little resolution which had taken root in her mind when first Mrs. Armandale's eyes had blighted her simple costume, Aurelia lost no time in placing herself in a dress-maker's hands, and she wished to have the benefit of Mr. McLellan's artistic taste as well as his company. She did not know, apparently, that in order to choose her colors it was not necessary that he should hold them against her cheek; but if he pilfered the small privilege he at least appreciated it. He took the gloves from the shopman's hand and smoothed them on hers, he laid the mantle over her shoulders, and tied the bonnet under her chin. There was something childlike in it all, both were so serious.

And then when the new garments were sent home there was a ceremonious trying-on. One article after another was displayed on the pretty figure and gravely criticised or praised. The most upright man, when in love, will seek out many inventions; and it occurred to Mr. Robert McLellan that if he could find a sufficient number of flaws in these costumes to make changes necessary it might prolong a little their stay in Paris, and he accordingly, by his stern strictures on the width of a flounce or the placing of a bow, won two additional days of bliss.

Glenlyon, who usually left them very much to themselves, assisted at this dress-parade with the most trusting seriousness. He considered dress important, and had always dressed like a gentleman. Politics and religion had never decided the width of his hat-brim

or the color of his necktie. He not only bade his tailor dress him like other well-bred people, but saw a little to the matter himself, and was even a trifle critical as to his boots and shoes. He entered, therefore, earnestly, if not very intelligently, into the subject of his ward's toilet. At first he made suggestions; but so many little, hesitating, fond objections rose to meet them, and they occasioned so many signs of faint distress, that he perceived at last that he was meddling with a mystery, and kept a humble silence, or contented himself with agreeing with the initiated.

It had occurred to him to buy a present for Aurelia, and he presented it on this occasion. It was a topaz bracelet, richly set. He had a sort of pride in it, the stone glittered so and the work was so fine; and maybe he brought it out now to cover a little his ignorance of gloves and bonnets.

"Oh, how kind you are, and how generous!" cried Aurelia; but she blushed when the bracelet was clasped on her arm, turning it yellow. And he saw, too, a dubious look in Robert's face.

"I took it on condition that it should be exchanged if desirable," he said, with a keen little pang of disappointment. "I do not know what would suit you best, nor what is worn." He remembered his wife, a tall, dark woman, wearing topaz stones. "If you like other colors best, we can easily change it, you know."

"I think that perhaps blue would go better with my dresses," his ward said hesitatingly, still blushing. "But this is beautiful, and I want you to be the one to change and give it to me. It was so kind of you to think of giving me one."

"Robert, will you go with me?" he said, and took the little casket back and sat looking down at it.

"Yes, sir. And perhaps you will go at the same time and look at some new pictures with me, and give me your opinion of them," the young man said, seating himself beside his uncle and laying an affectionate hand on his arm.

"I know that you do not pretend to be a technical judge, and that is the very reason why your opinion is of value. A painter naturally grows to think so much of skill that he may value a picture for the execution, when the subject is worse than worthless, or even may be led to overvalue the subject because it is well done. I have often found myself going that way, though I know it is a downward way in art. What I want of you is to tell me if certain things are worthy of spending study and labor on."

Age is not tenacious of anything but habit. When Aurelia came back into the room with another pretty dress on, her guardian's trivial pain was forgotten, and they both appealed so to him that he almost thought he did know what the length of a train ought to be. The dress was white, with a soft, creamy tint and a cerulean border.

"Let me see," she said, and took the casket from her guardian's hands and clasped the bracelet on her arm again. "It certainly concentrates the color of the dress. But don't you think that, on the whole, turquoises would do better? You know I have so little color, and so much of what I have is yellow."

"I'm sure they would, dear," Glenlyon said. And, as the two went back to their discussion, he looked at them with fond tears in his eyes. They certainly loved him well, he thought.

"I was a rustic," Aurelia said, turning herself about before the glass. "What a difference a proper dress makes! I am much indebted to Mrs. Armandale for showing me how dowdy I was."

"You are an angel," was the low reply. "I must paint you in that dress, and put wings on you."

And then, while Glenlyon went out to walk in the park opposite their windows, declining company, Aurelia sat and made up her accounts with Robert, setting down the price of all her finery in a neat little book already half full of her small orderly expenditures. She told him the price of everything, and how much cheaper some things were in Paris than in England. And all the

homely little details, as she told them, floated, to his fancy, like bright weeds on a full golden stream of household love and confidence and a delicious simple intimacy.

She told him how much money she had. Her father had left her two hundred pounds a year. This her guardian had invested and put all aside for her. She had lived with him as his own daughter might, and he had given her a small allowance. She had never spent any of her own money until now. Now she was twenty-one, and in future she was to have her income and do what she pleased with it. It was much increased. It was now two hundred and fifty pounds.

"You are richer than I am," he said. "All I have is the ten thousand pounds my uncle Robert left me; and that I shall have only when I am twenty-five. Of course my father makes me an allowance."

At last the moment came when they must part. And in that last moment Aurelia fell weeping into McLellan's arms. "It is like losing sight of my only brother," she sobbed. "I love you like a dear and only brother."

He had hard work not to weep with her. He could not say a word. He had already promised to move heaven and earth to win his parents' consent to his going to Rome to study. He kissed her cheek in silence and swallowed a sob.

The carriage waited, and Glenlyon had already gone down to it. Then, a few minutes later, the train moved, and there was the flutter of a white handkerchief from the window of the car, and a face almost as white watching it from the station.

And then the world slipped in between them.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### FATHER SEGUERI.

THE new palace of the Cagliostri, which was but little more than a hundred years old, was merely a handsome country-house built of rough stones and covered with yellow-washed stucco. It



was a square structure, facing the west with an unbroken front, and having two backward-projecting wings. To foreign eyes it was a pleasant house, having none of those squalid points in the midst of grandeur, and half-walled-up windows looking like bleared eyes, which disfigure so many Italian palaces.

The house stood between two gardens, —the one on the left, next the town of Sassovivo, bright with flowers, arbors, and tossing fountains. That next the gray old Monterone partook of the sternness of its neighborhood. It consisted of wide avenues walled in by lofty hedges of box. Some of these avenues were very long; other short intersecting ones made the place somewhat of a labyrinth. At the end of the long ones, on entering, one might see a statue standing white and solitary, or a vase with a great mask on the wall behind it. A scented atmosphere of mingled box-odor and violets hung over the rich gloom of these walks, and a mysterious silence reigned within them. Boughs and branches rose here and there over the green walls; but the glance could not penetrate them and see what was within. Only the initiated knew where to find those gaps through which, pushing one's self, could be found quiet open spaces of wild, untrained nature. The grass and weeds grew uncut, the trees unpruned, wild-flowers tossed on their long stems like flames, and in spring there was a purple mist of violets all over the ground. But without one walked as unsuspecting of this hidden life as of the riot of ungoverned nature under many a grave and formal face encountered in the world. No fountains tossed their spray within the sombre stateliness of this retreat; but here and there, against a wall, or from under the dense green of the hedges, some sculptured stone, a mask, or a sarcophagus, gave out a slender stream of faintly-trickling water, pure and cold from the mountain-top.

At the close of a summer day a lady and gentleman walked slowly through one of these avenues. The few sun-rays that entered touched the green

leaves or fell on the gravel like coals of fire, so shadowed was the light between the hedges. A bird dropped to the path before them, watched their approach, and, when they were near, flew up into the bright air again.

The lady was graceful, slender, and fifty years of age. She carried in her hand the train of a black-and-gold brocade dinner-dress, and, while listening to her companion, looked down with evident complaisance at the pretty foot that peeped from under her silken petticoat. She was an admirably well preserved woman, and, though dark-haired, was as white as swan's-down.

The gentleman beside her was a famous Jesuit preacher and confessor, — Father Segueri. He had once been the lady's confessor, but his long visits in other cities than Rome had rendered the continuance of such a relation impossible, though she still asked his advice whenever occasion offered. He was now come to spend twenty-four hours at the villa, and had but just arrived. Father Segueri was a notably small man, nearly seventy years of age, white-haired, quick-speaking, and vivacious of manner. His thin and intellectual face had the pallor of age, but his black eyes sparkled with the vivacity of youth. "I rejoice with you, duchess," he said, continuing their conversation, "that Leopold at length consents to your wishes. And I am doubly rejoiced that dissipation and vice have had the effect of disgusting instead of enslaving him. It shows that the foundation of his nature is good. It is partly due, moreover, to the early religious education which you so faithfully gave him. The impressions of infancy and childhood are never entirely effaced."

"You are kind in saying so, reverend father," the lady replied in a clear voice like a child's. "I did, indeed, try to inspire him with religious principles, and his later teachers performed their duty fully. But of late years, since he has gone so much astray, I have feared that in some way I might have been unconsciously neglectful. However, he is at last willing to leave Paris and take a

wife of my choosing. It remains now to find the wife."

"Not difficult, I should imagine," the priest remarked briefly.

"Nor is it so easy, father. We must consent to receive new blood, and we must have a large fortune. On many accounts I consider new blood an advantage; and I prefer an American. We can have no entanglements there. A girl from America is like a girl from the moon. Besides, they have no prejudices. They fall entirely in with our ways, and learn quickly how to comport themselves."

"Have you any one in view?" her companion inquired when she paused.

"There is one," she said slowly. Then, changing her tone, "That was one of the disadvantages of Leopold's position. In Paris he was confounded with a crowd of titles from every part of the world, some of them new and some apocryphal. He loses his consequence out of Italy. This girl knew nothing of our family, and had undoubtedly heard stories of his wild life. She came to Italy last winter, and I made her acquaintance. She was evidently impressed, and made herself so amiable that I invited her to come out here for a day or two. Next winter again she will be in Rome."

"Leopold knew her, then, in Paris?" the father asked.

The duchess hesitated for a breath, and a momentary expression of mortification passed over her face. Then she laughed musically in the same childish voice.

"He knew her to his cost," she said, "for the girl refused him. It is true, she encouraged and flirted with him first as only an American girl can. He was amused by her refusal, and wrote me about it. 'I beg your pardon for my mistake,' he said: 'I was under the impression that you wished to be a duchess.' 'Oh,' she replied languidly, 'there are so many men who wish to make me a duchess or a princess; and one wishes to make me a queen.'"

A faint smile stirred the gentleman's lips. "She must be very rich," he remarked.

"Incredibly so, it is said. But one can never be sure of those American fortunes. My cousin Gabriella married her son to an American girl whose father promised her five thousand scudi a year. For three years the money was paid regularly; then the father failed, and she has not received a centesimo since. We shall insist on this girl's money down,—the greater part of it, at least. Leopold has been five years in Paris, and the money he has spent!—"

Her lifted hands and eyes completed the sentence.

As the two approached an intersecting path, they came upon a lady who sat on a stone bench arranging a handful of wild-flowers. She was a pale, fallow woman of forty, with dark hair and luminous eyes. She wore black, and was dressed with great simplicity. It was the Countess Emilia Coronari.

She rose immediately on seeing who came toward her, seemed for an instant disposed to retire precipitately, and blushed as she made her courtesy.

"Oh, Emilia!" the duchess said cordially, and presented her to Father Segueri. "You must have heard of the countess as Siria, father. She was a school-fellow of mine, and has been so kind as to come to me for a while as governess to Clotilda."

As the lady was presented to him, it became evident that the father could smile very brightly. He offered his hand to the poetess, and, as she bent over it, by a graceful movement which seemed to be half accidental she let her flowers fall and scatter themselves at his feet. More than once she had made one of the crowd who flocked to hear Father Segueri's eloquent sermons.

"I have heard of, and read, Siria," he said. "And I am one of many who regret her long silence. Is it impossible to renew those days when a crowded company could forget to whisper even while listening to her poems?"

"Ah, *reverendissimo Padre*," she said, with a sigh, "since then I have lived"—her voice failed—"and died so much!"

"It is that which gives the soul to

poetry and to preaching," he said cheerfully. "An inexperienced singer is but a linnnet. I hope to hear something from you before leaving the palace."

"If anything could inspire me, it would be the hope of giving pleasure to you," the lady replied.

"I prophesy that we shall have a poem this evening or to-morrow morning," the duchess said, in a pleasant voice, as she made a movement to continue her walk.

The father lingered an instant before joining her, as if he would have liked further conversation with the countess, but was forced to go on.

Poetry makes frequently a more vivid impression on men than on women. A woman whose life is diluted by a thousand trivialities conceives of poetry trivially; while upon the sterner background of a man's habitual thoughts, if he be not all unworthy, it comes as a sweet surprise. As one who walks in a rough way by night, patient and calm, maybe, neither longing nor complaining, as if all roads were rough and it were needful always to take care how one should set one's steps, if he should hear a nightingale, stops short and smiles, remembering delight, and walks on softly, listening if it will sing again,—so this man heard poetry.

For the duchess, she liked a graceful rhyme, and admired the talent of her school-fellow, wondering over her now and then. To be poetic was a way some people had, as they had a way of walking prettily, floating with a quiet motion and the head at ease. Had you told her that true poetry is the honey of all the fields of life, and when at its best is religion at its best, how her laugh would have rung out, mocking and clear!

"Poor Emilia!" she said. "She has never recovered from the shock of her unfortunate marriage. It was crushing to her. Not that the count was much worse than others; but she was *exaltée* and had impossible ideas. Many of her friends advised her strongly against the marriage, but she would believe nothing, and married him after a three months' acquaintance. He liked

her, certainly, and, as she was then the fashion, it gratified his vanity to win her. But fidelity was impossible to him. He behaved ill, and she left him. We thought that she would die. She refused all advice. She insisted that it was degradation and sin to live with him, knowing what he was. When the count followed her, she came here to live in her brother's house, from which she could exclude him. For a while her friends were displeased with her; but he turned out so very ill before he died that they forgave her at last. She is quite poor, and it has taken all she had to pay her daughter's expenses in the convent. So I asked her to come to me and take charge of Clotilda till she shall be old enough to go away from home."

"It was a fortunate combination," the priest remarked.

"And this brings me to a subject on which I wish to have your counsel," the lady continued. "Emilia's daughter, Aurora, gives us much thought. Her term of school is finished, and she has no home; nor is it easy to find a husband for her; for she has scarcely anything. We can procure a few portions here and there, one of mine and one of the duke's for Sassovivo, and something, perhaps, in Rome. But at best it will be but two or three hundred scudi; and men demand so much nowadays. It must be said that both Aurora and the countess are also somewhat extravagant in their demands. Emilia is almost afraid to have her marry at all. But that is nonsense. Now a situation is offered her which might lead to something better, and will, at any rate, give her a home for a while. Of course I could not have her here, with Leopold coming home. Emilia and Aurora have quite set their hearts on accepting this offer, but I do not feel sure that it is advisable."

She paused for breath. Her companion uttered an interrogative "Well?"

She went on: "There is a Scotchman who has had an apartment in the castle since the time of the old duke, but he has never lived here. He was

born here. His mother was of a respectable family, the Lirici, who have quite died out in Sassovivo. Now this gentleman is coming here with a young ward to spend the winter, and he wants a young lady of her own age to be companion and Italian teacher for her. Of course there should be an older person to look after them both; but that can be managed afterward. There is no gentleman in the family except this old man. Now, it seemed to me an opening for Aurora. These foreigners pay so well, and she could lay aside all that he gives her. He wrote that he wanted a lady-like girl, and that she would be treated quite as one of the family."

It was evident that, in spite of her seeming doubts, the duchess favored the project.

"The family are Protestant," the priest asserted. "I know the man well by reputation. He is a free-thinker."

"Oh, he is Catholic by birth," the lady replied eagerly. "He was baptized here. I have seen his name in the parish records. And if he has been unbelieving in England, he will here naturally return to his early faith. Of the girl I know nothing. Of course she will yield to the strongest influence."

"What sort of girl is Aurora?" her companion asked.

The duchess opened her mouth to speak, and closed it again. "Aurora is a girl hard to define," she said then.

The priest waited tranquilly for the definition.

"*È un carattere!*" the lady said rather suddenly, as if the words had escaped her. "She is quiet and sweet in manner, but she gives me the impression of a hidden force which may break forth yet in some unexpected way. I have never known her to say or do anything out of order; yet I am never sure of her. She does not talk. The nuns say that she is very religious, but very quick-tempered. She alternately sees heavenly visions and flies into earthly rages. She has, however, a good heart."

The priest smiled at this description. "She is, perhaps, a poetess," he said.

"I am half afraid so," said the lady, sighing. "Yet I begged the nuns to guard her from that."

"Why should you?" said her companion quickly. "Let her sing, duchess. If her songs do no good, they will probably do no harm. They may keep her out of some mischief."

"What! you would approve of her being encouraged to write poetry?" the duchess exclaimed.

"There are two sorts of poetry," the priest replied. "There is a spiritual poetry with earthly images. Of that kind is the inspired poetry of the Bible. The other is physical poetry with spiritual images. I do not expect such poetry from this girl."

"But would it not be better she should avoid both, since neither can be of any use to the world?" the duchess said anxiously.

"Can you be sure that she might not write what would be of use to the world?" the priest asked. "The religious combat of the day is in the field of literature, and the heat of the fight is in poetry and fiction. A favorite poet, and, still more, a powerful writer of fiction, wields a greater influence than any preacher or legislator. We lay great stress on the early education of children. But the poet and the novelist appeal to the undying child in the heart of man. When they are bad, they can go back, under the years, to the child's heart hidden in the layers of the man's heart, and smooth out, as no other can, all traces of early virtuous teaching. When they are good, they recall and strengthen the early aspirations in every heart that was ever capable of aspiring. Our pupils grow out from under our influence; theirs never do. Let us, then, use the same weapons for truth which others use for falsehood, and let us not undervalue them. If Aurora wishes to be a poetess, let her sing, since she has a religious mind and a good heart. And let her accept this position."

"And you say, father, that the Church needs poetry and novels," the lady said, stupefied, but hopeful. She read a great many novels, chiefly French ones, and

had sometimes accused herself regarding them.

"We need good ones."

"I have always believed that the Church condemned all such things," she said.

"What gave you that impression?" her companion asked abruptly.

"Why, Father Coramboni always speaks against them, and he has spoken of Aurora. He thinks that all Emilia's misfortunes came from her being so romantic and poetic."

"Is she the only woman who has married ill?" Father Segueri asked.

"That seems to be her only misfortune.

Otherwise, her life looks to me like a success. She is a noble woman; she has genius; she has refused a base companionship; and—she has the friendship of the Signora Duchessa."

The duchess smiled, and swept a little courtesy as she walked.

"Madama," said the priest, marking out his words with the forefinger of his right hand on the palm of his left, "you must learn to distinguish between the Church and the clergy."

She laughed. "I never shall, father! I never shall!" she said.

MARY AGNES TINCKER.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## LAKE CAYUGA IN WINTER.

THY cold, unmoved face, severely fair,  
Responds no more to the sun's loving glance;  
Thy summer life is chilled by winter's air;  
The jealous frost-king holds thee locked in trance.

Yet I have seen thee, on a July day,  
Sparkling and flashing in the heat of noon,  
Or stretching blue and sea-like, far away,  
'Neath the illusion of a summer moon.

And when the storms have fretted thee too long,  
Have I not seen thy white waves dash ashore,  
Voicing a wild, defying battle-song,  
That rose above the roused winds' angry roar?

But now thou'rt like a thing without a heart,  
White-stretching, like the ice-ghost of a lake:  
The cold hath stricken thee, even as a dart;  
Thou art so dead thou never canst awake!

But a voice answers, "When the spring winds come,  
And comes the sun with his own golden key,  
I shall awaken at the gathering hum  
Of the birds flying over, calling me!"

And like the frozen lake is many a heart  
That seems fast-locked in a strange, living death:  
It will awaken with a throbbing start  
When blown upon by Love's sweet summer breath!

HOWARD GLYNDON.



## HOME-LIFE IN BOMBAY.

IT was in the latter part of the year 1873 that business called us to Bombay. One Monday evening, about eleven o'clock, we anchored off "Apollo Bunder." Sufficiently æsthetic to recognize the "India odor" which the breeze bore toward us, I was preparing to revel in it, when Alice, my English nurse, who had previously lived in India, exclaimed, "There! don't you smell it? It's cockroaches and dirt. You'll never get rid of that smell as long as you're here." She was right. We could never escape that odor; and many a time afterward I sighed for the fresh, pure air of heaven, untainted by the foul odors of India.

We had hardly cast anchor when, in the darkness and amid a confusion of voices, I heard in queer English an inquiry for J—, who hastened on deck, already arrayed in pyjama's, India's *deshabille*, with which he had provided himself before leaving London. There he found a Parsee, with a welcome in the shape of home letters. As it was too late to go ashore and take a first look at the new country, we dismissed Dinshaw Dadebhoy, with instructions to be on hand early in the morning. Promptly he made his appearance the next day, and we were conducted from the steamer to the custom-house, which was guarded by native police in yellow turbans. After the usual incidents of custom-house passage, we made our first acquaintance with a truly novel vehicle, called a "shigram," and our knowledge of Bombay and "Bombay custom" began. The answer "No Bombay custom" is always sufficient reason to any native for not carrying out a foreigner's wishes.

The principal, and by all odds the best, hotel of Bombay is an English one, situated in the flat part of the city, called "The Fort." Its immense iron frame was sent out from England. Like all buildings in warm climates, it has a barn-like aspect. The partitions do not

meet the ceiling, but leave an open space for air to circulate. Unfortunately, air is not all that passes from one room to another. It behooves the occupants to be very circumspect in their conversation. "You may get drunk as much as you please, but you've no right to make a fool of yourself," said a voice, late one night, which I had no difficulty in recognizing as that of a lady whose behavior to her husband in the presence of others was sweetness itself. Her room was at some distance from mine, but there was no mistaking the voice. One day I was very much puzzled, even annoyed, by a peculiar whizzing sound. It would cease, and then begin again. It reminded me of a top, but was too loud and metallic. At dinner that night, a young clerk who sat next me said, "I've got a *pucka*\* top. You ought to hear it hum!"

"I have," I replied.

"Where?"

"Down in my room."

"Impossible!" he exclaimed: "my room is two flights above yours, and at the extreme corner from it."

"Very well," said I: "go and spin it after dinner." Which he did; and I was correct.

Such a building, though good in its way, was hardly the home for a private family; and as soon as some of the needful preliminaries were arranged, we began to look for a *bungalow* suited to our needs.

The first thing to be done in Bombay is to engage servants. Even at the hotel we were obliged to keep four,—an *ayah*, or nurse, for the baby, one to attend to my own wants, a *chokara*, or boy, to shadow my little boy, and another whose duties were to wait at table, see that the hotel-servants did not neglect their work as far as we were concerned,

\* A favorite Indian word with English people, signifying well made in the extreme. Possibly a Yankee boy would have said "boss."

run errands, attend the English nurse in her walks with the children, and make himself generally useful. Particularly in dining out is such a boy a necessity. Wherever a gentleman dines, he finds on entering the dining-room his boy stationed behind his chair. So prevalent is this custom that the host pays little attention to the wants of his guests. An Englishman told me that from some accident he once went to a dinner without his servant. The result was that he had no soup, and the second course was nearly done, when he seized an opportunity to explain his situation to his neighbor and request the services of his boy, without which he would have left the table as hungry as when he sat down. Each night, before dinner, J——'s servant would come to me with the question, "Master tail-coat wear?" Which, being interpreted, meant, would he have full evening dress for dinner? He would then prepare his bath, see that all articles of his toilet were in order, and hold himself in readiness to assist in whatever way he could. J—— used laughingly to say that he succumbed in most things, but he did like to put on his own stockings. My firm belief is that he succumbed in that particular before his residence in Bombay was ended.

Next on our list of servants came the *dhobi*, or washerman, and a *darsi*, or tailor. The latter sat cross-legged in the corner on a strip of matting and repaired the damages done by the *dhobi*. It was my impression, which every day's residence in India strengthened, that the *dhobi* and the *darsi* were in collusion. A *darsi* sews from him, instead of toward him, and after every third or fourth stitch passes his needle across his forehead, —which movement puzzled me, until he explained that it was to clean his needle. I am not, however, a convert to his method. My ayah's dress was picturesque, though not always as tidy as I could have wished,—a petticoat of woollen stuff and a *saree* of white. A *saree* consists simply of a strip of cloth about eight or nine yards long and a yard and a quarter wide. One end of

this she tucks into the band of her petticoat, then, winding it about her, she passes it over one shoulder and down the other, and again tucks the end into the band of her petticoat. She was quite dark, and wore large ear-rings of bright gold and stones in the tops of her ears.

Servants once decided on, horses came next; but, to relieve ourselves until we should find a house, we hired horses, carriages, coachman, and footman from one of the numerous natives who are always ready to supply whatever is needed in the foreigner's *ménage*. No native servant will do more than one thing; and this peculiarity led to some amusing blunders when afterward I went to housekeeping and my number was increased.

The treatment of the native servants by Englishmen is simply shocking. I speak of the English, for the other foreigners are few in number, and I really think the Americans, with one exception, were much more humane. I never saw an American beat his servant at table, as I have seen English people do. So common a thing was it to hear an Englishman swear at his boy at the public table for some trivial fault, such as handing him red pepper for black or sweet potatoes instead of Irish, that it rarely excited any attention. In the native streets of Bombay there are no sidewalks, and the little narrow streets are always full,—so full that at first I supposed, as I looked down, that some place of amusement was just closing. It is the habit of English people to drive as fast as possible through these crowded streets. One hand holds the reins, and the other the whip, which cuts right and left wherever there is a chance of hitting a native. One of the greatest drawbacks to missionary work is the lie which so-called Christians give to the religion of love.

One must, however, be on the alert in dealing with the servants and native people. Leniency does no good, and it is necessary to be stern and strict with them, though by no means cruel. A *dhobi* must be made responsible for all

the linen which goes to the wash. Otherwise he will sell in the native bazaars anything he can, and report it as lost. Consequently, it is necessary to deduct from his wages a proper amount for the missing articles. One fair-minded man of my acquaintance, anxious to prove that he was not a gainer by the transaction, would throw a rupee thus deducted from his window into the crowded streets. I think a Hindoo would rather lose the money than see it thrown away.

A barber also is a necessary appendage to a family. Early in the morning, even before the gentlemen have risen, he makes his appearance, clad in white, with a huge sash, or *cummerbund*, around his waist, in the folds of which he carries all the implements of his profession. His turban is large and of a brilliant scarlet. According to the degree of ease which Sahib likes, he shaves him in a lounging-chair or in bed, so delicately that slumber is often unbroken. This ended, he attends to the feet, paring the nails, removing corns, etc. A *cummerbund* is an adjunct of every Hindoo costume, and to appear without it is the greatest disrespect that can be shown to a foreigner. The omission of a servant to put it on is severely reprimanded. Before the Mutiny, the servants threw off their *cummerbunds* as a sign of rebellion.

Hardly to be counted as a servant was the *moonshee*, or teacher, a Mohammedan who came three times a week to give lessons in Hindostanee. He was a dapper little fellow, dressed in white and wearing a gold-embroidered turban,—rather a dandy in his own circle. His card announced his name to be Mr. Syed Liaollah Makhdi, and his pride was in the name "Syed," which designated him as a direct descendant from the Prophet. He spoke English well, and from him I learned many things connected with native life. The Mohammedans and Parsees are always at war, either openly or otherwise. Consequently, when I spoke of the richness of the Parsee women's dress, the moonshee at once informed me that it was *nothing* compared to that of Mo-

hammedan ladies. Both are very rich, being composed of silks and satins embroidered with beaten gold and most gorgeous in colors. The Parsees ape European manners, and are often met in driving, but they are a dirty people, with habits in their homes peculiarly disgusting. The men are well educated, and the smartest of the natives in a business point of view. At ten years of age the sons of the wealthier Parsees are sent to England to school. Like all Indian people, they marry their children young; but the English law does not recognize the marriage if, when of age, the parties wish to separate. At the house of a Parsee, which we often passed in driving, wedding festivities for three weeks were kept up, and from two to three thousand people dined there daily.

During our residence in Bombay a learned Parsee published a translation of a book in which some unpalatable truths with regard to Mohammed were mentioned. This roused the ire of his followers, and, uttering their war-cry of "*Deen! Deen!*" they rushed upon the fire-worshippers. The English soldiers were called out to quell the riot, but this was not effected before blood had been shed and the sacred fires of sandal-wood burning for ages in the Parsee temples had been destroyed. These fires were afterward rekindled by bringing brands from the Parsee temples all over the land, and so in truth continuing a fire which had burned for centuries.

Malabar Hill is the fashionable place of residence in Bombay for foreigners, though occasionally somebody has the courage to break away and select some other locality. We were among these few. Snakes decided us against that favored spot,—yes, hideous, fatal cobras. India teems with snakes. The statistics are simply frightful; and the terror of my life has always been snakes. So, when people on Malabar Hill frankly confessed that the dreaded cobra had been killed in their *compounds*, or yards, I shook my head and begged Dame Fashion to exclude me from her votaries. But even in the city itself one is not

secure from the enemy. Wherever water is brought into the house there is more or less danger. It was always a relief when my bath was ended, for I fully expected to encounter some terrible snake before leaving it. An English gentleman who had rooms over his office, four flights from the street, in the heart of the city, told his boy one evening, as he was about to go out for a walk, to give him his "bundle of sticks." The boy went to the corner of the room for them, but jumped as if shot, for coiled around them was a huge snake. How it came there, unless it followed the water-pipes, was a mystery. Even then it must have ascended almost perpendicularly.

At last we settled on a bungalow about a mile from the hotel,—a pleasant house, belonging to one of the celebrated Sassoon family. Reception-room, parlor, and dining-room occupied the centre of the house, and bedrooms, dressing-rooms, and bath-rooms the sides. An immense veranda extended the whole width of the back and overlooked the compound. Away from the house, at one side, were kitchen, store-rooms, laundry, and godowns, and in one corner the stables. The day after we moved in, two little wrens came to examine J——'s dressing-room; and it was amusing to see them. Perched on the cross-beam, they would eye the chosen corner, chattering, and flying first to one place and then another to view it from all sides. For three days that place was under discussion, and I think all its weaknesses and strength discovered. At the end of that time they brought their straws, built their nest, and, unmolested, reared their young so near that I could almost reach them with my hand. One of the pretty things in a Bombay house is the freedom with which the birds fly out and in at all times, perching on the picture-hooks or hanging on the cords. I except the crows.

In our new home, our servants were increased to twenty. What they all did, I could never say, for I was continually calling on the wrong one, till, in despair, I would summon the butler

to my rescue. About twenty hangers-on lived in the compound,—sisters, cousins, or aunts to one and another. No servant is fed by his employer. A Hindoo servant will eat nothing that even the shadow of a Christian has fallen on: so theft in the way of food is unknown. To be fair, the native servants are not usually dishonest if you repose confidence in them. Lock up everything, and their curiosity is excited; but make no show of concealment, and everything is safe. I have had from two to three thousand dollars at one time for weeks in a bureau-drawer, but it was never molested. Although we were a small family, the cook had an assistant, and in case of friends to dinner an extra man was called in. The dhobi, too, had his assistant. The coachman would not take care of the horses, which necessitated a *ghora-wallah*.\* As no *ghora-wallah* will take care of more than one horse, we were obliged to have three, besides two coachmen, or *ghari-wallahs*. The boys live with the horses, sleeping beside them, and, unless oversight is given, will take from the horses' allowance of grain for their own dinner. In driving, the *ghora-wallahs* are transformed into footmen by means of gorgeous-colored liveries provided by their masters, but with regard to their prejudices. In going uphill, or if the load is heavy or the flies annoying, it is the duty of these boys to run by the horses' heads, often waving bright-colored plumes.

Bombay is never cool. The nights are hotter than the days, and the mosquitoes are like a cloud. Sitting in the parlor during the evening, I have often heard the noise of their buzzing as loud as the so-called "noiseless sewing-machines," and, in glancing at another person, seen a perfect cloud of these pests around the head. Animals suffer much from them, and it was necessary to cover the canary- and parrot-cages every night with nets. It is always necessary to sleep under nets, or else to have a

\* A *wallah* is a thing. A literal translation is, therefore, a "horse-thing," but it is rendered freely a horse-boy.

punkah kept constantly in motion. At four o'clock in the afternoon the *hammal* (the man who dusts and makes the beds) would dust out all mosquitoes from the canopies, pull them down carefully, and tuck them well under the mattress on every side. On retiring, a little corner of the lace was lifted, I shot under as from a gun, and, calling loudly to my ayah, was tucked carefully away from my foes. Even with these precautions, two or three would often gain an entrance. A punkah is far better than a net, provided it never stops; but, as no machine but the human one has ever been applied with success, frail human nature in the shape of a *punkah-wallah* sometimes tires of the ceaseless pull and drops asleep too. The moment the punkah ceases to move, an army of mosquitoes settles on its victim. It is said that some old Indians provide themselves with a row of boots and shoes ready to fire at the unfortunate *wallah*, while others stand him on a barrel, where to sleep is to fall from his place.

I never saw a scorpion in Bombay, though the skin of one blew in at my window to welcome me, the day after my arrival, and lighted on the table where I sat writing. This naturally led to a little uneasiness, owing to a previous acquaintance with the creature in other countries. One morning when J— called out in haste that something was in his boot and pricked his foot, I ran for carbolic acid to counteract the sting, and stood by while a small comb, belonging to our mischievous heir, was drawn from its hiding-place. Lizards of harmless tendencies scampered about at their own sweet will. Cockroaches were numerous, and we fought them to the death. Rats were excessively trying to my nerves. At the theatre they not only played between the acts, but raced up and down the aisles during the performance. In our bungalow we were comparatively free from them. Occasionally a musk-rat would run through the parlor, causing my guests and myself to jump up, and leaving a powerful odor behind him. But all these counted as nothing, compared to the steady, un-

broken annoyance of crows. Bombay is full of crows. They build in the compound; they collect on the roof of the house, where they do great damage by displacing the tiles; they fly in flocks in the street. No one molests them, and they increase and multiply. Their sauciness is beyond description. Unless watch is kept, they will light on the veranda, and even enter the dining-room and help themselves to whatever pleases them best, be it food or silver; and their noise at times is deafening. I remember in desperation we killed some one morning, and bitterly did we repent our rashness, for at least fifty of them flew at once to the roof of the house and for hours never ceased their hideous cawing. The blinds of the bungalow fastened open at right angles to the window, and I have seen, many a day, a row of these black-coats on the top of the blinds, peering in at the window in their saucy way, while driving me almost frantic with their noise.

The 10th of each month was my pay-day. With such a roll of servants, it was necessary to be somewhat systematic. Equipped with my pay-roll and a bag of silver rupees, I seated myself in the dining-room and sent for the butler. This official is a sort of major-domo, who lightens housekeeping not a little. He superintends the servants, dismisses those with whom fault is found, and replaces them with others. He takes all the scoldings, and generally has rather an uncomfortable position. On pay-day he received his wages first, and then summoned the others in order, standing by to render any assistance. It was always amusing to me to see each one salaam so respectfully as he entered, receive his money, salaam again, and, with the greatest gravity, walk out to the veranda, ring every rupee before my eyes, and often return one or more through the butler as bad. These I always exchanged, though, as the bag of rupees had just come from the bank, I had no reason to think them counterfeit. It was no small job to do this work correctly, as sometimes I had to "dock" a good deal.



This system of "docking," hard though it may seem, is a necessary thing in India,—the only thing, I think, which insures proper service. The servants are not neat, and it does not do to investigate too carefully the kitchen or cooking-arrangements. If there is an appearance of neatness and the food tastes agreeably, the cook is a good one, whether he violates all ideas of neatness (and he probably does) or not. A hair found on the outside of any dish served at the table is the fault of the butler, and a rupee, or fifty cents, is the penalty. One found in the cooking itself is laid at the door of the cook, with the same fine. The *chatties*, or cooking-utensils, are all of copper, but tinned inside. This lining wears away rapidly, and, in order to be on the safe side and prevent the possibility of poisoning, it is the custom to have them relined each month. Two natives come with the proper implements, and, squatting outside the kitchen, perform this work, at an expense, if I remember rightly, of about seventy-five cents per month.

Every afternoon at four o'clock a Sepoy came for night-service at the bungalow. I can hardly call him faithful, although he was as much so as any Hindoo. Sleep will overtake them all. In order to insure wakefulness, he would walk around the bungalow, rapping with his stick three times at the back and front verandas. An omission of this would often rouse us from sleep, and always on waking we listened for the accustomed sound. Occasionally he would catch a short nap on one of the garden-seats, unmolested for a while. Late one night one of the gentlemen returned, and, driving up the avenue, found the Sepoy enjoying the heaviest of slumbers. Alighting, with one vigorous kick he sent the light bench and slender Indian flying. His mischief cost him dear, as the next day he was summoned to appear in court by Babajee Dewjie. He used often to say that the penalty was nothing compared to the fun of seeing the surprise of that *ramosee*.

There is no doubt that the life in

India is lazy. The climate is so enervating that foreigners cannot bear any exertion and fall easily into the ways of the country. Early rising, lounging on the veranda, fruit and coffee, bath and toilet for breakfast at nine o'clock, as little exertion as possible, and *tiffin* at two, a nap and toilet for driving at four, and toilet for dinner at half-past seven, formed the occupations of the day, which ended with the theatre, receptions, or quiet home-life, in the evening. The influence on children is bad in the extreme. As an example, I could but be amused when my little boy received a present from home of a genuine little wheelbarrow and shovel. He immediately called his *chokara* and went out to dig. He sat down, and ordered his *chokara* to fill the barrow with earth and dump it elsewhere. When this was done, the order was repeated; and at the end of an hour young Hopeful came into my room with the complaint, "I'm so tired, mamma." Then I knew the sooner he was away from India the better for his habits in later life. His *chokara* never left him for a moment, except to go for his meals,—slept at the foot of his bed, and was always running at his beck and call.

The English shops of Bombay are good, and English and French articles can be bought at not unreasonable prices. The native bazaars were always a delight to me, though the odors were not of "Araby the blest." The narrow streets, the crowded little booths, with hardly room to turn, smoky from the oil lamps which, even before the time of Christ, were in use in India, and the stores of hidden wealth which these little nooks and corners could reveal, gave a sort of mystery to the whole which carried me back to my old belief in the "Arabian Nights." One sign announced a queer name, and, below, "Cambay and some other precious stones shop-keeper." Another called himself a "bone-settler." A native who has foreign articles for sale always has the sign "Europe-shop." Imagine a sort of "hole in the wall"—for no steps led to it—in an ancient, tumble-down building, covered with plaster.

This hole served as a door-way, in which sat a venerable Hindoo, and from the top of the door-way dangled a rope. Its use you could never guess, and neither did I, until, after a low salaam, he reached out for the rope to assist him in rising. He then began to show the treasures of his shop. As he stood in the centre of the room, he could reach every part of it. But not his choicest goods did he show at first. If possible, he wished to drive a good bargain with "Mem Sahib" on an inferior article. When the contents of drawer after drawer had been shown, he began to produce his finer work of gold and silver embroidery, velvet and satin embroidered with beaten gold and pearls, gorgeous in the extreme, and dazzling to look upon. When once the man was made to understand that we would not pay fabulous prices, he reduced them full fifty per cent., and we made our purchases.

I wished, on one occasion, to find some smoking-jackets and caps, and my butler volunteered to conduct me to a place. Through narrow, crowded, and dark streets we rode, stopping finally at a door-way, where a steep flight of steps, or, rather, a ladder, almost erect, led to the upper story. A rope at the side hung down from above, and, clutching it fast, I ascended. I could not help feeling a little nervous, but the butler, in whom I had great confidence, followed closely, and reassured me. The room in which I found myself was very small and dark, with no window. An old Mohammedan sat cross-legged in the corner, with a dim little light by his side. He rose, salaamed almost to the floor, lighted another lamp, and, piling up some dingy old rugs for me to sit on, proceeded to untie his bundles and display his goods. It was a long time before I could see at all in the dimness of the room, but by degrees my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and my olfactories to the "delightful India smell," which was almost overpowering. It required patience to watch him open package after package of very inferior goods. From experience, I knew this

was a necessary performance to be gone through. After a while the embroideries of which I was in search began to appear. Then my butler depreciated the article so well that the abatement in price was astonishing. I selected several things, and rose to go, but the little, weird old man begged "Mem Sahib" to be seated, and wait just one "little minute," and give him the pleasure of showing "Mem Sahib" a shawl. And he did show me not one shawl but hundreds,—coarse, ill-made, heavy, at first, finer, more delicate, most exquisitely woven, at last. Finding me firm in my intention not to purchase, he reduced the prices for these bewitching goods till they were almost too small to be true. I hastily made my escape down the ladder, lest my pocket-book should be emptied then and there.

*Borahs*, or peddlers, were constantly coming to the bungalow with boxes of native goods. Squatting on the veranda, they would patiently display their wares by the hour, always abating much in price. Occasionally they would have some choice goods, but usually the more common "chicken-work" of Calcutta, Delhi embroideries, Chinese silks, and pina goods. However, if we expressed a wish to see other things, they would always return with them. Whenever a borah opened his pack, he tapped with his finger on the four corners. When I tried to ascertain the reason, they smiled and were reticent. In Brazil I had seen slaves (native Africans and their descendants) always snap the corners of a tray and make the sign of the cross before showing the contents. This was to insure good luck. Is it possible that these habits have the same origin?

In the dry season, from December to June, all arrangements for business and social life may be made with the certainty of no interruptions on account of rain or stormy days. A large tract of land in the central part of the city is set apart and known as "Strangers' Ground." Here people come and pitch their tents, and live for months, until the rains set in. In the business parts

of the city vast amounts of cotton are left wholly unprotected from the weather, —piled in the open air. When the news of the monsoon at Colombo arrives, the preparations for rain begin, and the cotton is safely housed for the season. In twenty-one days from the time the monsoon breaks at Colombo, it arrives at Bombay. Experience has taught that the time does not vary twenty-four hours. As the rainy season drew on, the heat became intense. All vegetation was burnt and dead apparently, until painful to look upon. The air was dry, and even the poor beasts gasped for breath. One could but pray for rain, and the suspense became almost intolerable. All preparations had been made. The roof, which the crows had busied themselves during the dry weather in tearing to pieces, had been repaired and freshly tiled; heavy awnings or shutters were placed on the veranda, and on those sides of the house where the winds were known to be most severe. All silks, gloves, laces, and clothes not in actual use were placed in packing-boxes lined with tin and soldered to exclude all dampness. So penetrating is this that after the men had closed a box it was necessary to go over it carefully with a pin, and if any place was found open to have it resoldered. Then came the little "cloud no bigger than a man's hand," and it seemed as if this strain of heat and dryness could not continue; but the appointed time had not come, and day after day the little cloud rose and faded away, rose again and yet again, bringing no relief to fevered nature. But on the twenty-first day it came with a cooling breeze, and the "windows of heaven were opened." The suspense and excitement had been intense. The reaction was great, and we thanked God for the blessed rain. After a hard shower the sun came out bright, and then the earth literally steamed. Sultry, dripping, and faint, we awaited the next phase of nature. At night more showers, again in the morning, then more sunlight and steam, and in two or three days the monsoon was fully under way. The grass grew

green as if by magic, and, while we poor human beings longed to once more feel a dry thread on us, all nature was revelling. We used to watch the ryots at work in the rice, often knee-deep in water, and with a funny little shelter over their heads. Such dampness is unknown out of India, I believe. Boots blacked in the morning were covered with a heavy mould at night. Everything that moisture could affect was ruined. Every afternoon at four o'clock a large brazier of charcoal was placed in an unoccupied room. Over this was an immense bell-shaped wicker frame, and here the hammal and ayah busied themselves until night, drying the mattresses, bed-linen, and all clothing in use. The night-dresses were thoroughly dried, rolled tight in paper, and consigned to the shelf of the wardrobe, so as to make sure of something dry at bedtime. All articles for the gentlemen's toilet at dinner were treated in this way. Even the cigars to be smoked after dessert were kept on a heated plate to render them fit for use. Rubber coats were perfectly inadequate to keep off the rain, and, notwithstanding the gentlemen were protected by them and never walked, they would come in wet to the skin. After a few weeks of steady rain, it either did not rain quite as steadily, or we became more accustomed to it. I would even venture out when the skies looked a little propitious,—though I confess I was usually caught in the rain ere my return. The dampness and stickiness, however, remained throughout the season.

I found in India the derivation of some of the slang expressions we often hear in England and America. The columns of the ledger are headed "R. A. P.,"—rupees, annas, and pice: hence our expression "not worth a rap." "Chiz," in Hindostanee, means "thing," and our expression of "just the cheese" is a corruption of the Anglo-Indian's phrase of "just the chiz," or thing. In talking with a very old Mohammedan, a magnificent-looking patriarch who used often to come to the house on business, I said one day, "How many wives have you, Mohammed?"

"Only one wife, Mem Sahib: two wife too much *bobbery* make."

"Bobbery" is a Hindostanee word brought into our language by the old English residents. In truth, so many Indian words are used in English conversation by these old army-officers that one fresh from English-speaking countries can scarcely understand them. Equally true is it that they introduce English words into Hindostanee, making a patois of their own. Such expressions as "C spring *buggy hi*" (here), "brandy and *pani lao*" (water bring), are puzzling to the newly-arrived, who thinks he understands and doesn't. It may be recorded, however, that the last sentence is speedily learned.

Among the native receptions which it was my good fortune to attend during our residence, it is a pleasure to bring to mind that of his Highness Aga Khan, who is, or was, the head-centre of one branch of the Mohammedans there, and a near relative of the Shah of Persia. The occasion was the marriage of his two nephews, and it was very elegant. The grounds, which were immense, were lighted by myriads of tiny tapers in many-colored glasses, hung from trees and arches. The soft light on the gorgeous flowers and brilliant shrubbery, the sparkling fountains, and the heavy fragrance of tropical bloom, gave a dream-like, Oriental effect to the scene, never to be gained by gas or electric lights.

The avenue to the bungalow was fully half a mile in length. Here the Eastern dreaminess gave way to European brilliancy. The house was ablaze with gas, music was heard, and from a large balcony a platform was suspended, where the most skilful of Indian jugglers performed their feats. The magnificence of silver chairs, and gold-, silver-, and pearl-embroidered draperies upon the sofas, was in strong contrast to the chro-


mos on the walls and the European carpet beneath the feet. Exquisite Persian rugs were, however, scattered over the floor of the large saloon, and the finest of Cashmere shawls, "all border," were carelessly thrown about. In the course of the evening his highness—a little, withered-up old man of advanced age—was brought in on a cushion, borne by his servants, to be gazed at by his guests. On leaving, garlands of white jessamine were thrown over our heads and arms, otter of rose sprinkled upon us, and bouquets placed in our hands, and, literally covered with flowers, we drove down the long, beautifully-lighted avenue, well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

Living in India is very expensive. The wages of servants are not large, but the number of servants makes the payroll of even a modest establishment, such as ours was, a large item in the household expenses. Food, except curry and rice, is dear, particularly the luxuries which are almost necessities to Europeans,—ice, for instance, being four cents a pound. The largest wages paid to any servant were, I believe, ten dollars a month, and the coolie received the smallest,—two dollars and a half a month. The rent of our bungalow was about fifty-five dollars a month. My impression is that a family of three or four adults could not live in Bombay, quietly, economically, and yet with the comforts necessary to Europeans, on less than five hundred dollars a month. Old residents are fond of the life and quit it with regret. For myself, I know of no civilized country where the comforts are so few and the annoyances so great, to people of simply good incomes, as in India; and by India I mean Bombay, which has the reputation of being the coolest of all Indian cities, and the pleasantest for a residence.

M. C. W.

## A WORK OF IMAGINATION.

## I.

 **A**FTER all, I don't know about letting you go. New York is bad enough for any stranger, but for a country-girl, and an absent-minded one at that— Do you ever have your wits about you, I wonder? How two people as practical and hard-headed as your parents, Anna Wilberforce, could ever have given birth to such an erratic mortal as you, would puzzle Spencer himself."

It is Aunt Harriet who says all this. I am standing before the glass in her room, tying my bonnet-strings and wishing I could hit on some way to arrange my neck becomingly. It is the point concerning which I am never satisfied. Last fall I saw a lovely picture of a girl in olive-green and otter, with fur all wobbled round her neck, and I thought to myself, "That is what I will have this winter. At last I shall look decent." Decent! Never was I farther from it. I am hideous, and it is only by sheer force of will I can bring myself to look in the glass. Besides, all Aunt Harriet's looking-glasses are unbecoming. Nothing ever makes me so homesick and miserable as an unbecoming glass. Of course I do not hear half she is saying, because I am wondering if a velvet collar wouldn't be more becoming, but I catch enough of her last words to murmur absently, "Reversion."

"There must have been a sad case of imbecility among our ancestors, then," answers Aunt Harriet grimly, for, though she is very fond of me indeed, she has a way of saying nasty little things that might lead a stranger to suppose she had not the highest opinion of my intellectual powers.

"I am ready," I say, shutting my eyes and wondering if my face has really become four inches broader, as this glass says, or if my complexion is gone forever, as the bureau-glass indicates.

"Open your eyes, child," says my

aunt sharply. "Am I such a Medusa?"

I should think, with all her money, she would buy becoming glasses, and, further, that she would try some other way of arranging her neck than that severe linen collar.

"Well, how much have you heard?" she finishes, and I start and blush guiltily as I realize that I am as ignorant of her errand as though she had been giving directions in Sanscrit. "There! there! I'll write it down for you in full: you have a nice feeling for lace, if for nothing else, and you can study it on your way."

I belong to an exceedingly clever family,—clever mostly in a literary way. I have a cousin who is a distinguished clergyman. Papa writes bright social articles. I do not see how he does it, for at home he is simply ponderous and frowns upon the smallest indication of a joke. My brother writes deep scientific papers,—which is another mystery, for to look at him and hear him talk you would think all he cared for was pea-nuts and third-rate novels: he reads trash that even my mind rejects with scorn. Then, Emmeline is an advanced pupil of the Society for Study at Home, and Dolly writes the brightest little comedies and farces for our village dramatic society.

As for me, I was originally intended for a genius. But, like a kind of cake I make very often at home and which always turns out nasty, all the ingredients are there, but somehow they are not put together right. That is one thing. Now, what is my passion for cooking but the creative faculty at work in another channel? My possession of the æsthetic faculty is clearly indicated by the study I bestow on my dress, and from my being sick at heart when a badly-dressed person approaches. But the one faculty that is developed above all others is my imagination. It has been of no use to me: on the contrary,



it has brought me into trouble all my life. Papa used to punish me for telling "wicked falsehoods," as he called them. I could not help it. I would tell marvellous stories for the sheer pleasure of telling them, knowing all the while I should be kept on bread and water a week in consequence. I am not sure they were untrue to me. I was carried away with the delight of inventing wonderful tales. Once I told a neighbor of a beautiful little bluebird I had in a gold cage that papa paid a hundred dollars for, and that the Prince of Wales came to see. She was in our house a little later, and asked me to show it. "To tell you the truth," I replied solemnly, "my little bluebird went to heaven at half-past ten this morning."

Mamma cried, and papa whipped me, and I felt very badly indeed, but all the same I secretly felt I should do just the same next time, though with a half-guilty, half-fearful feeling that maybe added to the charm. Then, at school I was forever getting into trouble by not "paying attention." Really, I was making up stories to myself. If a thing did not interest me, I could not keep my mind on it, but would wander off into a delightful day-dream, and wake up at the end of the recitation, or on hearing my name called, in utter ignorance of what they were talking about. It seems incredible, but I actually went through a whole course of chemistry and at the end had no more idea of what it all meant than I had at the beginning. But there again, instead of ascribing it to the abnormal development of my imagination, they only called it "inattention," just as before it had been "wicked falsehoods." Now it is absent-mindedness. I have outgrown my childish folly, of course, and it now exists more in the passive than in the active form; and if anything could correct it, it would be staying with Aunt Harriet, for she is the most practical, hard-common-sense person in existence. That is the chief reason papa lets me visit her, for he "disapproves" of visiting, as a rule.

It is not till I am in the store and at the lace-counter that I look at my directions. I have laid my muff on the counter, and am unfolding the paper, when I notice the lady next me, and she is so stylish I immediately forget all about Aunt Harriet's errand. Her dress is a dull, lady-like blue, and she has on such a pretty and becoming bonnet; but what at once fixes my fascinated gaze is the deep black velvet collar. It is so simple and pretty and stylish I stare at her in the rudest fashion till she rises to go. Then it occurs to me I should like so much to know how her neck is arranged underneath. As to that lovely collar, it was what I would have with my spring suit; but what she wore in the house,—that I must know, and she was almost out of sight.

I catch up my muff in a hurry and almost run after her. I shall burst into tears if she escapes me. I have almost caught up, when somebody puts a hand on my arm. It is an elderly man,—some one belonging to the store, for he is hatless.

"Never mind now," I say excitedly. "I am in a great hurry."

"Please come this way," he says quietly.

My lady in blue is out of sight: that is all I can think of. Perhaps I can catch up with her outside.

"Let me go, please," I say. "I can't stop now."

"I am afraid you must," he answers, and his hand, that he has impertinently kept on my arm, tightens its grasp. "If you come quietly, there shall be no disturbance."

I am a little frightened; something seems to be wrong; perhaps I oughtn't to have run. But, as I hadn't run into him, I really didn't see what business it was of his. Still, when he repeats his request—or is it command?—of "please come this way," I follow mechanically, too bewildered to have any clear idea of what it is all about. Have I been "disturbing the peace"? It doesn't seem possible. He leads me to a little room with a desk, a table, and two or three

chairs, leaves me for a minute, and then returns with two other men, one elderly and bald-headed, the other young, with eye-glasses, and they all three stand by the door and whisper together, while I sit and stare at them from one of the big chairs, my brain a whirl of velvet collars, lace, and the elderly man's bald head, that somehow exerts a kind of fascination over me. Then the first man comes and takes my muff.

"Look," he says to the others, and pulls out of it—out of my muff!—yards and yards of the loveliest Mechlin lace, while I sit and gasp and think I must be dreaming.

All I can say is, "How funny!"

"Funny!"

They all three say it together, standing in a row, and somehow it reminds me so of the *Conspirators' Chorus* in "*Madame Angot*" that I break into a laugh, and the next minute I am crying, —though I ought to have known better, for my handkerchief is in my muff, and I have nothing in the world to wipe my eyes and nose on.

"It's—it's all a mistake," I gasp: "somebody must have put it there."

The first man sniffs; the bald-headed one turns to the young man in glasses and says something about "officer" and "station-house." The young man hesitates, and looks hard at me.

It is all clear to me now. I am arrested,—I, Anna Wilberforce. I am to be sent to the station in charge of a policeman, like that drunken man I saw the other day,—be sent to prison, and have to work on shoes, with my hair cut off, in a striped dress, one leg of the trousers a different color from the other, with people looking at me through the grating for years and years, and, when I come out, nobody will know me, and I shall be like the New Magdalen, always trying to "get back"—

"Perhaps," hesitates the young man, "you would like to send for some one."

Send for Aunt Harriet! Never! I could not do it. Have any one who knew me know I have been arrested? My life was over, for I could not outlive

the shame. Oh, if they would only give me my handkerchief!

"What's the use, Mr. Seedrick?" says the first man, impatiently. "I never saw a clearer case: she was actually running with her booty. And this is the third time this week there has been a similar case in the lace department. Three hundred dollars' worth gone since Monday."

"What is your name?" questions the young man doubtfully.

"Nancy Litchfield," I sob.

If I had said "*Queen Victoria*," the words could have had no greater effect. The young man—Mr. Seedrick, as I had heard him called—starts, turns red, and in another moment, after he has spoken a few energetic words to the others,—angry ones to the first man,—the two have left the room.

"I can't apologize," he begins. "It is too horrible. May I—may I get you some wine, and then, if you will permit me to, order a carriage?"

What has happened? Am I not to be shut up in prison, after all? Evidently in the name I have given there lies some potent spell. My only chance of escape is in keeping it up,—with a shiver as the vision of the policeman flits across my brain.

"I thought it was you, Mr. Seedrick," I sob. "Only how could you let it happen, when you know papa so well, too?"

"It was that fool Kenway. It is so good of you to call me Seedrick. Your father has spoken of me, then?" with an evident wily intention of diverting my thoughts.

"Often and often," I say huskily. "He has always said—oh, do let me have my handkerchief!—if there is one man in the world he has perfect faith in, it is Seedrick."

He looks a little surprised; but never mind if I have said too much: flattery is never amiss to most men. He has drawn another chair close to mine, has seated himself in it. "I met your father last week. He told you? Yes. He mentioned that his daughter Nancy was in town for a few days. He is still in Washington?"

"Yes; he will be there some weeks," I answer boldly. Washington. This is March. Probably my adopted parent is after an office,—with a fleeting recollection of a scathing article Papa Wilberforce had written on office-seeking. "You know his errand, of course?" skirting delicately around what I fear may be dangerous ground.

"Oh, yes; the postmastership," evidently pleased at having diverted my thoughts.

I smile a rather watery smile, but still, under the circumstances, doing me credit, and shake my head with growing confidence in my own acumen: "Oh, you don't remember." Besides, I reflect, if I blunder he will recollect his own remissness and will not take exception to mine. "He wants the collectorship of the port." If he asks me what port, I am vanquished. No; I will take refuge in frivolity. I will say the Sublime Porte. But, mercifully, I am spared the guilt of this fearful pun, that last and saddest evidence of intellectual poverty.

"I hope he will get it. He did a great deal during the war, did he not?"

Another pitfall. What can my papa be in,—army, navy, or law? I must grade my remarks to suit all. "He gave time and health to"—Union or Confederate?—"to the good cause. People say there never was a finer judge of—of things, or a braver man. You think so, don't you, Mr. Seedrick? I am so fond and proud of papa!" I conclude pensively. Filial devotion is always pleasing, no matter if Papa Litchfield is an old rascal.

"I don't know a finer man than Judge Litchfield," he replies warmly. "Miss Nancy,—I may call you that, of course, in return for the Seedrick you are so good as to remember?—I can never forgive myself for this morning's blunder. To think how near—" He breaks off, and takes my hand. "I do not dare ask you to forgive me, or to listen to anything about the enormous amount we lose through apparent ladies—"

"Never let anybody know," I interrupt, beginning to sob again.

"Never! never! And now do let me get you some wine and call a carriage."

But I shake my head. My one thought is to get out of that store alone in safety,—to get away from wicked, wicked New York.

## II.

"No, no, no."

I have been saying this, with variations, all the way down Broadway,—saying it in reply to Aunt Harriet's expostulations, entreaties, commands, vituperations, to alter my determination of taking the afternoon train home. It is already three days since—since that happened, and I am still here. I have not left Aunt Harriet's flat since: to-day, only after an hour's steady talk from her have I been induced to venture forth into the streets of this dreadful town. My idea of the metropolis from the papers has always been that it is a place chiefly inhabited by murderers and mad dogs. But, oh, rather would I see every man rabid and every dog with a pistol—just the other way, I mean—than carry home with me that horrible memory.

"Stay," goes on my aunt persuasively, "and I will give you," casting about in her mind for some potent charm,— "I will give you," as a brilliant idea occurs to her, uniting, as it seems, both my weak points, "a collar of the loveliest Mechlin."

I stand stock-still in the middle of the sidewalk, and gasp,—

"I hate collars. I abhor lace. I fairly loathe Mechlin. I only wish I could be telegraphed home."

"Don't stand there, if you do," rejoins my aunt, hastily. "Come; I am going in here."

"No, no," I answer, for, to my horror, we are standing in front of the very store. "I shall not go in there, Aunt Harriet," solemnly. "If you offered me the wealth of the Indies, I would not go in there."

My aunt stares. "Anna Wilberforce," she says, at length, "I am always prepared for any amount of nonsense from you, but why you should object to this

store passes even my conception of your capabilities. Did anything," regarding me suspiciously,—“did anything happen the other day?”

I grow hot and red. Not for worlds would I have the faintest notion of what really happened enter my aunt's mind. Should that ever come to anybody who knew me, I could never hold up my head again.

“Yes,” I say desperately, “one— one of the clerks laughed at my bonnet.”

Aunt Harriet sighs ostentatiously, and we go into the store together. I say “together” advisedly, for so close do I keep to her that several times I tread on her heels. In her companionship I feel I am safe, she is so eminently rich- and respectable-looking. There are some people whom it is impossible to connect with anything but intense respectability. Aunt Harriet is one of them. My arms are in my muff to my elbows; my eyes are fixed on the ground, and there shall they remain till I am out of Gehenna. But, alas! who can

break the chaine of forced destinee,  
That firm is tyde to Jove's eternal throne?

“Anna,” says my aunt, as she fingers lovingly some lustrous silks, “there is young Mr. Dane: he is looking as though he knew you. Have you ever met him?” The name is strange to me. I raise my eyes, and

“The curse has come upon me,” cried  
The Lady of Shalott.

With his lips wreathed in a smile, there he is advancing toward me as fast as the Fates, in the form of three fat old women ugly as the mythical ones, will permit.

“Mr. Seedrick,” I murmur.

“Yes,—Mr. Cedric Dane: he is one of the junior partners, you know. I didn't know you were acquainted.”

He greets me,—as Miss Nancy,— shakes hands. I introduce him. We talk a few minutes, and then Aunt Harriet makes a move toward going upstairs. Mr. Dane will certainly go with us. If he calls me Miss Litchfield once, I am lost.

“Aunt Harriet,” I say decidedly, “I

am not going with you. I am tired, and will wait for you here.”

My aunt gives me a glance full of reproach and indignation; for of what value is a whole room crowded with Worth's masterpieces if a woman have not some sympathizing feminine ear into which to pour her comments? She goes, however, without a word, and Mr. Dane seats himself on the stool next mine. We are in a quiet part of the store.

“I'm so awfully glad to see you again, Miss Nancy,” he begins. “By the by,— pray don't think me impertinent,—why does your aunt call you Anna? If they had christened me such a pretty, quaint name as yours, I would knock down the man who dared call me anything else.”

“She has always called me that,” I answer truthfully. “It is a kind of corruption of Nancy, you know, Mr. Dane—”

“Mr. Dane!” he interrupts reproachfully: “I thought it was to be Mr. Cedric.” I let the point go, as of no consequence.

“Mr. Cedric, I want to ask you on no account in my aunt's presence to call me Miss Litchfield. Do not even mention the name. Don't even speak of my father by that name.”

He looks astonished, as well he may: “Certainly not. But—but would you mind telling me why?”

I hesitate. Aunt Harriet has been gone some time. I know it will be some time longer before she can tear herself away from that fascinating room upstairs. To my dismay, there has stolen over me that half-guilty, half-fearful, half-pleasurable feeling—I am sure there are three halves in some wholes—I had known when I told the bluebird story. For a full minute I struggle with the temptation. After all, I am going home this afternoon. I shall never come to New York,—never see this young man again.

“If you would mind, do not, of course,” he is saying.

“I will tell you,” I say, rashly. “I hope it will not bore you, but it is quite a long story. You remember papa's

brother Charles? You cannot have forgotten him," with such reproach that there is, indeed, nothing left for my companion but to assent.

"Certainly. I remember now. It was some—some time ago."

"Yes," and, thinking, with much justice, "What a wicked falsehood you have told me!" I go on with less compunction and more enjoyment of the faculty that was only given me for a snare: "He went to Florida for his health. At the same place there were staying my aunt and her sister,—my mother,—and a beautiful English girl, Agnes Dimond. She and my aunt were great friends: she was there for her health too, did I say? I think my aunt loved her better than anybody else in the world before or since. She was very lovely and clever and attractive, and her health was almost restored. She belonged to a rich and old family, but she was so sweet and modest every one forgot that and loved her for just what she was herself. Before Charles had been a week in the place, he loved her too. She returned it, and for a little while no one could have been happier. She grew even lovelier, and the way she brightened and glowed at Charles's approach was so touching it would often bring tears to my aunt's eyes. Then her father returned, and frowned on the match,—told Charles peremptorily that if they married Agnes should have none of his money. It was more than such miserable love as his could stand, and the engagement was broken. From that time she drooped. It seemed not so much the having lost her lover as the thought that he was unworthy,—that the man she had idolized was not what she had thought him. At last, from being almost restored, the doctors said plainly there was no hope; she might perhaps live six months.

"And now comes the saddest part of it. She looked at the matter calmly. She was no weak girl, but a strong, clear-minded woman. There was no hope for her, only certain suffering and death. Then why not death without the suffering? Mr. Cedric, do you think she

was wrong?" And tears are in my eyes as I put this question.

"I do not know; I dare not say. It is one of the things no one should judge untried," he answers earnestly.

It awakens an interest I have not felt in him before. In other people there is nothing I so like and admire as earnestness. Aunt Harriet says it is the leaven in me. I notice now for the first time, with a sense of pleasure, that Mr. Cedric is very good-looking, without being handsome,—tall and fair, with slight side-whiskers, and blue-gray eyes which only his glasses would ever tell me were deficient in sight. I could not stop now if I would. Agnes Dimond is as real to me as my own sisters.

"One day she asked Aunt Harriet to get her some laudanum for a tooth; and, without dreaming of harm, she gave it to her. A few hours later she was called, at Agnes's own request. There was just time for a kiss, for a whispered 'Forgive.' But my aunt has never really got over her loss, or over the feeling that she was guilty of her death. Charles did not live; and it was just after that—my father had come down to be with him—that he and my mother met. My aunt violently opposed her sister's marrying the brother of the man who had killed Agnes. She has got over her natural dislike of my father now; she likes and respects and admires him; but she has never been able to conquer her horror of the name of Wilkitchfield."

"Thank you so much. I cannot wonder at her aversion. Trust me, I will never call you anything but Miss Nancy," smiling, "if indeed I could. It was Kate Greenaway, I am sure, who stood godmother at your christening."

Aunt Harriet has suddenly appeared. I look with mingled pity and dislike upon the unconscious destroyer of the mythical Miss Dimond, then, conscious of my folly, smile as I rise and give Mr. Cedric my hand. It does not matter: I shall never see him again.

Never in my life have I been so near hating my aunt as at that moment. The contemplation of Worth's works of



art has brought her into an unusually amiable frame of mind: clearly, she wishes to make amends for her vexation with me at not accompanying her. Can she do it in a more pleasing way than by inviting the cause of my refusal to call, which she does in her stateliest manner?

But never mind. By to-morrow I shall be in the safe seclusion of the country, where I belong, with the cows and pigs.

### III.

I AM still in New York. Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is a better. Every day do I arise with the thought, "I am going home this afternoon." Every night do I lay me down with the consciousness that one more day—already they foot up a fortnight—has been added to my fatal visit, and I shed bitter tears as I think what a wicked girl I have become. Mr. Cedric has called three times; he has taken me to drive in the Park, and talked about Agnes Dimond all the way home; he has sent us tickets to the theatre; he has left lovely flowers for me; and I hate him more than tongue can tell.

Aunt Harriet is rapidly developing for him one of her strong likings, which, it is easy to see, has its spring in part in the respectful, tender interest he displays toward her, and for whose origin I am but too well able to account. As for me, I should like him heartily if I did not hate him,—should admire his earnestness and straightforwardness if I did not loathe his evident love of truth.

"Why, when your name is Anna, does that young man call you Nancy?" my aunt has asked, and I have replied glibly,—

"It is a kind of corruption of Anna, you know. It is his favorite name, and he has called me that from the hour of our first meeting."

This is but one of the many lies I have been forced to utter. I explain to my aunt that I met Mr. Cedric some time ago at the house of a school friend; that he does not know the family. Sometimes I grow reckless, as when Mr.

Cedric asks me if the porcelain picture of my sister Dolly in the drawing-room is Agnes Dimond. Dolly is very pretty and very intellectual-looking. I look like her, minus the intellect. I tell him that it is; further, that the reason my aunt is so fond of me is because I resemble her dear dead friend. It really seems to me at times that the young man's favorite topic of conversation is Agnes Dimond: of course it is not; that is only my uneasy conscience. But if I had been her destroyer, and her ghost haunted me, she could not cause me more anguish than she does. The victims of the Conciergerie ate and slept, probably even talked and laughed; but they could hardly have enjoyed life under the circumstances. I know I am a wicked girl. It is not imagination, neither is it absent-mindedness or inattention; it is "wicked falsehoods." Like Mark Twain's horse-car refrain, there rings incessantly in my head a line I read long ago,—

Weh, O weh der Lüge!

Better, far better had it been to have met my fate and vanished from home and friends in the timbrel, hurdle, Black Maria,—whatever they call it here.

I am aware that sooner or later the end must come, and my guilty head fall; but, after all, the dread summons finds me unprepared.

My aunt has accepted the offer of a box at the theatre from Mr. Cedric, and, an unruly lamb, I am driven—none too steadily, for it is St. Patrick's day, and my aunt's coachman is an enthusiastic patriot—to the sacrifice. Mr. Cedric comes in soon after the first act, stays till near the end of the third, and then, apparently seeing a friend, goes out. The curtain has risen on the last act, when the box-door opens, and Mr. Cedric's glasses appear. "Come in here, Litchfield," he says to his unseen companion.

Ah, what a delightful place of residence Lisbon must be, where there is a chance, to say the least, of the earth's opening and receiving one! Mr. Cedric has advanced into the box now,

and his companion is standing in the door-way. I look at him calmly. It is the calmness of despair.

I see a gentleman with a crumpled shirt-front, a reprehensible cravat, his head crowned by the "shocking hat" scorned by man and nature: he has a stubby, grizzly moustache, an unshorn chin. If it were not that his appearance is redeemed by the kindly twinkle of his little gray eyes, that his capacious mouth looks as though it knew how to smile, he is just the man whom, meeting on a lonesome road, I should flee from as a tramp. A just, a learned, an upright judge, he may be; a clean judge he is not.

"I thought you would like to see your father," says Mr. Cedric.

"There is some mistake," growls Big Bruin, his tramp aspect in the ascendant. "There is some mistake," says Madam Bruin majestically. "There is some mistake," falters little Bruin, wishing with all her heart that Big Bruin and Madam Bruin would eat—as, indeed, they both look as though they would like to—Mr. Cedric Dane, who is looking as astonished and angry and puzzled as it is possible for a young man to do. There is silence for a half-minute, and then the two gentlemen beat a retreat, the younger one with some muttered words, that, for all the sense of them that reaches us, may be apology or incantation.

Aunt Harriet rises,—we have both forgotten the play,—I follow meekly. I feel as I did when my guilt in the bluebird story came to light. The predominant sensation of my mind is wild hatred of Mr. Cedric.

"Well," says Aunt Harriet sternly, when we are in the carriage, "what does this mean?"

And then I blurt out everything, from beginning to end. It would not surprise me if she sent me home by a special engine. I feel that I deserve it, even though my place on it be the cow-catcher. To my astonishment, she does nothing of the kind. I am crying, so that I cannot be sure, but it strikes me that her own voice is husky as she puts

her arm around me and says, "You poor child! I can never forgive myself. It was all my fault, letting you go alone. Anna, never, never let your father know of this, or he would not let you come here again. I will see that everything is set straight with Mr. Cedric, and never shall that young man enter my doors again!"

But morning comes, and brings with it one of my aunt's sick headaches, the result, she says, of her chaperonage. I am not a good nurse: indeed, what am I good for? I am willing—nay, eager to frenzy—to do anything for a patient, but I must know every three minutes how she is feeling. At last my aunt, tired of this demand for bulletins, politely requests me to leave her alone, or brain-fever will be the result.

I have been in the drawing-room scarcely ten minutes, when the door is opened and Mr. Dane is announced. For greeting I pull out my handkerchief and burst into tears. He seats himself, waits till my sobs have in a measure subsided, and, with elaborate courtesy, begins:

"Litchfield thinks I have been guilty of the thing I abhor above all others,—a practical joke. If it be not too much, might I inquire, if not Litchfield, what your name really is?"

"Anna Wilberforce," falters the prisoner at the bar.

"And that story you told me,—who is Charles?"

"He only existed in my imagination."

"And Agnes Dimond?"

"There never was such a person," I murmur huskily, with a pang as I think of the unhappy death of Charles's betrothed.

"And you never saw or heard of Judge Litchfield before?"

"Never," I make answer meekly.

I dare not look at him. I am utterly abject, crushed. Of all the faculties given to mankind, surely the imagination is the vilest.

"And what, if I am not presuming too far," he asks coldly, "is the meaning of this extraordinary farce? Very

humorous, no doubt. Was it meant for a practical joke?"

This arouses me to something like spirit. "A joke!" I cry wrathfully, my sobs suddenly stopped: how I hate him! "Was it for a joke you threatened to send me—me—to prison? Was it as a stroke of humor that you brought such shame on me as I shall never forget to my dying day? Was it funny, do you think, when the bald-headed man said I had been stealing? How dare, how dare you, Cedric Dane, look me in the face?"

The expression of his own has changed: it has grown red, and white, and red again, but he does not speak for some seconds after I have broken into fresh sobs. Then, "How you must loathe me!" he says. "I have no right—words cannot express my sorrow—I had forgotten—it is additional insult to ask your pardon."

I choke as a reply.

"Miss Nancy, Miss Nancy," he is saying, and has caught hold of my hand, "oh, do forget I have been such a brute. I have never done anything but hurt you. How you must hate me!"

"Yes, so I do," I hasten to answer. "I shall never see you again, though, thank heaven! I am going home this afternoon."

"Oh, do you really hate me?" he asks, with lamentable lack of logic.

"No, I don't," I gurgles, astonished beyond measure at finding I am telling the truth.

"Then,"—he has both my hands now,— "don't go home this afternoon. And do say, if you can, that you forgive me for having been such a brute and having made you cry so. Do forgive me, Miss Nancy."

"If—if you'll promise never to call me Miss Na—Nancy again," I sob.

ESTHER WARREN.

## OUR NATIVE FAUNA.

NOWHERE within the historic period has there been seen so thorough a supplanting of one race by another over a large region as that which has occurred on our soil. The red man has been replaced by the white over a space as large as Europe. We need not add by the black also, the negro here being a mere appendix to the Caucasian, brought in by the latter as he brought in his sheep and oxen, because useful to him, and, like them, certain to disappear when his needs require it. The entire expulsion of the Britons from the lowlands by the Angles and Saxons is disputed; and the continued existence of the sturdy Welsh is evidence enough of their having made a successful stand in the mountains at least. That refuge was not sought by the Indian. He is not a mountaineer, nor even a forester,

his dependence on the chase to the contrary notwithstanding. What settled dwelling-places the tribes could be said to have were on the open and fertile plains. He has been driven alike from hill and dale. To the word reserve, which expresses his present habitat, we may prefix a *p* and class him with the Chillingworth cattle and the red deer of Athol and Sutherland, which, in no violent pursuance of the parallel, are rented out for shooting.

The Indian is only a part, and a very small part, of the aborigines of the country. He is the only one, it is true, that figures in the return of population and is numbered by "souls." But he lived in the midst of a long list of other animals, many of which he ate, and some of which occasionally ate him. The works of the beaver have outlasted

his; and the buffalo not only surpassed him in laying out highways, but did a good deal for agriculture in the bequest of bones. From the utilitarian point of view, indeed, we may prefer to him the antediluvian sharks and saurians of South Carolina, whose remains are so much wheat, hay, and potatoes dug up from the bottom of the creeks. But these scaly friends of the farmer, whose good is interred and happily resurrected with their bones, lie back of our present province. We are concerned with their "recent" successors who are still living, ancient dwellers in the land who have adapted themselves and their ways to modern progress and have no idea of being extirpated.

When we come to count, it is surprising to find how numerous these are, both species and individuals. No native bird or quadruped has become entirely extinct. Somewhere between the two oceans the largest and most easily assailable of them still survive. The buffalo is no longer found east of the Missouri, and will soon give place to his civilized cousins from Durham and Devon on the whole extent of the great plains. North of our boundary, in Manitoba, he will survive perhaps for generations. If the moose lingers in Maine and the Adirondacks, the caribou does not. Yet both hold out just across the line. The elk, familiar in Pennsylvania and Virginia to hunters still living, has fled to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, and, being unfitted for emigration to the far north, will probably come earlier to his fate. The panther maintains himself in the Alleghanies, and will for many years to come, though in greatly-reduced force. His associate Bruin, being less devoted to an exclusively flesh diet, adjusts himself very comfortably to the new order, and makes himself at home in the invader's corn-fields, with an occasional tithe-pig from the sty. A thick swamp is shelter enough for him and his family. Four bears were killed in a corn-field in Norfolk County, Virginia, in October, 1882. His survival in that cradle of the colonies, in sight of a seaport with forty thousand inhabi-

tants, is due to a chain of undrainable morasses, dense with cane, myrtle, and juniper, and surrounded by every facility for subsistence. His circumstances, in fact, have been improved by the advent of the European. His ancient commissariat was of a hand-to-mouth description, while now he is sure of corn and pork throughout the year, reserving his old stand-by of berries for an antiscorbutic, alterative, or dessert, and turning up his nose at the roots he used to turn up with it. Should he or his dusky mate fancy an *entremet* of venison, that too is within reach, deer being abundant in the same region. The bear, however, is a far less active and successful votary of the chase than the wolf. The latter's devotion to it was without intermission. Always hungry, and always in prime running condition, he kept the deer perpetually on the watch. His destruction has set their minds comparatively at rest, and they are even suspected of enjoying the sporadic outbreaks of horn and hound, in contrast at least with .

The wolf's long gallop, that shall tire  
The hound's deep hate, the hunter's fire.

In the mountains, certainly, the disappearance of this gaunt enemy has perceptibly favored the multiplication of the deer. In the Far West the coyote and the larger wolf are baffled by the patches of thorny cactus, upon which their soft feet cannot venture, innocuous as it is to the hoofs of their proposed prey; but from the prairies of what was once termed the Great West, north of the Ohio, both the four-footed Nimrod and his quarry have passed away, and the descendants of Boone and Kenton order their venison from the East.

It would appear that Great Britain has, within the past two centuries and a half, lost more of its original fauna than this country. The wolf, the wild-cat, the capercaillie, and the bustard may be named,—the last two having existed down to the present half-century. Perhaps we may add the beaver to this partial list, the animal being hard to banish from the fens, and having long justified the etymology of Beverley.

The limited area of the island, equal approximately to that of New York and Pennsylvania combined, goes far to account for this. England had, however, been the abode of some millions of people for many centuries prior to the planting of her American colonies. The mere presence of man is less effective toward the result we are considering than changes which may or may not be brought about or assisted by him. Often, indeed, he unwittingly favors the multiplication of old and the introduction of new species. His incidental and undesigned provision of food and shelter proves in many instances an encouragement to these, not to be counteracted by his most determined warfare against them, aided by all the engineering his fertile brain and experience can devise. The Colorado beetle travelled two thousand miles to the seaboard, established himself there, and is now kept at bay only by ceaseless vigilance. His brother mountaineer, the grasshopper, shows similar appreciation of the rich banquet of wheat and maize spread so temptingly before him in Kansas and Dakota. Our Revolutionary ancestors may have been misled by the passions of the day into bestowing a wrong pedigree on the Hessian fly, but there can be no mistake about that of the Norway rat. We know that he came with the white man from Europe, that he came without being invited, and that he came to stay. He was in California long before us, having doubled the Capes of Hope and Horn in company with the earliest navigators. He did not wait for the locomotive to transport him to the Rockies or the Sierra. Caring not a copper for silver or gold, he has accompanied the searchers for them into the deepest lodes; only, more sagacious than his biped contemporaries, he is never caught in a "salted" mine. Of laws and treaties aimed at him he is as contemptuous as John Chinaman, and holds his own against any amount of mobbing. He gallantly sustains the name and character of the vikings, long after their suppression. Their surviving representative, not content like them to pilfer

along the coasts, plunders on both elements,—a pirate by land and sea.

The English sparrow, another visitor, not much less cosmopolitan than the rat, was, unlike the latter, introduced on this continent by design,—shall we say with malice prepense? But it was only the first step—that across the Atlantic—which cost with this bird. He deigned to use some of the huts carefully prepared for his accommodation; but beyond that he has cut loose from human aid, and has multiplied beyond all calculation in spite of human opposition. He found a new field before him, and its conditions were so favorable that his numbers have increased more rapidly than they would have done had he been made a domestic bird and bred like the canary or the pigeon. What little he owed to man for bringing him over has been amply repaid. He has eaten caterpillars enough off the elms and maples of the streets to pay his steamer-fare many times over. That contract handsomely fulfilled, he went to work for his own benefit, and widened his base of operations. Still preferring to be within sight of bricks and mortar, he extends his excursions to the grain-fields within a moderate distance of the towns, and levies what the farmers are beginning to say is a noticeable toll. The young sparrows are out earlier in the season than any other fledglings. They flock into the ripening wheat in June, and from that time till winter constant reinforcements join the first detachment, three or four broods a year being common. They do not return from their *villeggiatura* as soon as the ministers and millionaires, being less afraid of the autumnal frosts, and always ready to stay so long as the prog is good and the accommodations tolerable. Of course they cannot find cereal food all the time. The seeds of grasses and weeds form perhaps most of their diet, and they do not object to insects when these fall in their way. Insects are especially attractive to the young birds, which we have seen searching for worms on the underside of leaves, and even hawking in the air after the fashion of fly-catchers. The



large majority of us who prefer the indigenous sparrows to the impudent little foreigner that elbows them aside in the quietest, most matter-of-course and undemonstrative style imaginable may be consoled by observing that he objects to cold, and resigns the field to them in severe weather. When, toward December, he resumes his rôle of *gamin*, the white-throat, the song-sparrow, and the field-sparrow turn out almost as strong as ever, in company with the snow-bird, who withholds till then the boon of his small and chirpy society. The rustic year of the English sparrow may be said to broaden as we go south, like the Appalachian range, or the Gulf Stream reversed. The cold of Portland is not too much for him; but his winter-life in New England is more strictly domestic than in the Cotton States. But then there are fewer towns in the South, and he is by nature a cit. The urban and suburban population of the Union being already large, and increasing its proportion to the aggregate, it becomes clear that, for weal or woe to his unwilling harbinger, this bird is a fixture. He will doubtless outlast some of the native birds, certainly in some localities. It will, of course, be a survival of the fittest,—of those most in harmony with their environments. Species which suited the country when it was a wilderness will wither before the influences of its changed condition, and others suited to the new order will take their place. There is nothing new in this. It is the routine of creation. What is striking is the extreme slowness with which these eliminations and substitutions, as a rule, take place, and what tenacity of life a species will exhibit. We are reminded of the similar teachings of the geologic record, the occurrence of certain mollusks in nearly all the strata, and the restriction, through many formations, of certain types to certain regions.

Great flexibility in modes of life is necessarily a part of the remarkable power of self-preservation implanted in species, genera, and families. Change of diet is comparatively a light draught upon that faculty. The Iceland horses,

that live on dried fish for eight months of the year, and the Sandwich-Island dogs, that know only vegetable food, illustrate the difficulty we have in keeping up the old hard and fast distinction between carnivorous and herbivorous animals. Most of the smaller quadrupeds are indiscriminate in their food, though all have their tastes and preferences. The fruit-loving thrushes include several members almost as fond of flesh as the hawks. The shrike, for instance, confines himself to that *menu*, and the melodious mocking-bird has a bad name as a depredator among the young of his feathered associates. The structure of the woodpecker, tongue, tail, and toes, is a standing reference with the arguers for design as against development. So strongly are his organs specialized that we find it hard to fancy him comfortable anywhere but on a dead tree plentifully peopled with grubs. While there are woodpeckers and woodpeckers, however, all of them will eat fruit on occasion, and some species in summer and autumn eat little else if they can get enough of that; while one on the La Plata, with full regulation outfit of stiff tail, paired toes, and projectile tongue, never sees a tree, and very rarely fruit, but lives a sort of dismounted life in the grass. Nobody can say for how many thousands of years he has maintained himself and the traits of his race under these depressing circumstances; but it is easy to believe that should trees spring up upon those plains, as they are beginning to clothe our own, the tops of them would soon send forth his cheery hail to the march of improvement that had come to his rescue. The change in the contrary direction which has come over the face of a great part of the eastern front of the United States has rather fostered than hindered the increase of most of the indigenous animals. In traversing a great forest we are always struck with its silence and its want of animal life. The trees belong to a very few predominant species; fruits, seeds, flowers, and their attendant insects are little varied in kind; and we see at once that the small birds and quadrupeds which form the

bulk of a fauna will never flock into these vast stretches of woodland. It may be a fortress for them in time of persecution, but a fortress badly provisioned. A single homestead, with its adjuncts of byre, poultry-yard, meadow, orchard, grain-field, and fallow, is worth more to them in point of subsistence than square miles of the wooded wilderness. A century ago, nearly all our birds were wood-birds. At this day, how very few of them we class as exclusively or principally such! The list would hardly include more than a couple of thrushes, the scarlet tanager, and the ivory-billed woodpecker. In the region where we write, the jay belongs to the forest and is rarely seen far from it unless in transit. In New England, where the oak woods have been cut away, he is a resident of orchard and lawn. Among quadrupeds, the squirrel, formerly migratory by reason of the frequent failure of mast over immense tracts, limits his travels to the nearest corn-patch, and always affects the skirts of wood most convenient to that resort; the woodchuck appreciates a similar boon in the clover-field; while the raccoon and the opossum, thanks to civilization, luxuriate in a much wider range of toothsome novelties than either of the rodents.

The most useful of the wild creatures thrive, like man, under the reign of law. His legislators take careful account of them, more from interested than benign motives. The life of a deer is, for some months of the year, protected like the life of a human being, though not rated at so high a wergild. Some centuries ago, in the royal forests of England the penalty was higher for deerslaughter than for manslaughter; but that was unreasonable, and the present arrangement shows the progress of law-reform. Smaller game, with birds which have established their character as friends of agriculture, enjoy similar protection, besides the less direct but very notable assistance of a premium on the scalps of some of their wild enemies. The laws of commerce, too, as fixed as those of the statute-book, and often better ob-

served, come to their aid. Minks, foxes, wild-cats, and the rest of the marauders have hides as fatal to the wearers as the shirt of Nessus. Living in the woods, and shunning human eyes with the utmost vigilance, these fur-producers are nevertheless quoted in the price-currents of the city dailies and the country weeklies. The all-powerful press is after them, and their innocent victims are in this and other ways the *protégés* of that mighty agent.

Trade makes war, unchecked by legislation, upon some quadrupeds which are innocent of blood,—the strictly vegetarian musk-rat, for instance. His harlequin pelt, that sports so many high-sounding aliases in the furrier's list, will always be in demand. He is slain in yearly thousands, but without perceptible effect upon his numbers, and that although his appetite and his mining industry combine to make him a frequent object of persecution. He may almost be said to have held apart for many years two of our great cities. To his resistance is largely due the failure to reclaim the Jersey meadows that prevent the absorption of Newark and a ring of smaller towns into the solid metropolitan cluster. The last device is to wall him out with cast-iron plates set in the centre of the embankments. This seems to have succeeded so far as tried; but it remains to be seen how long the iron-clads will laugh his siege to scorn. We have often wondered what sort of a sensation the musk-rat would make in Holland or on the lower Po. He might upset ministries with the dikes, and become an established element in politics.

Most of our native species have their analogues in the Old World, but very few are identical with transatlantic forms. Those which are belong chiefly to high latitudes, where the two continents converge. The list, we believe, hardly includes more than a hawk or two, some ducks and geese, the cross-bill, the Bohemian wax-wing, the beaver, and some others which do not cross the St. Lawrence. The European swallows and our own are said to be all different, great as are their powers of wing. This de-

marcation cannot be due merely to difference of climate, Southeastern Europe and Central and Western Asia, whence came, and where still exist, the mass of the animals of Western Europe, resembling in this respect the last-named region much less than they do the United States. The subtler causes which have brought about the variation will continue to exist indefinitely. The animals characteristic of this country will continue to possess their ancient realm, unaffected to any mentionable extent by artificial importations. They are, taken in mass, a part of the country,—more of a fixed fact than Niagara or the Mississippi, the latter being sometimes an untraceable wanderer among bayous, and the former being extinguishable by a little well-placed dynamite which should cut through the edges of the limestone beds to the shallow bottom of Lake Erie, thereby, we may add, bringing the isotherms southward and materially influencing the distribution of both the rational and the irrational population of the land.

Why should not these indigenes survive and multiply, "grow up with the country" that has been theirs through prehistoric time? They are better fed and—the innocuous among them, at least—better sheltered and protected than before. For all the nights and one day in every seven they are undisturbed. Their life more and more connects itself with our own. The force of association operates for their protection. They have always been a part of the rural world, and have a place in the rural calendar. We share in their jubilees and their conversations, inarticulate to us as the latter are. They study in turn our movements, whether hostile or the reverse, and govern their own accordingly. They are social or shy, just as they are well or ill treated. In the former case they cheerfully meet us halfway. We can always make friends among them, if we will. Already they are prominent in our literature. What would Cooper's novels be without them? They are leading characters in "The Wept of Wish-Ton-Wish,"

"The Spy," and "The Pioneer." Hunting-stories are the delight of our young people, and give to their seniors a large part of the pleasure they draw from the chronicles of Western adventure that give what literature we have such a proportion of its home flavor. The volumes of Audubon and Wilson remain, after half a century, our best illustrated publications. Bryant's best inspiration was furnished by the water-fowl, and Lowell's "Snowfall" draws its only bit of color from "the sudden flurries of snow-birds like brown leaves whirling by." The Indians gave human attributes to their neighbors of the wilderness, and linked them with all their traditions, superstitions, and nomenclature. The Southern negroes have constructed quite a mass of folk-lore out of the hare, the fox, the mocking-bird, etc.; and the dusky pulpiteer seeks in the same quarter his best supply of similes. Fancy must have its raw material and its machinery, and whither can it go for them but to its old treasury, the grove, the mountain, and the river-side? Our *feræ* are more poetic than their Old-World congeners, as being wilder and not dulled by intimacy with mankind for thousands of years.

The American crow is a far more racy bird in his ways and ideas than the English rook. A feathered Gil Blas, he has a thorough understanding of his own character and the estimation in which it is held. He does not seat his colonies close by those of men, but puts them as far as possible out of reach of the enemy, and is content to travel to and fro daily ten, twenty, or thirty miles to his foraging-ground. Arrived there, he brings into play the highest qualities of the reaver. He will wait for hours while a turkey-hen deposits her egg, or take his turn with like patience in mounting guard on the corn-field fence. He has his own polity, holds his own courts, inflicts his own punishments, and sets us as strong an example of the power of discipline and co-operation as any other biped brigand in Etna or the Abruzzi. His British cousin would have no chance with him.

It is natural for the people of a new country to endeavor, in a spirit partaking of the practical as well as of the fanciful, to trace their own future collective traits in those of the previous occupants. These had for untold ages been subjected to the formative influences of the climate and the topography. So far as such causes can determine results, it is not unreasonable to seek the semblance of our future selves in the Agrippa's mirror held up to us by the aborigines. Some of the French philosophers of the last century showed great confidence in their pursuit of this clue, and hastened to pronounce unfavorably upon the moral and physical future of the American race, on the hasty assumption of the inferiority in size and intelligence of our indigenes to the animals of Europe. Thought was active in those days, but its materials were imperfect, and it brought up frequently in hastily-framed crotchets. Our men are taller than those of Western Europe, and heavier in bone and muscle,—leaving out the adipose due to a more settled and less exciting life. This they appear to be gradually acquiring. A Scottish friend expressed to the writer a year or two ago his surprise at seeing so many broad and full figures in both the Eastern and Western States, in place of the lank, sallow, and cadaverous beings he had been prepared to look for. Possibly an Englishman would not have been so decidedly struck by this circumstance, his standard physique being different in degree from that of the less rosy and bulbous Scot. The "lean Yankee" used to be proverbial with Southerners, but the latter are the lean ones now, while both have certainly broadened into a greater average allowance of avoirdupois. As to *morale*, it may conceivably be obscured in the turmoil of competition and adventure; but our people are credited with a particularly strong sense of personal right, and that is apt to be accompanied by a sense of justice,—the word that embodies all morality. If anything can be said one way or the other on this attribute in the lower

animals, we may remark that those of this country are more generally gregarious than those of Europe, and the social instinct involves more or less repression of self. But here we are straying into trackless fields. In point of fact, the rogues among the lower orders of the animate creation—shall we glance at history and say the higher orders as well?—are more interesting and attractive to us than the honest beasts. Those rapacious thieves the lion and the eagle are the chosen totems of the race and its leaders. We are always pleased, and, as it were, relieved, to see a disagreement among doves or a tilt *à outrance* between two red-throated humming-birds. We dislike perfect gentleness, and adore strength and its exhibition. Hero-worship is an abiding fact, which morality has to accept.

These multitudinous republics, with their capitals

of forest and of rock,  
Of dark-blue lake and mighty river,

which so long antedate ours and co-exist with it in unbroken vigor, may outlast it. In all probability they will. Their past and their future is vaster than the trifling interval we can expect to fill. Our coming is a transient incident in their history. We should make friends of these ancient owners of the soil, our predecessors and successors. Nearly all of them have welcomed us as Massasoit did the Puritans. They ask only permission to exist. All of them are food for instructive and charming study, most are harmless, and a great many highly useful to us. The great American principle need be but slightly drawn on to include them. They are compatriots of ours, breathing the same air and built up out of the same soil. Not only is there this sort of physical identity, but a psychological relationship obvious enough in the common nature which we call human nature, and which shows itself so constantly in their behavior.

EDWARD C. BRUCE.

## A CRUISE AMONG THE WINDWARD ISLANDS.

## THE LOG OF THE VEGA.

## TWO PAPERS.—II.

MAY 20.—Lat.  $12^{\circ} 17'$ ; long.  $60^{\circ} 40'$ . Barometer, 30.18. Thermometer,—air  $81^{\circ}$ , water  $81^{\circ}$ . With a smooth sea, at eight this morning we made sail and left St. George's, bound for the island of Martinique. All day our course lay along the western side of Grenada, just near enough to enjoy its beauty and the ever-changing shadows of the flying clouds ceaselessly driven from the east by the rush of the trades. Before us were hills, valleys, and mountains, in every shade of misty blue and green, which last grew vivid where a sugar-plantation basked in sunshine on the slopes. Here and there dark ravines burrowing deep into the mountains could be traced so far up toward their summits that we knew that through them flowed some small river in a jungle of palms, mangoes, and flowering shrubs, tied together by lianas, smothered in parasites and orchids, with all the air about heavy with the odor of the frangipani. When we reached the upper end of the island, the lovely Grenadines began to appear in succession, peaks and domes in shades of blue and violet rising sheer out of the fairest of seas. In the latter part of the day the wind freshened and the sea grew rough: so we took in the top-sail and flying-jib, and when we made St. Vincent, at sundown, the weather was quite squally.

But, although the vessel rolled and tossed, this could not detract from the pleasure of the run, or lessen the delight of gazing upon another grand mass of blue mountains and irregular hills, appearing first as a huge blue cloud on the horizon, slowly revealing peaks and broken hills with the white breakers lashing their base, and, over all, a sky bright with a sunset more than usually grand,—beautiful from the presence of dark-hued squall-clouds.

May 21.—Lat.  $13^{\circ} 45'$ ; long.  $64^{\circ} 20'$ . Barometer, 30.15. Thermometer,—air  $80^{\circ}$ , water  $80^{\circ}$ . Wind N.E. At five A.M. we tacked ship, stood in for land, and sighted Santa Lucia. The weather was fair, with passing showers, which gave to the atmosphere a thin silvery haze, through which distant objects showed with a bewitching indistinctness. All the Windward Islands, from Grenada up, are volcanic, most of them having peaks from four to five thousand feet high, which are generally smoking, and have been active at times. They are called *soufrières*.

On the southern point of Santa Lucia are two striking mountains, by name the Pitons. They rise green to their summits side by side from the plain of the island, some two thousand feet, terminating in sharp pinnacles, the notch between them extending quite down to the plain. Seen this morning in the prevailing silvery blue haze of the atmosphere, they were one of the grandest sights we enjoyed throughout the voyage. The *soufrière* of this island had its peak in the clouds; it is constantly emitting smoke and vapor, and can be seen fifty miles off at sea. This morning was prolific in rain-squalls that suddenly poured rain for a few minutes and as suddenly vanished in sunshine. The fly at our main-top had got foul with the pennant halyards, and the double-headed cabin-boy took it upon himself to clear it. The sun was shining as he gallantly ascended the shrouds: up from the cross-trees he went by the hoops of the top-sail, and then up the top-mast stay; this consumed a certain time; and, while he held on and worked, a cloud came up, and it poured furiously. By the time he reached the deck it was all over: he was drenched to the skin, and passed gravely forward to the galley-hatch, both



heads busily working, one at least reaching the conclusion that the sky was at all times a wet place.

As Santa Lucia faded and the great notch between the Pitons grew indistinct, we sighted Martinique, and at its southern point the famous Diamond Rock,—a seemingly inaccessible rock, about a mile off shore and six hundred feet in height. During the wars of Napoleon, some British sailors effected a landing upon it, scaled it, succeeded in hauling cannon up to the top, and established themselves there, holding the position in spite of all the efforts of the French to dislodge them. Whilst they held the spot, in order that it might be legally supplied with provisions and stores the rock was carried on the books of the Admiralty as "His Majesty's ship Diamond Rock." The dash and courage of these men was not shown by steamship crews and coal-heavers, but by old-fashioned blue-jackets, who handled sail and served guns at Trafalgar,—

men who had seen a little service  
Where mighty billows roll and loud tempests  
blow,  
Who sailed with noble Howe, who sailed with  
gallant Jarvis,  
And e'en in Admiral Duncan's fleet had sung  
out "yo-heave-oh!"

Rounding the point, we came to anchor at one P.M. in Fort de France, formerly Port Royal, a French naval station for the West Indies. Before us lay an extensive garrisoned fortification, and alongside were two fine men-of-war. This island is especially French: not one word of English did we hear here, except from the American Consul, an extremely attentive and polite Frenchman. The town is very pretty, built partly on the harbor and partly on the Carenage, which is entered around the promontory upon which the fort stands. The Empress Josephine is the goddess of the place, having been born within sight of the town and having passed her youth upon the island. A marble statue of her as empress faces the harbor in a pleasant little park in front of the town on the water-side. This park is well kept, and adorned with fine mango-

trees, tamarinds, and the ever-beautiful and noble cabbage-palm. The town is absolutely a little bit of France: streets, houses, sidewalks, look French; the customs, habits, and amusements of the people recall France. Along the business front there is a great deal of sugar. Business seems good, and there is an air of thrift everywhere. The negroes were cleaner and in better order than any we had seen previously. There is here an exceedingly fine dry-dock, the property of the government.

May 22.—Barometer, 30.20. Thermometer,—air 78°, water 78°. Distance run, 165 miles. At one P.M. saluted the French men-of-war, received their salute, made sail, and left the harbor, bound for St. Pierre, a town seventeen miles farther north. The wind outside was light and baffling, although we had the benefit of a land-breeze, which carried us out of the harbor in good style. Rounding the northern point of the harbor, we were near enough to the shore to observe a small shrine, erected, we assumed, to express the gratitude of some shipwrecked sailors who here escaped with their lives. Under the lee of the island, of course, the wind was light. Along the shore an immense amount of land is devoted to the sugar-culture. In the interior the land runs up into wooded mountains; but there was evidence of very thorough cultivation between them and the sea. The landscape was abundantly dotted with sugar-houses. Through the thick fringe of cocoa-palms upon the shore were seen the huts of fishermen, nets hung out to dry, and boats hauled up on the beach. At five P.M. we made fast to one of the government moorings in the Bay of St. Pierre. A number of these moorings lie along the front of the town of St. Pierre, and are used by men-of-war and commercial steamers, the custom of trading-vessels being to anchor close in-shore, swing round, make a stern-line fast, and lie end on toward the town. The whole front on the harbor was lined with row upon row of sugar-hogsheads. St. Pierre was by far the most thriving town in the way of busi-

ness which we had yet seen. Its streets are narrow, well paved, and clean, while along them, on each side, through the gutters, pours a swift-running stream of water. The entire unrestricted sewerage of the town is performed by these streams,—an arrangement of unquestionable bad taste and impropriety, at least in the opinion of foreigners. The drives around the town are picturesque, very hilly, and with constant glimpses of the open sea. The town itself lies at the foot of Mont Pelée, a grand mountain three thousand eight hundred feet in height. The British Consul kindly acted as our cicerone, and introduced us at the club, where French courtesy prevailed, the gentlemen who happened to be there at the time of our visit rising as we entered. The whole place seems another chip of Paris, except that it is largely adorned with negroes, mulattoes, quadroons, Chinese, mustees, and Indian coolies from the French possessions at Pondicherry. These last are found to be effective laborers. We paid a delightful visit to the Jardin des Plantes, a most attractive spot, where great taste has been shown both in the selection and the arrangement of the ground. A couple of miles above the town a large stream pouring down a ravine to empty its waters into the bay is dammed across by a wall of rocks, over which it falls sixty feet into a large basin below at the head of the garden, whence it rushes on down the ravine, expands once more in its course, forming a little lake with an island in its centre, and then flows on to become the washing-ground of the entire town. In this capacity it is filled with very scantily clad negresses, who pile wet clothes upon sharp fragments of coral, supplied either by nature or by clever dealers in dry-goods, and then proceed to beat them with clubs until they are tender, and perhaps clean. Half a mile of this ravine, with a large addition of land on either side, constitutes the Jardin des Plantes, where the natural growth of the island has been left to itself. Consequently, we have here a magnificent jungle filled

with all the wonderful flora of the tropics,—palms, mangoes, bread-fruit, cacti, aloes, cotton-wood, enormous tree-ferns, and over all a wealth of parasitic plants that smother the trees and at times destroy them in the embrace of beauty in the shape of the strange foliage and stranger flowers of the orchid family. The only visible care here has been expended upon making smooth winding walks which give free access to this magnificent vegetation in its native haunts. One of these consisted of an avenue of cabbage-palms, where, in the deep shade cast by their feathery foliage a hundred feet above, is the place of meeting for the settlement of affairs of honor, the shafts of the tall trees being plentifully pierced by pistol-balls. All the foreign trees in the garden—and there are numbers of them—are carefully ticketed with their botanical and common names. There are screw-pines, sago-palms, areca-palms of superb proportions, and huge lianas winding in all directions. A perpetual twilight reigns beneath the masses of foliage which exclude the sunshine, and the air has the warm damp fragrance of a hot-house. Moving about in a quiet, serpent-like way were Hindoo coolies, singular in appearance and appropriate to the place,—slight, angular figures, scantily clad, with long faces, delicate sharp features, sooty-black straight hair, sooty skins also, and keen, mistrustful, treacherous black eyes.

This garden is one of the haunts of the dreaded *fer de lance*, a snake as fatal in its bite as the cobra or rattlesnake, and more dreadful than either in being aggressive. It lies in wait and is disposed to attack, recognizing man as an enemy. Existing in but two of the islands, Martinique and Santa Lucia, it destroys many lives annually in both. The natives hold it in dread, and have no remedy for its bite: whiskey, efficacious for the bite of the rattlesnake, is of no service here. Tropical nature seems to have taken upon itself the care of this beautiful garden, planted it, adorned it, and insured its continuance, leaving, however, the trace of its

complete co-operation in the tarantula and the *fer de lance*.

May 24.—Barometer, 30.20. Thermometer,—air 79°, water 79°. Wind E.N.E. At five A.M. we let go the moorings, and took a farewell look at Pelée, who doffed his bonnet of cloud and showed us his black peak almost four thousand feet in the air for the occasion. All the morning we stood along the western shore of the island, and again enjoyed the lovely picture of lofty mountains, a broken foreground lighted up by vivid green cane-fields and ravines dark with tropical foliage gradually fading into the violet-blue of the distant mountains. Over their ridge came the endless rush of the trades, blowing before them the tattered fragments of cumuli that threw flitting shadows across the varied green of the landscape. After getting clear of the land, we took the full force of the trades, which in the shape of a ten-knot breeze sent us bowling through the seas toward lovely Dominica, lying an indistinct blue mass on the northeastern horizon. Just as continuous as the trades themselves is the flow of identical adjectives that must be employed in the description of these islands, for from Grenada to the Virgin Islands these volcanic gems present always the same grand and beautiful features, and, during the nine months when the trades prevail, the same delicious surroundings. And all adjectives, as well as all beauties, culminate about fair Dominica, first gem of the sea! Untamed beauty and grandeur meet here to fill one's sense of the beautiful in nature. Its interior and soufrière, where lie hot springs and boiling pools in the fastnesses of the Devil's Mountain, are accessible only by paths cleared among tropical thickets. The cultivated portion of the island lies in the south and west, and about the chief town, Roseau. As we approached, we enjoyed all the beauty of the island we had just left, combined with a greater display of wonderful foliage, and a greater prevalence of bold cliffs descending sheer to the sea, against which the heavy swell lashed to recoil in masses of snow-white foam. At ten A.M.

we passed Roseau, and at 3.30 cast anchor in Prince Rupert's Bay, opposite the village of Portsmouth.

No spot that we had yet seen equals in beauty Prince Rupert's Bay, as none exceeds it in the fine old flavor of its name. It is a deep bowl of cobalt-blue, at the foot of the Devil's Mountains, with a narrow entrance from the sea: at the northern point is a precipitous cliff crowned by the ruins of an old fort, while on the southern project the hills that form the spurs of the mountains. The entire bay is fringed by a thick belt of cocoa-palms, and the background of hills to the pinnacles of the mountain is superbly wooded. Midway in the curve of the bay, upon a little plain through which courses a small stream, lies the village, its houses thatched for the most part with the fronds of the cocoanut palm and embowered amid these trees. The inhabitants are largely negroes.

Behind the row of huts fronting the water is one long grass-grown street, crossed at right angles by several others. Here there crops out now and then a fragment of pavement, or the stone abutment of a house of good size now level with the ground. One wing of an old Roman Catholic church, which, judging from fragments of walls and arches scattered about, had once been a building of good size and fair proportions, is rudely fitted up with benches and with shrines strangely and gaudily adorned. There were pictures on the walls portraying the early events of the Christian era and the prominent actors in the founding of Christianity. They were calculated to impress one class of beholders with the conviction of the grand change that has taken place in the proportions of the human figure and in the appearance of objects in general since that early date, and to inspire another class with profound pity for the artists whose imaginations were a prey to the fearful visions here produced upon canvas. Let us hope that wherever they have gone from this world they will meet nothing so terrifying as the products of their own pencils.

Among the huts were small gardens filled with bananas and pineapples, while sugar-cane and cacao grew in outlying fields. As we walked we gathered from the ground maumee-apples, limes, and mangoes. The singular bread-fruit tree, and the still more singular gourd-tree, which supplies the negroes with hollow-ware, clustered along the sidewalk.

Life to a negro in Dominica is exactly what it is to a monkey in a tree: a little climbing makes the life of one complete, and a little fishing does the same by that of the other: the one shows that he does no work, and the other confesses it, and they are equally happy.

The American flag was given to the wind in our honor by a polite and friendly villager, evidently French, who officiated as consul, while the British flag was flying in honor of the queen's birthday, which was rendered yet more illustrious by the negroes walking about at night with large wooden boxes on their heads containing each a candle, its light visible through auger-holes. The visit of the Vega to Prince Rupert's Bay was a tremendous social boost to the consul: it placed him quite at the head of society. Generally speaking, his duties consisted in making fast his flag to a long cane angling-rod in recognition of whalers who now and then look into port here. Grand and wild as is this charming island, the *fer de lance*, so deadly in Martinique, is not found here, —a fact difficult to explain, but pleasant to know, as else we could not have wandered about in the bushes around the village as we did.

In the early morning the bay was a picture indeed. The dark range of the Devil's Mountains, as it cut off the sunlight, lay in deep shade, although the vapors hiding its peaks were all aglow. To the south, where the lessening mountains fell away to hills below the cloud-line, their summits were sharply defined against the clear sky. On the northern and western sweep of the circle enough sunshine found its way athwart the bay to flash from the polished fronds of the cocoa-palms, thus enclosing with

gilded filigree its smooth sunless waters. One small segment of the circle was closed by a dash of deep blue, where the bay met the waters of the Caribbean Sea. Here a good pull at the oars and a swim do more for some souls than matins in the grim old church among the mangoes.

May 25.—Barometer, 30.20. Thermometer, — air 79°, water 79°. At eight A.M. we weighed anchor and stood out of the harbor, bound for Guadeloupe. Never in all our cruise did we cast so many lingering looks behind: it was our last sight of lovely Prince Rupert's Bay. It will be a memory for life,—its smooth waters, with the Vega at anchor, her main-sail stretched all night,—it was so calm,—and the huge-winged pelicans flapping indolently by.

As we cleared Dominica, we made the Isles of the Saints, with Marie Galante lying blue and distant on our starboard bow. If there be one joy unmixed and without sin, one that was not foreclosed when Adam made his stupendous failure years ago, it is to stand up the Caribbean Sea, with the trades blowing a ten-knot breeze, with the sheets half off, and to sit in the shade of the main-sail, with the thermometer at eighty and the sea a cobalt-blue, and drink in the spill-wind out of the foresail as the creamy foam rushes by under the rail, while you dream of Columbus, whose keel vexed these very waters, as in search of a continent he gazed upon these unknown islands.

The Isles of the Saints rose to view peak after peak—for the most part uninhabited—as we approached the grand mass of mountain and hill-side, green with sugar-cane wherever the nature of the land permitted its culture, which Columbus named Guadeloupe. As we sighted the town of Basse-Terre, splashes of scarlet in and about it marked the presence of the flamboyant, now in full bloom. This tree is a mass of large open flowers, perfectly scarlet in hue. It has no foliage until the flowers fall, when it clothes itself in dark-green bipinnate leaves. In bloom it is strikingly gorgeous and beautiful; yet its ready

growth and the ease with which it is acquired have made the people here singularly indifferent to it, and the man with a flamboyant in full bloom in his yard and a Cape jessamine making the air heavy with the fragrance of its white blossoms, both requiring no care, will exult in his success in cultivating a sweet-william or a four-o'clock in a box.

At noon we cast anchor in the harbor—or roadstead—of Basse-Terre. Most of these ports are only roadsteads, the water being made smooth by the interposition of the island between it and the trades. In the hurricane months, when the winds blow from other quarters, they are no harbors at all. Here again is a chip of France floated off into the Western seas. The harbor-master, a polite Frenchman, boarded us, and proffered every sort of kindness and assistance. The town is absolutely tropical and absolutely French, with a well-kept fort of good size, very excellent public buildings, surrounded by tamarinds, cabbage-palms, and flamboyants, and an old church prominent on a hill behind the town. The flamboyants in the square were in full bloom, without green leaves, the long black pods of last year's flowers still hanging about them. There is an undeniable difference between the French and the British Islands: the former are characterized by an air of thrift, order, and activity which, with the exception of Barbadoes, was absent in those under British rule. The negroes in the French islands are under better control, more tidy, and seem to do some work; everything there is essentially French, and were it not for the faces of "every shade, from snowy white to sooty," that one meets in the streets, one might as well be in a corner of France; whereas the English islands are not English; they seem hanging on to Great Britain by the eyelids, and to be penetrated and poisoned by the negro, who is dragging them down to his own level of barbarism.

At six P.M. we made sail and got under way, bound for Montserrat. Under the lee of Guadeloupe the wind died

out, and we drifted along with a light land-breeze, a brilliant moon, and cloudless skies. To windward, in the deep shade of the mountains, lights sparkled from plantations and dotted the mass of sombre shadow; to leeward the sea glimmered with shreds of silver as it rippled beneath the moon; and, although the whole sky glowed with moonlight, the true Cross and the false both shone brightly astern, while over the bow was our own old North Star, increasing nightly in elevation.

May 26.—Barometer, 30.20. Thermometer,—air 79°, water 79°.

After clearing Guadeloupe we took the trades, and, with a cracking breeze, had at sunrise the blue outline of Montserrat on our weather bow. It is a small island, formed of two huge mountains, one of them a *soufrière*, and both ploughed and seamed with gorges and valleys. If the peaks of these mountains were ground off and smoothed, their valleys partially filled up, the cabbage- and cocoa-palm replaced by the birch and the balm of Gilead, soft seas at a temperature of 80°; in which it is a joy to roll, changed to waters at 55°, in which the fear of death permits but a single plunge, bright skies, fresh breezes, and glowing sunshine exchanged three days in the week for fog so dense that to produce it the sun must have plunged all glowing into the sea at eventide and have converted the ocean into vapor,—were all these changes wrought, Montserrat might be towed to the coast of Maine, there to do duty for Mount Desert and in every respect to substitute that delightful watering place. At seven A.M. we came to anchor off the town of Plymouth, in an open roadstead of great depth, which would not afford the ghost of a harbor in a shift of wind. The clergyman of the place, an educated and pleasant English gentleman, paid us a visit in a six-oared boat manned by his pupils, nice bright lads, and with the union jack flying over the stern. He was interested in science, and had made a valuable collection of native ferns. We found him polished and agreeable; not ritualistic, but barefoot, neither he



nor his pupils wearing shoes or stockings.

At ten A.M. we hove up the anchor and stood away for Mount Nevis. Off Montserrat we sighted it over the bow, and, with Antigua to windward, we passed Redonda, a peak of rock rising sheer six hundred feet out of the water: one side of it is perfectly smooth and straight, and seems made for American embellishments, such as, "Use Purifying Pills," or "Two Thousand Miles to Wanamaker's."

At 3.30 P.M. we came to anchor off the little town of Charleston, Mount Nevis. The feature of the island is one central mountain of moderate pretensions rising from a plain. It is comparatively smooth, and susceptible of more general cultivation than those we have been seeing: in fact, the grandeur and exceeding loveliness of the Windward Islands we have left behind, and we must now content ourselves with the beautiful and picturesque. It is all worth an effort to see,—most assuredly on the part of those whose imagination, like our own, has failed to picture the amount of beauty to be enjoyed. Charleston managed to produce an American commercial agent, in the person of a native of Barbadoes, who politely offered his services and greeted us with his flag. There was an old remnant of a fort on a point of land, and a delightful sandy beach, shaded, as usual, by cocoa-palms; but the water, except well in-shore, was rough: the distant mountain did not thoroughly intercept the trades. Possibly the name fathered the thought, but Mount Nevis did look strikingly like Ben Nevis rising from the plain of Lochaber. Mount Nevis enjoys a local celebrity for its sheep, and the steward went on shore and procured some diaphanous mutton,—a sheep that cast no shadow, not because the sun was directly over its head, but from lack of substance,—a sheep which if left to live might in time have developed progressively into a burning-glass. When we got him, all chance of animal development was long past. We found that his flesh

when cooked broke with a vitreous fracture.

May 27.—Barometer, 30.20. Thermometer,—air 80°, water 80°. Clear. Breeze moderate. Wind E.S.E. At eight A.M. we made sail and left the harbor, bound for St. Thomas. The wind being aft at ten A.M., we took in the main-sail and set the try-sail to steady the ship. Our course took us close under the lee of St. Kitts, an island of delightfully irregular surface, soft in outline, with hills beautiful to behold, evidently under thorough cultivation, showing cane-fields and sugar-houses,—an island more thrifty in appearance than any we had seen belonging to the English, always excepting Barbadoes. The centre culminates in Mount Misery, the lesser heights being Brimstone and Monkey Hills. Mount Misery reaches a height of some four thousand feet, and monkeys abound in the forests.

At two P.M. we passed St. Eustatius, a volcanic island, its greatest altitude two thousand feet, and only four miles in length. Plain and unimportant we thought it after our surfeit of the grand and beautiful; but what would poets and innkeepers think if St. Eustatius were off the Capes of Delaware?

At six P.M. we passed Saba, its coast iron-bound, and without landings except in favorable states of the weather. The island is an irregular plateau two thousand eight hundred feet above the sea, diversified by precipitous rocks, sharp acclivities, and ravines. Through one of these, called the Ladder, the town is reached, around which is found the only cultivation,—that of potatoes, which are sold among the other islands. The population, amounting to one thousand eight hundred, is mainly devoted to the raising of chickens. From the sea the town, with its white houses and red roofs, looked exceedingly neat and pretty. This island belongs to Holland; its language is English. The people, almost all either Simmons or Hazel by name, largely send their children to Paris to be educated. They are famous for building a class of small vessels, although

they have no port. The town, nine hundred and sixty feet above the sea, is named the Bottom,—which is quite in keeping with the other anomalies of Saba.

May 28.—Lat. 18° 16'. Long. 64° 18'. Barometer, 30.28. Thermometer, —air 82°, water 80°. Wind E.S.E.; moderate. At sunrise we sighted over the bow to windward Virgin Gorda, and then St. John's and other islets, the beginning of the Virgin group, and, alas! the parting from the Windward Islands. We had seen them under particularly favorable auspices,—our boat the best of her class, with capital officers, a good crew, and in delightful society, but with evidently defective imaginations, for we had been unable to picture before our cruise such grandeur and beauty as we had witnessed, such seas, climate, air, and scenery.

At one P.M. we passed Frenchman's Cap, a little rocky islet on the port side, took in stay-sail, set the main-sail, hauled our wind, and stood in for St. Thomas, a group of indistinct hills over the bow to windward. The approach to it is attractive: it is an island of hills, not mountains, bare of vegetation, gray, broken, and irregular. The port is very fine, almost landlocked, deep and roomy. At 2.30 P.M. we cast anchor in front of the town, and received a visit from the harbor-master under the Danish flag. The town has a fine effect seen from the water. It is built upon three sharp and distinct hills, united at their base by the business portion of the place. In the centre, on the bay, there is an open square planted with cabbage-palms and tamarinds. The houses are white, with red roofs, standing generally in small enclosures, from which frequently blazes the flamboyant. The effect of the three pyramids of buildings is very pretty by day, seen against a background of lofty hills dotted here and there with country-seats, while at night these pyramids of sparkling lights look gay and brilliant.

This harbor is a great port of call: large commercial steamers, under the English, Spanish, French, and German flags, come in, exchange passengers and

mails, and start again for Europe or the various islands and the Spanish main; or, if need be, they have here the advantage of an admirable dry-dock.

Throughout the West Indies we saw large men-of-war carrying the flags of England and France, and grand transatlantic and intercolonial steamers under French, German, Spanish, and English flags. The American flag we saw flying from schooners laden with sugar and codfish from the Grand Bank, once from a clipper-ship, and then from a tug in Delaware Bay.

Monday, May 29, was Whit-Monday, a great holiday among the Danes. No business was done, and we spent most of the day beneath the awning on deck, enjoying the delicious wind and watching family parties being rowed to a point near the light-house, where the day was celebrated by a picnic. A few kind friends had already found us out, and we much enjoyed their visits. In the evening a pull about the harbor closed the day. The next morning, after a short visit on shore, as we intended to return after a run down to Santa Cruz, we weighed anchor, made sail, and at 11.30 A.M. left the harbor, bound for that island. With a moderate breeze and a smooth sea, we came to anchor off Fredericksted at 3.30 P.M.

Santa Cruz is an irregular hilly island, bare of trees, with a fruitful soil and every rod of it under cultivation: it looks like one field of green cane dotted with planters' houses, sugar-houses, and windmills. It was one of the richest of the sugar islands until the wretched negroes swept it with fire in an insurrection some five years ago, when Fredericksted was burned, with most of the plantations of the west end. Another town is struggling up from its ashes amid the melancholy ruins of what were once good business establishments. The Danes soon reduced the negroes to order, and in the process many of them were killed; the prisoners were condemned to death, but not executed: they are now prisoners for life. We saw them afterward working in gangs on the government land.

The American Consul gave us much interesting information. His family had been among the largest planters of the island: their estate was ruined by the insurrection.

After a very successful visit to an old negress very famous as a maker of guava jelly, whose stores we left desolate, and another visit, quite as victorious, to the fountain-head of bay rum,—for both of these products the island is famous,—we inquired sadly after the “Old Santa Cruz Rum;” but, as the negroes were without veneration, this was not spared at the insurrection.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,

—which was not our case, however, for we spoke of him sadly and with praise, mourning perforce with dry eyes.

There is no pretence of a harbor here, but the open roadstead afforded a superb white sand beach, from which at sunrise the garrison swam their horses.

May 31.—Barometer, 30.25. Thermometer,—air 80°, water 80°. At eight A. M. we weighed anchor and set sail, bound for Christiansted, on the eastern side of the island, and its capital. At ten o'clock we doubled the point, the wind blowing freshly and the sea running high. The harbor of Christiansted is very intricate and dangerous from shoals, and we took a pilot on board, for the first time since leaving Bermuda, the captain being entirely familiar with all the many ports we had made. At two P. M. we came to anchor in front of the fort off the town, which does not, from the water, present any striking points of interest. It was clean and well policed. The garrison on parade made a very creditable appearance: the soldiers were good-looking young Danes, and well drilled. In the fort were the prisoners captured during the insurrection. The Danes seem to have no crude theories with regard to the treatment of prisoners: those whom we saw, instead of being confined at the expense of mind and health, poisoning one another mentally if together and degenerating if alone, were working in gangs, to the

great advantage of their health. Constant occupation diminishes the opportunity for brooding or for mischievous personal intercourse; and there is no better form of expiation of sins committed against society than labor in its behalf.

The great tidal wave of a few years ago, which rose suddenly to an enormous height, submerging shores, and landing large vessels at some distance inland, had a very disturbing effect upon the minds of the negroes of these islands. They supposed it to be the entering wedge of another deluge, and, by way of settling up this world's affairs so as to put themselves in good shape for another, they thought best to overhaul their marital rigging and see all clear. The consequence was that the clergymen of the islands were utterly run down for days with performing marriage-ceremonies, which, except in view of the end of the world, had been considered quite unimportant.

June 2.—Barometer, 30.25. Thermometer,—air 81°, water 80°. Wind E. by N., fresh.

At 6.40 A. M. we dropped the pilot outside the bar at Christiansted, and stood away for St. Thomas, distant forty miles. There was a strong trade blowing, and a rough sea, and our course gave us about four points free, with everything drawing, all sail set. After a splendid run, we came to anchor at ten A. M. in the harbor of St. Thomas, having made our forty miles in three hours and ten minutes. As we came into port, we were obliged to haul up close on the wind; and the style in which the *Vega* dashed into port, picked out her anchorage, and rounded up with the harbor-master's boat at her heels, not knowing which way to steer, was the admiration of the town. Four hours from Santa Cruz to St. Thomas is considered a good passage.

Although St. Thomas has little to show in the way of cultivation, and displays none of the superb forests of the Windward Islands, it has thickets of tropical growth, where are found the cocoa-palm, the frangipanni, with its white and pink flowers, the hillia vine,

with large laurel-like shining leaves with fragrant blossoms, a flowering tree, also sweet-scented, the branches of which literally pour out milk when broken, the aloe, which sends up stalks twenty feet into the air, to be covered with blossoms in their season, many species of cacti, and in the town numerous specimens of the superb flamboyant. From the hills and houses of the town the sea-view is beautiful: various islands of the Virgin group are in sight, including Santa Cruz. There is no spot on earth that invites bathing more than the West Indies: the instinct to take to the water is well-nigh irresistible. An even temperature of 80°, soft, bright skies, water as clear as crystal and emerald-green, white coral beaches, and picturesque surroundings, make bathing a delight. Yet it has its inconveniences: in deep water one is promptly devoured by sharks; in shallow water one is riddled by sea-urchins. These latter are creatures designed upon the plan of a chestnut-burr, about twice its size, covered with long, movable, black spines, very brittle, and with an irritant property of their own. The sensation when stepping upon one of these is that of placing one's foot firmly on a red-hot stove, and the sole of the foot looks as if it had been sprinkled with coarse black pepper. The method of relief practised here is to envelop the foot in tallow, whereupon, after a few days, suppuration comes on and the points come out. The readiest method is to have them cut out with a penknife: this saves time; but a scarified foot is an uncomfortable support in a rough sea.

The island of St. Thomas depends upon rain for fresh water: the tanks, both public and private, are filled during the rainy season, and a shower is at all times a welcome event. At the time of our visit there had been a very long drought; there was some restriction in the use of water, and much apprehension was felt, every drop that fell from the skies being received with special gratitude.

During our stay in port we took occasion to do a little overhauling and went on the dry-dock: the Vega was

painted from the water-line up to the rail a glossy black; and, as the gilt streak along the side also wanted touching up, a "brunette" artist from the town was employed and slung over the side on a staging, where, chameleon-like, he became invisible against the freshly-painted sides. The result, however, proved that he had been there and busy, for by sunset all was finished, to the great satisfaction of the captain and all hands. It only required a few hours of the morning sun to make it hard. The morning came, and with it not only the sunshine, but a dashing little shower which sent the rain running down the waist and over the gilt streak. Now, had the skipper resembled Job, whose conduct under injury was uncertain, this might have been justifiable; but any one who knew the skipper knew exactly what he would say, even to his very phraseology: therefore in so personal, so pointed, so unmistakable an attack, where nothing new was to be learned, we all espoused his side. If it were necessary to correct the skipper, he was open to the fracture of a limb or to pleurisy; but the smearing of his paint shook the faith of a number of excellent persons.

During our visit at St. Thomas its people showed us every possible kindness and courtesy, and we much enjoyed our intercourse with them. The island is Danish, but English is the language spoken, the only Danish we heard being a phrase uttered after dinner, when, in pursuance of a Danish custom, all present shake hands and say "Velbekomme." The recollection of the attention and hospitality shown us here will always be another charm added to the many clustering about our memory of the islands.

June 8.—Barometer, 30.30. Thermometer,—air 81°, water 80°. Wind E.S.E., moderate.

At 10.30 we set the Danish flag at the fore, made sail, and stood out of the port, bound for the Capes of Delaware, fourteen hundred miles away. After clearing the beautiful harbor, we made Sail Rock, a mass of precipitous rock rising to the height of one hundred and

twenty-five feet, white, and so precisely like a three-masted vessel under full sail as to present a perfect illusion even within a mile of it. It must often have deceived the old buccaneers who swarmed in these waters and had their fortified harbors among these islands. After this followed two uninhabited islands off Porto Rico, Culebra and Culebrita, and then farewell to the land, the land that had been to us such a vision of beauty, the seas that we had so enjoyed, the skies that were always fair, and the friends that had done so much to give us pleasure; but not farewell to the trades: these we hoped to carry with us even to the Capes if we could, and naturalize them there after their arrival.

June 9.—Lat.  $20^{\circ} 57'$ ; long.  $66^{\circ} 10'$ . Barometer, 30.30. Thermometer, —air  $81^{\circ}$ , water  $79^{\circ}$ . Wind E.S.E., moderate. Distance sailed, 174 miles. We stood all day on our course N.N.W., and made a good run. When under way, we always carried astern a patent log, the disk made fast to the taffrail, whence there was a line leading a long way astern, at the end of which was a log in the shape of a large brass propeller weighing some three pounds. This afternoon this was bitten off and swallowed by a shark, who left the marks of his teeth deep in the brass ferule at the point of attachment. We were not aware of our loss at the time, and, of course, lost our dead-reckoning: this was annoying, but that shark will find it still more annoying to be obliged henceforth to keep a log.

June 10.—Lat.  $22^{\circ} 45'$ ; long.  $66^{\circ} 36'$ . Barometer, 30.30. Thermometer, —air  $80^{\circ}$ , water  $80^{\circ}$ . Wind S.S.E., light. Distance sailed, 112 miles. At noon to-day we passed under the Tropic of Cancer,  $23^{\circ} 27'$ , and were again without our shadows: this did not seem much of a privation, but the loss of shadow by the things about us we did feel, as there was literally no shade on deck except under the booms.

June 11.—Lat.  $24^{\circ} 07'$ ; long.  $67^{\circ} 43'$ . Barometer, 30.28. Thermometer, —air  $80^{\circ}$ , water  $80^{\circ}$ . Wind S. by W., light. Distance sailed, 102 miles. The

weather throughout the day was squally-looking, with baffling winds and passing rain-squalls.

June 12.—Lat.  $25^{\circ} 29'$ ; long.  $68^{\circ} 32'$ . Barometer, 30.25. Thermometer, —air  $80^{\circ}$ , water  $80^{\circ}$ . Wind S. to W.S.W. Weather foul. Distance sailed, 93 miles. The wind canted into the south and west, and became exceedingly squally and baffling. We could see it raining heavily in two or three different places at once. There were also several attempts to form water-spouts; black patches of cloud would gradually develop from their under sides dark inverted cones; these would descend in a slanting direction toward the sea, prolonging their points, and then, failing in their struggle to meet the water, would again ascend and be lost in the cloud. We watched these with much interest, as we were in the latitude and amid the conditions of atmosphere which favor these phenomena. Later in the day the wind settled into the west and northwest, and it grew cooler and the sky cleared. From all these indications it is more than likely that we have lost the trades. We took them in latitude  $28^{\circ}$ , and hoped to carry them back there, but here we are mourning for them in  $25^{\circ}$ . In the evening we could see only the upper extremity of the Southern Cross. Day by day we are leaving the lovely features of the tropics: there will soon be nothing of them left us, save the memory of the fair face we have so admired.

June 13.—Lat.  $26^{\circ} 40'$ ; long.  $68^{\circ} 50'$ . Barometer, 30.20. Thermometer, —air  $80^{\circ}$ , water  $78^{\circ}$ . Wind S.W. to N., calm, fair. Distance sailed, 73 miles. At sunrise—which, by the way, grows perceptibly earlier every day—there was a complete calm, with a long, heavy roll from the northwest; the sea was a dark slaty blue, and the sky was full of those huge shadowy masses of white cumuli which present whole menageries of the white bears and giants which we know so well, and with not a trace of the silky-white drapery that attends the trades. These eventually broke up into a beautiful mackerel-sky, giving us a grand whole-sail breeze from the N.W.,



under which we bowled along all day within two points of our course,—a most delightful run.

June 14.—Lat.  $28^{\circ} 04'$ ; long.  $68^{\circ} 14'$ . Barometer, 30.18. Thermometer, —air  $76^{\circ}$ , water  $77^{\circ}$ . Wind N.W. by N. Distance run, 93 miles. At sea trivial matters become important events, and this morning we received with avidity and promptly verified the information that there was a schooner on our weather beam and a bark on our lee bow. At six A.M. a heavy squall came up to windward, the wind canted over to N.N.E., we jibbed over, and with a brisk wind stood off on our course N.N.W., making eight knots, with a sky overcast and occasional light showers. This was delightful, as we were now in the Horse Latitudes, and were trying to be resigned to calms. These latitudes extend from latitude  $28^{\circ}$  to  $30^{\circ}$ , and are the dread of seafaring men. The wind, unfortunately, did not hold, but grew squally again, with passing showers and calms. Toward noon we overhauled and spoke the schooner, from Porto Rico for New York: she soon dropped astern, and by night was out of sight. The bark hauled to the westward, and passed astern a long way off.

June 15.—Lat.  $28^{\circ} 58'$ ; long.  $69^{\circ} 05'$ . Barometer, 30.15. Thermometer, —air  $72^{\circ}$ , water  $75^{\circ}$ . Wind N., light. Course N.W. Distance sailed, 71 miles. Weather rainy and threatening. Handled top-sails. Later on, clearing weather, with a cool north wind. Set all sail, and, close-hauled, stood on our way, making about four knots. Occasional calms, alternating with light breezes dead ahead, prevailed, and we beat to windward throughout another day of the Horse Latitudes.

June 16.—Lat.  $29^{\circ} 55'$ ; long.  $70^{\circ} 11'$ . Barometer, 30.10. Thermometer, —air  $73^{\circ}$ , water  $74^{\circ}$ . Wind N. to N.W., light. Distance sailed, 81 miles. Throughout the morning the weather was fine and very moderate, and we made but little progress. Later the wind canted into the west and grew very fresh, and we stood on our course, making ten knots: this continued until

one P.M., when it grew very threatening, with a high sea. We took in the main-sail and flying-jib and set the storm try-sail: we then made very good weather on our course, though it was very rough, as the sea-swell was heaving in from the west, and we were obliged to run in the trough of the sea all day.

June 17.—Lat.  $31^{\circ} 43'$ ; long.  $70^{\circ} 52'$ . Barometer, 30.10. Thermometer, —air  $73^{\circ}$ , water  $74^{\circ}$ . Wind W. by S., fresh. Weather misty, foul. Course N. by W. Distance run, 107 miles. We were all day in a rough, broken sea setting in from the westward, and, as we were approaching the southern edge of the Gulf Stream, much prudence was exercised in saying nothing disrespectful of that ancient stream. As old age is always venerable, all hands tried to look and speak as if specially impressed with the fact,—and with good effect, for when we made the stream we found the old ruffian in comparatively good humor.

June 18.—Lat.  $34^{\circ} 13'$ ; long.  $72^{\circ} 09'$ . Barometer, 30.02. Thermometer, —air  $73^{\circ}$ , water  $73^{\circ}$ . Wind W. by S., fresh, squally. Distance run, 165 miles. At three A.M. we entered the Gulf Stream. At one A.M. the weather became very threatening, with a high sea running; we took in the main-sail and flying-jib and set the main try-sail. This change was followed by a crash of crockery in the galley, with a good second played in the cabin by glass and china, and a rumbling bass accompaniment executed by bananas, limes, and oranges, that had "fetched away" and were chasing one another over the floor and bringing up against the lockers on each side as the vessel rolled. Even apart from these sounds, sleep at such a time is an elegant accomplishment, a feat requiring such courage and skill as to warrant its exhibition in public. The performer starts from the side of his bunk nearest the skin of the vessel, and, revolving three times, after the manner of a rolling-pin, brings up against the bunk's outer rail, thence returning, revolving in the same manner, to the point of departure. To do this in a deep sleep for seven consecutive hours and not to

obliterate any of the features of the face is to be an athletic genius and to possess a talent for sleep.

All day it was rough and threatening, with water flying from starboard to port over the deck, and a high sea running. We shipped much broken water. At three P.M., wind and sea increasing, fierce squalls of wind arose, and there was lightning in the west, with black banks of cloud to windward. We took in the main-sail and flying-jib and set the storm try-sail.

At eight P.M., the wind still blowing heavily in squalls, we reefed the sails and made all snug for heavy weather in the night. At eleven P.M. we came out of the Gulf Stream, and the weather moderated.

June 19.—Lat.  $36^{\circ} 36'$ ; long.  $74^{\circ} 16'$ . Barometer, 30. Thermometer,—air  $72^{\circ}$ , water  $66^{\circ}$ . Wind W., squally. Weather foul. Distance sailed, 178 miles. At sunrise this morning we were in green water, past the latitude of Hatteras, and off Currituck, North Carolina. This is always matter for congratulation, since Hatteras, like Bermuda, is proverbially "the devil's cruising-ground." "Bermuda weather" means everything bad, and Jack, who is seldom a poet, is inspired by these two points, and strikes his lyre, the chords of which are marine:

After you Bermuda pass,  
Then look out for Hatteras.

Getting north of the Stream brought us into a new climate, unlike that which we had left below: the sea was smooth, we were on soundings, and there was the bodily presence of fog, with the spiritual presence of Nova Scotia, in the morning, when the fog-horn was blown by the lookout stationed in the bow. After this the weather remained smoky, with a light breeze, until five P.M., when it began to look very squally in the west and south, and we took in the light sails, as we sighted "Winter Quarter" light-ship off Chincoteague,—not exactly the land, but a buoy fast to American soil. From this we stood away on our course, with a light wind and a very squally sky,

for Henlopen light, distant sixty miles. The sky grew more squally, with black clouds to the west and south, distant thunder, and vivid lightning. At seven P.M. across the entire west there stretched a broad band of yellow, perfectly clear, the color of burnished gold; in this the sun was shining brightly, while near it were a few ragged patches of deep mulberry-colored cloud. Overhead, huge masses of cumuli were rolled confusedly together, purple in color, their projecting volumes tinged a deep crimson, while across them at intervals were bands of striated cloud, as if the heavens lay behind bars. The whole south and southwest was obscured by a heavy curtain of vivid green shading into olive, a grand sight, which, however, portended a heavy blow. This curtain of cloud was continually rent from the sea upward by flashes of chain-lightning, and there was a perpetual roll of thunder. The whole sea astern was of a slaty blue, tinged with green, flashing into white-caps where the squall had already struck.

To be prepared for what was coming, we doused the top-sails and flying-jib, double-reefed the main-sail for future use and took it in, close-reefed the fore-sail and set it. At 7.30 the squall struck us, and we settled away all sail and stood to the northward under bare poles. Although we had all of us subscribed to the marine declaration that good weather was good enough for us, it was impossible not to enjoy the grandeur of the scene about us. The squall, being only wind, soon blew itself out, although the weather remained threatening, with baffling winds from the northward. To make all snug for the night, we set a storm try-sail on the fore-mast, the fore-stay-sail, and a close-reefed main-sail and jib. At four A.M. we took a sudden heavy squall from the northwest, that carried away the jib before it could be got in, and would have done much more damage had it not been for the warning of the barometer and the untiring vigilance of the captain.

June 20.—Lat.  $38^{\circ} 27'$ ; long.  $75^{\circ}$ . Barometer, 29.90. Thermometer,—air  $62^{\circ}$ , water  $63^{\circ}$ . Wind N.N.W., blow-


ing a gale, with heavy squalls. Seawell north. Weather brilliantly clear. Distance sailed, 100 miles. The sunrise was superb, the sky cloudless; there was a gale of wind blowing directly ahead, the sea was exceedingly high and rough, and, as we were close-hauled, it was breaking over our bow in torrents of foam and flying over the entire deck in sparkling showers. The poor Vega in losing her jib had lost her right arm, so far as beating to windward with a head-sea was concerned. When we unbent and overhauled what was left of the jib, it was found beyond repair, and was consigned to the lazaretto. While we were wallowing in the sea, making nothing,—in fact, heading for Barnegat on the port tack,—vessels bound for the south were flying by us with all the sail they could stagger under. At eleven A.M. it moderated: we wore ship (alas for the Vega,

that had never missed stays!) and set full fore-sail and flying-jib. At five P.M. we made Fenwick-Island light. Land at last, the Eastern Shore,—the first since St. Thomas. It was not mountains and palms, but it was ours. The wind, that had been moderating since noon, considerably died out with the sun, and when we turned in it was "smooth as a dish," and Fenwick-Island light, Henlopen, and the light on the Breakwater were flashing, revolving, and burning steadily, each after its kind, all about us.

June 21.—Delaware Breakwater. Barometer, 30.30. Thermometer,—air 54°, water 59°. Wind N.E., light. Distance sailed, 42 miles, making in all 4001 miles for the cruise. And here we took the trade-wind once more,—that of the region, which blows unceasingly through the funnels of the tugs.

CASPAR WISTER.

## A WAYSIDE EPISODE.

 A YEAR or two after the war, Mr. Edwin Wootton, of New York, with his wife and a gay party of young people, made an exploring journey through the South. It was his own idea,—open spring wagon, camping-equipments, guns, fishing-tackle, and all,—or, rather, he thought and told everybody that it was his own idea. Now and then his wife had a habit of mentioning some plan as utterly impracticable, whereupon he would instantly seize on it and work himself into a fever to prove to her that nothing could be easier. After they had carried it out successfully, he would cackle over her in triumph for months as a convert to his own original scheme.

"I never did expect," said Mrs. Penryn-Clay on her return from France, "to find Emily Wootton so dominated by that fussy little imbecile that she has married. She is as silent, mild, and gentle as one of those model, cow-like

wives that one sees in a farce, but nowhere else in America. I thought Emily rather clever as a girl."

"She thought herself clever," replied Mr. Franciscus (Miss Fanny, the young people called him), who dropped in every day now to talk over all that had happened in their set while she had been gone. "She thought herself immensely clever, I assure you. Why, Mrs. Clay, Emily Souders at seventeen set out to be eccentric,—an Advanced Female! Oh, she did!"

He giggled, settled himself comfortably back in his easy-chair, and pushed his beard caressingly up through his hand: "She left the convent where all the girls were who were to be *débutantes* that winter, and went to a Methodist Female College. It's a fact,—Methodist! Plunged into Latin and the sciences. But the Methodists soon proved to her that she was a dunce.

Then she fancied that she was an artist, and coaxed old Souders to take her to Italy. It took her a year to find out she was fit for nothing at that: so she came home, when her mother took her in hand and married her to little Neddy Wootton. The old lady had planned that match when Emily was ten years old and Neddy inherited his uncle's money."

"I am surprised to hear that of Emily. The Souders always have been conventional to the last degree. They never take a step out of line," said Mrs. Penryn-Clay, whose chief glory it was that her position lifted her above all rules.

Mr. Franciscus poised the tips of his long fingers together, looking at them thoughtfully, his face sobering into a look of ferret-like sagacity. He had a sleuth-hound acuteness for nosing into the personal peculiarities of his friends. "Now, I don't think," he said deliberately, "that that is true of Emily. She is a radical. There's fermentation going on under that demure face of hers. I suspect that it is she who keeps Neddy uneasy and perpetually drives him into such queer starts, while the little man is so horribly afraid of violating propriety. He is running about now trying to find out what everybody thinks of this Southern trip. 'Of course,' he says, 'the proper thing for us all to do this summer would be to build at Newport. But the cads are creeping in even at Newport. I'm going to trees and mountains. You are in no danger from cads when trees and mountains are your companions.'"

The old lady laughed: "'Cads'? Poor Edwin! Of course your memory does not go back so far, but I remember the grandfather Wootton distinctly,—a retail grocer. I have heard that he went out himself for orders,—white apron, cart, and all. But I never saw that. His son, Neddy's uncle, did something in sugar that brought in their millions."

"Ned knows all that, and knows that we know it. Yet only yesterday he remarked to me—actually to me—that blue and silver had always been the colors of the Wootton liveries."

"I thought there was a compact among all Americans to keep up these little illusions for each other," said Mrs. Clay, smiling up into the eyes of the ancient beau, with a most significant lack of significance in her face. He tittered uneasily, knowing perfectly well that she was thinking of his uncle Job Franciscus, who is a tanner in Newark to this day.

As soon as Mr. Wootton found that his expedition was approved by "Miss Fanny," who echoed the opinions of society, he buzzed happily about his preparations. Underneath his snobbishness he was a generous, thoughtful little man.

"We will take my sister Jane," he said to his wife. "Poor Jane! she abhors fashionable watering-places ever since her deafness came on. And there's your father: it will be just the thing for your father's liver."

"People will mistake the wagon for an ambulance, and you for an agent of the Sanitary Commission," said his wife dryly.

"Tut, tut! Well, I suppose that is true," with a forced laugh. He watched her uncomfortably for a few minutes. "I thought, Emmy, you would like to feel that you were helping somebody by my wild-goose-chase. But it's too bad to bore you with a lot of invalids."

She said nothing, and he turned to his paper discontentedly. A year ago you could not have bored her by invalids. She spent half her time visiting orphan-asylums and blind old paupers and teaching in industrial schools for beggars' children. But she had shut her door on them all one day, and her heart, too, apparently, on all pity or tenderness.

"Really, I thought you would have liked that plan," he said presently, returning to the charge.

"Two or three boys and girls would be made perfectly happy by such a journey," she said indifferently, "but it would be impossible to take them. The trouble would be endless."

"No trouble at all!" bouncing up. "The very thing! Your nephew Zack, and Will and Starr Pettrow, and the

Perry girls! None of them over fourteen. It will be a four-weeks picnic! I tell you, Em, that's the best idea I have had yet!"

He carried it out. The children were nearer his own grade of intellect than men and women would have been; and as for Mrs. Wootton, she was very happy with them. She was an indolent young woman at home, but on this journey she was a middle-aged, motherly matron, fussing about their wet feet, doctoring the boys for coughs, putting her arms around the girls' waists whenever they came near her. She had never had a child of her own.

The ravages of the war, especially in Virginia, were then fresh, and stared them in the face at every stage of the journey. Mr. Wootton, who had been fiercely loyal while the struggle was going on, was just as intemperate now in his sympathy for the South.

"I swear, Emily, I feel personally responsible for every burned barn or new-made grave," he said. He was perpetually offering money on all sides and being snubbed for his offers. Another trouble he had, quite as heavy as the desolation of the South,—which was the fear that the planters would mistake him and his party for ordinary folk. He fraternized readily with the mountaineers or guides, and kept his own importance carefully out of sight. But when they came near a town or a handsome dwelling he brought Simon the valet into full view. Simon wore the blue and-silver livery.

"And I am so thankful I had the Wootton coat of arms put on all our trunks!" he said. "It is unusual, to be sure, but it impresses people at once. You are not careful enough about these things, Emily."

The young people laughed at him among themselves, but paid that exaggerated homage to his wife which boys and girls are apt to give to a woman of beauty who is a social leader in the world which they will soon enter.

"She is too indifferent to be a leader anywhere," said Dora Perry. "She is too indifferent even to lead her husband

or to feel contempt for him. He would simply drive me mad."

They had stopped at a little inn at the opening of a gap in the mountains in Southwestern Virginia, and the girls were on a porch looking up the misty defile. Mrs. Wootton joined them before Dora had finished speaking. The others grew silent, uneasily, but Dora said readily, "We were just talking of the qualities necessary to make a leader in society. What do you think they are, Mrs. Wootton?"

Emily looked down at the little girls' keen, intelligent features, already under better control than her own, and laughed.

"You will soon answer that question better than I, Dora," she said, seating herself beside them. "As for society, as you call it, when I think of it here it reminds me of one of those glass boxes which you see in an apothecary's window, in which a few gold-fishes and minnows swim round and round, eying each other year in and year out, and bumping their noses against the sides."

"You speak as if it were a sort of jail!" cried Dora indignantly.

Mrs. Wootton answered only with that pretty set smile which they thought so charming.

"It seems to me the most desirable place in the world," persisted the girl, "I mean, of course," smiling, "the glass case where only the gold-fish swim."

"Yes. You, probably, will never bump against the sides," said the lady carelessly.

Dora looked at her perplexed a minute, and then said tartly, "How far is Mr. Wootton going to take us into these dreary hills? We are leaving the large plantations quite behind us; and I did want to see something of the upper class in Virginia. Nelly Hunter spent a winter in Richmond before the war, and she says they were so delightfully exclusive. Money counted for nothing. She gave me letters of introduction to half a dozen of the old families. She said, even if I wasn't out, I might be making desirable social connections for the future."

"Very true," said Emily. "But,



unfortunately, Mr. Wootton intends to go up farther into the hills."

Dora went into the house. Mrs. Wootton sat looking up the gorge, over which the sun threw slanting yellow streaks, like flame, from behind the opposite peak. The path was narrow, and the overhanging hemlocks on either side nearly covered it. It led up into the ranges of the mountains beyond, which towered mysterious and inscrutable. Mrs. Wootton's face was turned toward them, and Zack Pettrow sat at her feet, watching her. Zack had that admiration for her which a romantic boy of fifteen usually cherishes for some woman old enough to be his mother. She took the place of all the heroines of whom he had ever read in poem and novel who were lonely and unrecognized in the world. His dislike for her good-natured, insignificant little husband was the more bitter because he had no opportunity to show it. If he could only have proof that he tyrannized over Emily! if he had any chance for an outbreak to relieve her from his cruelty! Instead of that, Neddy was sure to come tiptoeing along presently, smiling and offering them an open box of caramels. Zack was always impatient, too, at Emily's neat, undramatic dress. Its calm propriety never expressed any emotion whatever. If her hair were ever dishevelled, or if she would only stretch out her white arms occasionally, like all the unhappy married women in modern novels, "with a gesture of supreme weariness"!

"What is it you are looking for?" he said at last. "Your eyes always seem to me to be searching,—searching for something you have lost out of your life."

Emily laughed. "Don't be melodramatic, Zack," she said, looking down kindly at the boy.

"Is it anything that I can help you to gain?" he persisted, his face lightening with excitement. "Tell me what you were wishing for then."

"What was I wishing? That I was a squirrel, or fox, or wolf,—some wild creature that could go up that path into

the woods and stay there. I should like to know what the life of an animal has in it."

At that moment a man came out from under the porch on which they stood, and cast a quick, curious glance up at her, then passed up the street of the drowsy little hamlet. He had a tall, sinewy figure, and was clothed in a hunting-shirt made of deer-skin, and short breeches of the same, covered with dust; on his feet were leather soles strapped like sandals; his knees and throat were bare and tanned the color of the leather; his long red hair and beard were untrimmed, and on his head was a cap made from the skin of a coyote. He went with a steady, loping stride up the gorge, not once looking back,—though the sight of a beautiful, richly-dressed woman in that corner of the earth must have been startling enough.

The hunting-shirt and wolf-skin cap summarily knocked Zack headlong out of his sentiment. "Hello!" he shouted wildly. "Is that one of the bear-hunters from Tennessee you told me about?" leaning over the railing of the porch to call to the innkeeper below.

"No, it ain't. They hain't no such lookin' beasts as that. He's no hunter. He's a rank stranger. Nobody knows whar *he* belongs."

"Did you ever see him before?"

"Yes; onct he come along hyar about a year ago. He stays up in the mountings. Don't bring down fish, nor skins, nor nothin'. Hain't no call up thar, as I kin see."

"An escaped criminal, perhaps," said Zack to Emily.

Night had fallen with a suddenness startling to Emily, who had never lived among the mountains. She strained her eyes to look into the gorge, when out of it came a shout something between a yodel and the bay of a hound nearing its prey. She fancied that it broke out of the sheer ecstasy of the man at plunging again into the woods, and had an odd feeling that it was sent back to her. It ended in a high musical note that cut through the night-air and left it more dead than before.

"Hark to that fellow!" said Zack. "There is your wish fulfilled, Mrs. Wootton. How do you like it? He is finding out what an animal's life is like, pretty fairly. But I can't imagine you, clothed in skins like the cave-women, climbing mountains or swimming rivers."

"No," said Emily, smiling. But what ailed her? As she sat leaning over the railing, her chin in her palm, her thoughts rushed out beyond her control. Usually she held them in check, even beyond her own knowledge. The man yonder,—there was no law, no rule of propriety, to hamper him: he could lose himself in the woods and shut the world out,—wholly out. If a man could lie on the grass at night, with nothing but the rustling trees and stars overhead, he would know if they had anything to say to him; that is, if there was anything to say anywhere.

Down below her, Dora and Sperry were talking over their last letters from New York,—how the Courtneys had married Anne at last to a rich Californian, and how Betty Matton had a new idea at her reception in the way of floral pillars, and how the Perots had gone to Paris for draperies for their drawing-room. Had life anything to say to her but this,—receptions and floral pillars and draperies? She had heard of nothing else since her childhood. She was walled into this little world of society, of gossip, of insignificant competition and more insignificant ideas, as into a jail-cell. For one day to be alone, to climb the mountains, plunge into the rivers, to be man, beast, anything that was free to gratify its own instincts and passions, good or bad! No river had water enough to cool the heat in her blood. She had heard in church something of the water of life. God knows, there was in her a horrible thirst. She fancied if she could shake herself loose from every tie and go back to nature it would be quenched. She sat quite motionless, the pretty smile fixed on her mouth. It did not even occur to her to fear what Neddy would think if he should find out his real wife under the charming leader of society he knew. He never would

find her out. She always felt as if she were wrapped in countless folds of deceit when she talked to him.

Emily Wootton was not only a fashionable woman, but by inheritance a strict religionist, which is quite a different class from that of the Christians. She had been run, when a child, into a mould of doctrines, church-going, and propriety. Her grammar, her gowns, her touch on the piano, with her creed, had been modelled on the genteel standard of the supremely genteel and pious suburban town where she was born. Her "Scotch-Irish" father (whom she always remembered as seated by the lamp, reading the New York "Observer," in his tightly-buttoned coat, his gold spectacles across his Roman nose),—was it any of his blood in her that wanted to run wild like a stag or a satyr?

Emily laughed. She had a keen sense of the ridiculous, unlike most women, especially when it touched herself.

"Did you read that story of the Maori chief the other day?" she said suddenly, turning to Zack. "He had been converted to houses and clothes and civilization, when one day a paper collar tickled his ear. He dragged it off and trampled it under foot. 'It's a little lie!' he shouted. 'And all your clothes are lies! And your compliments and houses and trade and talk of religion! All little lies!'"

Zack looked with a shrewd speculation into her face. "After he turned savage was he satisfied?" he said. "Did he find what he wanted?"

"There is the supper-bell," said Mrs. Wootton, rising and brushing the fallen leaves from her dress. "Will you ask Simon to bring some of the older sherry from the wagon, Zack? Mr. Wootton did not like that which we had for dinner."

In a week, Mr. Wootton had pitched his camp up among the mountains, far beyond the reach of civilized intruders. He built a hut for Emily and the girls, with the help of Simon, who, when his livery was laid aside, turned out to be a very handy Connecticut Yankee. Neddy

and the boys kept up a watch-fire, and slept over it in turn every night, supposing that they were keeping guard against bears and panthers. They lived in ecstatic expectation of a leap, a growl, and a fight for life.

"Every man likes to go back and be a savage at times," said Neddy, rubbing his ringed fingers as they sat around the camp-fire one evening. "Now, you, Emily, care nothing for nature: I can see that. You are bored. You want to feel lace about your wrists, and carpets under your feet, to be comfortable."

"Yes," said his wife.

It was true that she was disappointed. Nature had no mysterious message for her. She was often left alone here with the towering hills about her, and the gray old trees whispering together, and the arch of air above full of color and life and motion. She saw that there was an infinite quiet and content in them all. But she was not quieted nor contented by it. Whatever this awful secret was, she had no hold upon it. It was with her precisely as when her heart swelled with a song that ought to silence heaven itself to hear and she uttered her cracked piping falsetto, or as when, years ago, she had been inspired with a poem, and written, oh, what miserable trash of rhymes vapid and pretentious!

"Yes; I am sure," she said to Neddy, "nature and I have nothing in common."

"It is because you do not go to work rationally, my dear. If you would study geology, now! Or I would give you a few facts about trees, for example, that would make the woods seem like a new world to you. There is that cedar, for instance. That is the wood out of which the clothes-chests are made. Capital preventive of moths. Or that yellow pine. It is exported for flooring to— Halloo! What is that?"

A man plunging through the thicket crossed the light of the fire. He carried on his back half of a deer freshly killed. Mr. Wootton and the boys hurried to meet him. "You've had good luck to-day?" said Neddy, in the hearty, brotherly fashion with which he met men who were hopelessly below his class.

"Oh, fairish," slinging down the venison and wiping his face. It was the man of the wolf-skin cap.

Edwin examined the meat: "Perhaps you have more than you want of this venison? I wish you would sell me some of it."

"Sell?" he laughed. "Up here money counts for nothing. But," hesitating, "I'll willingly give you the venison for half a dozen cigars such as that which you are smoking."

"Bring a cigar-box, Simon."

"The antlers are fine. Will you have them?" he said, turning to Zack after he had chosen the cigars.

"Oh, thank you. But the price? I don't smoke."

"And I am not in trade. Pray take them." And, with a smile and nod, he disappeared in the thicket.

"He speaks English like an educated man," said Zack.

"He is educated in cigars, at least," said Neddy. "He chose the finest brand. He's in hiding from the police, I suppose. Murder or burglary, no doubt. What else could drive such a fellow to live like a beast? But one can't send word to the authorities," staring with his mouth a little open up to the tree-tops for the telegraph-wires which were not there.

The next day Mrs. Wootton walked up the ravine with her sketching-book. Simon was in sight in the camp. The others had gone down the mountain to fish. After she had been at work awhile, she heard a step behind her, and, raising her head, saw the stranger.

"I hope I did not startle you, madam," he said, removing his cap. "I have something here which I thought you might use. If you would allow me?"—waiting for permission before he came near enough to hand it to her. It was a feather from an eagle's wing. "I'll tell you the truth," he added hurriedly: "I made this the excuse to see you again. It is three years since I have spoken to a woman."

Emily's breeding did not fail her, even in the presence of a possible murderer in this solitude. She held out

her hand for the feather as though she had not heard his last words, her eyes brightening as she took it. "I will have it made into a pen," she said, examining it deliberately. "It was good of you to bring it to me. Will you sit down?"

He took his seat on the rocks before her. They looked at each other a moment, not with the crude curiosity of a savage and a fine lady brought face to face, but as equals hesitate in a drawing-room, secretly and swiftly gauging each other before they speak. Emily fully appreciated the difference. The man, to-day, despite his uncouth clothes, was clean, and his skin clear. He had a cool, controlled eye.

"Did you shoot the eagle in this range?"

"I did not shoot it. Whatever I may be, I have not the blood of a bird on my soul, thank God. I pulled the feather from its wing."

"You climbed to its nest to do it!"

"Oh, that is nothing," moving uneasily. "Any boy in these mountains can do that."

She was silent a moment. There were no small ideas common to herself and this man of the woods. "You do not scruple to kill deer?"

"I only shoot one now and then to keep myself alive. A bit of meat satisfies me for weeks. There is plenty of food in the growth of the woods, if you know how to find it. Then you have the satisfaction of getting your living as animals do, direct from the earth." He watched her as he spoke, as if trying the effect of his words on her. She remembered now that he had overheard her outburst to Zack. It had made a kind of secret understanding between this man and herself, which gave meaning to his words. It was this which had brought him back. Evidently he was comparing his life and thoughts with what he guessed of hers. "I," he added, "came to the woods because there is nothing to be sold or bought here, nothing to be made or lost. A man here owes no duty to any other man; he can find himself out; he gets back to his original conditions."

"I always supposed," said Emily, in her most indifferent voice, working diligently at her sketch, though she was burning with curiosity to drag out his secret, "that only the fervor of religion or a great grief could drive a man to live as you are doing."

"I had no grief. As for religion—" He stopped short. Presently, with a significant laugh, he said, "Why should not a man go to the woods instead of to Europe to hide? I have no doubt the men of your party believe that I am here to escape the penitentiary or the gallows."

Mrs. Wootton looked up sharply, her pencil uplifted in her fingers ready to make a stroke, and scanned his face steadily for a full minute.

"I do not believe it," she said quietly, and finished shading her leaf. But her heart thumped hard under her shawl. He was no criminal. As honest a soul as her own looked back out of his eyes, but there was an uncertain gleam in them now which frightened her. He did not speak for some time, and she did not look up again. Then he got up and leaned against a tree, restlessly pulling down the branches and tearing off the leaves.

"I am here because I was tired. I tried one business after another. I was a photographer, and an editor, and a teacher; then I went to help Walker out with his fight in Nicaragua. I was one of the first to go to gold-digging in California. I threw up the claim just as it began to pay. I got so tired I couldn't stay to see it out. Then I fought in the war with Sherman. When the army disbanded, my people got me into business in Philadelphia. Oh, they thought I was in luck! It was such a fine opening for a poor devil! But, great God! who could stand that?"

Emily began to speak, but he hurried on without heeding her:

"Drudge, drudge, day in and day out! Give up your whole big life to earn the food to live with! And the straight streets, and the rows of red houses, and the crowds of people all drudging to keep themselves alive! I

was sick of the whole miserable business in a month's time. The sight of the crowd going by—the same man and the same woman, with different noses and eyes, a million times repeated—came to be a horrible nightmare to me.”

“What did you do?”

“I broke away from them. I came here. You don't stare at me or think me mad, as they did?”

“No,” she said calmly, rubbing out a false stroke.

“Yet even in the woods,” he said, after a minute's silence, “one must strut and take a part. I wear this ridiculous stagey toggery because it keeps men away. The good folks down in the villages look on me as a Cain, and even the revenue officers fly if they catch sight of me.” He laughed, and looked for the moment like a hearty good fellow who cracked many a joke with himself alone under the sky.

“You do not mean to stay here? You will not spend your life in the woods?”

“God knows. I cannot tell what I may do to-morrow, any more than any other animal.”

Emily closed her book. Her fingers shook, and a queer suffocation came into her throat. It was so new a thing to her artificial life to come face to face with any human being in this way. If she could stretch out her hand to help him? What did it matter to her whether guilt or madness had driven him out of the world?

“You cannot waste your life here,” she said, involuntarily showing her excitement in her voice. “I can see that you are a man of power and of education. You have duties—”

“Duties?” he laughed ironically. “If I went back to the world to-day I should find you all glad to be rid of your duties, if you had my courage to throw them off. Don't I remember ‘society’? Is it any different now? Don't men, generation after generation, sink themselves and give up their talents and ambition for their children, who turn out smaller and meaner than they half the time? Don't clever women tire of their stupid

husbands and grope about for congenial souls?”

“You are right,” said Emily, rising, with a nervous laugh. “Undoubtedly you are right.” She did not know what she was saying. When she heard his last words, she felt as if the man had come close to her and put his hands on her. Edwin was coming up the hill, and hurried forward, smiling. She did not hear what he said. She saw him talking to the stranger, and that they laughed. She herself spoke. But it was all far off from her, as though she were asleep.

Clever women tiring of their husbands, and groping about for—?

She went down through the camp to a great rock by the creek and hid behind it. Now she was alone. Nobody could drag out her naked soul in public here. Was it *that* which ailed her? Was she tired of her husband and groping about for a stronger man to love? And it was apparent to even this half-mad vagabond?

Emily Wootton was a fashionable woman, but she had been as pure and stern in her wifely creed as Lucretia. The blood of generations of Scotch Presbyterians flowed thin and tepid in her veins. She had never flirted when she was a school-girl. There had not been a spark of coquetry in her nature when coquetry would have become her age. Now, when she was a middle-aged woman, she was groping for a congenial soul! It was but yesterday that she had read a popular novel in which the American fashionable married woman was depicted as a church-going Ninon, enacting dramas of passion with every man she met except her husband, and she had flamed into righteous indignation at it as an indecent libel. Now this ghastly likeness was set up before her as her own portrait. Was it true?

Mrs. Wootton sat hid by the thicket. She peeped out at her husband as he fussed over the camp-fire, as if she feared to look at him. He was fussy and contemptible in many ways. She had never told herself so before. But she saw it now. She had never realized



that she had married a man less than herself. She knew it now.

Was it this that had ailed her? This horrible emptiness of life,—was it only the want of a real support, of a live love? If it were so?—

The supper was ready long before Mrs. Wootton came up into camp.

"You are fagged out, Emmy. Your clothes are wet with the dew," buzzed Edwin. "Take some coffee and go directly to bed. Zack and Perry went down to the cross-roads and brought up the mail. I'll come and read the letters to you."

"I don't care for letters. No, I want no coffee," she snapped fretfully, and crept off into her tent. She despised him, but she loathed herself. He was petty and shallow, perhaps, but she—she was like the rest of American Ninons, ready for her drama of love with some other man.

After an hour or two the miserable woman began to cry. "I did not know I was so bad," she told herself. "I'm sure there never was anybody else. But it's all so empty,—empty!" She lay awake through the night, with her hands over her face, unconscious of how the time passed, until she was suddenly aware that the dawn was breaking and that Edwin had not come into the tent. She started up, threw on her wrapper, and looked out, her heart heavy with guilt. The camp-fire was built some five yards distant. It burned brightly, and her husband sat beside it on a log, a note-book open on his knee. She went to him. "Why are you here, Edwin?" she said, her voice hoarse. "You wish to avoid me? You think we are unsuited to each other? You are happier alone? Very well. Then I can—"

"Bless my soul, my dear, wake up! You don't know what you are talking about." He laughed, quickly closing the note-book and putting it into his pocket. "Come, go back to the tent, Emily. It is chilly and wet here." He rose to lead her back, and wrapped his coat about her. Something in his manner struck her. It had never been so

quiet or authoritative. There was a sense of relief in it to the hysterical woman.

"Let me sit with you here awhile."

"Very well."

He piled up the logs, wrapped a rug over her feet, and sat down again: "Do you see that saffron tinge on the fog below? Just there the sun comes up."

But his wife, with her back to the fog, was peering into his face: "Something has happened, Edwin, that you are keeping from me. What is it?"

He half rose, sat down again, put his hand into his pocket for the note-book, and pushed it back: "You have keen eyes, Emily. It is only a matter of business. I will talk it over with you when we reach home," he said, in the quieting tone which a man uses to a fretful child.

"No, now," she persisted. She saw by the kindling fire how pinched his features looked. "If it is trouble, let me share it. You have always kept trouble from me before," with a sudden glow of gratitude when she remembered how entirely he had done it.

"That is only what every man does, of course. This,—this—" He began to speak once or twice, and stopped, keeping an eager, anxious watch on her face. "It is Payes and Burtman, Emily. They have failed. I was a silent partner."

"Oh! Then you have lost—a great deal?"

"Everything."

"Had you no investments in Western lands? You told me so once."

"In Nevada. Mining. But I sold out in May. No; absolutely every dollar I own will be swept away. The partners are each responsible for the obligations of the firm. I ought never to have gone into it. I see that now. But I did it for the best."

"I am sure of that, Edwin," she said cordially. All her strength and loyalty rose to support him. Through the day that followed she was eager, energetic, and gay, helping with the hurried preparations for return. It did not once occur to her to question whether she

loved her husband or not, or to criticise him. She had too much else to think of. They were going to be wretchedly poor. There was all that blank in the future to paint in her thoughts. Mrs. Wootton had no data to help her in this work. Between the starved women with baskets and shawls over their heads who came to the back-area door at night, and the mechanic's fat wife in her stingy purple silk and cotton gloves in the back pews at church, there was a vague range of life like the circles in Dante's hell. She was about to plunge down into it. So far, she felt nothing but exhilaration, — a keen sense of adventure, as if it were a journey to Iceland, or a descent into a coal-pit. Of only one point she was certain: she must learn something of business. Being the stronger of the two, much of the direction of their future course would naturally fall to her. Edwin would be crushed by this fatal mistake and the consciousness of his weakness and incompetency. She thought with delight how generous she would be, how self-sacrificing. No matter how hard their strait of poverty, not a word of reproach should ever pass her lips.

To-day Edwin certainly was not crushed. She found herself, like the others, working under his direction. How prompt and firm and cheerful he was! She found time to say to him, "As soon as we reach New York, your better plan would be to place your affairs wholly in my father's hands. He can bring order out of them, if possible." Mr. Wootton glanced at her. Her tone was slightly authoritative. "He will keep you from making any more such slips," she added, smiling pleasantly.

"Very well, Emmy. We will see."

Zack Pettrow was near them, on his knees, packing a gun-case. When Edwin turned away, he blurted out his thoughts, as usual: "You don't know, I see, how Mr. Wootton became entangled with Payes and Burtman, or you would not have said that. I heard it from my father a year ago."

"What do you mean?" said Emily.

"When you and he were up the Nile, he left his affairs in your father's hands,

with power of attorney, and so on. Mr. Souders believed Payes and Burtman were going to make millions in the China trade, so he put all your husband's money into their concern."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Quite sure. I heard my father say then it was a terrible mistake, and one which Mr. Wootton himself would never have made. He said, too, that there was no man in New York with a clearer head for business than Edwin Wootton. I tell you," said the boy, his face flushing hotly, "because I know I have sometimes myself hardly been fair to Mr. Wootton."

"He never told me that it was my father that had ruined him. And he never would have told me," said Emily quietly. But throughout the day the boy saw that she was under the influence of stronger excitement than even her father's act would account for. Her husband, who had always been grateful for the most chilly signs of affection from her, was perplexed by the silent, humble, deprecatory manner with which she hung about him. It increased after they reached New York and conferences between him and his partners took place, at some of which she was present. Could this keen, clear-headed, inexorably honest man be finical, snobbish little Neddy Wootton? It is not often that a wife sees her husband as men see him. When she does, it has a lasting effect on her. Emily had known that Mr. Wootton was a kindly, generous fellow: she thought of it as part of his weakness. She had not suspected the broad, wise charities that now first came to light when funds to carry them on had failed, nor the prudence that managed them, nor the simple, devout faith which had prompted them.

She waited for months before she told him that she knew her father's share in the matter, simply to watch his expedients to hide it from her and to save her from pain or mortification. She felt a keen delight at his tender care of her, understanding for the first time that it had been always about her.

"Why did you hide that from me,

Edwin?" she said, when at last she spoke of it.

"I knew it would hurt you less to think me in fault than your father," he replied simply; "and of course I wish to save you all the hurt I can now, Emily."

If she really had been groping about her for a stronger man to lean upon, she fancied she had found him. Fortunately, Neddy was just then too busy to fuss about his sciatic nerve or to wonder what people thought of him; and as for the coat of arms and liveries, he had forgotten them in grindstones. His old friend J. C. Tobias, of Connecticut, had discovered an opening for his grindstones in California, and proposed to Neddy to go out as agent, promising him a partnership if he could make the thing go.

Ten years later, some Eastern capitalists who were visiting the Pacific slope drove with a party of San Francisco men one afternoon out to inspect the Wootton seed-farm.

"Not Neddy Wootton that I used to know?" said one of the visitors. "He was no end of a swell,—a poor fal-lal creature, with not an idea beyond his tandem and waxed moustache."

"Edwin Wootton this man's name is, and he is from New York. But he is a long-headed fellow;—never has failed to see a good chance or to use it. California brings out the stuff in a man, if there is any. He's not one of our rich men, but he's a solid one."

There was the usual collation and speech-making, and then the visitors scattered about the grounds. A party of them met Mrs. Wootton in the garden, and were presented to her. She showed them the poultry-yards and colonies of bees that were now a sort of corollary to the farm, but she did not say that they had been begun by herself to help her husband when every dollar counted in their weekly income. Her little son trotted along beside her, holding her hand: it was easy to see that they were comrades. She was a tall, slow-moving woman, with a low, femi-

nine voice, and seemed for some reason to impress the visitors more than anything they saw, as it was only of her they spoke as they drove back.

"That is a solitary life for a woman of that kind," said one. "She is wasted there."

"I doubt if she thinks so," replied a friend of her husband. "There is always that steady, happy look shining in her eyes. She is the only American woman, indeed, in whom I ever saw it."

Somebody on the back seat answered more energetically than the occasion seemed to require: "Because she has what she needed,—work and children. A woman at a certain age wants a baby to nurse and something to do. That is nature. It is women that have neither who go groping about for congenial souls or female suffrage, or try some other devilment to fill up the gap in their lives."

"You speak as if you had known Mrs. Wootton before?" said the man beside him.

"Yes," he said, with a certain sharp bitterness: the tone did not encourage any further questioning.

A singular thing happened to Mrs. Wootton that evening. The visitors had all been business-men, dressed in the usual morning garb of gentlemen, and strictly conventional in their behavior; yet, when she thought of them, a steep mountain-pass, a grotesque skin-clad figure, and a sad face under a coyote cap would rise before her, and she felt the old rebellious tug of pity and kinship at her heart.

"He could not have been among them," she thought uneasily, for she had deep down a secret sense that this vagabond had read her with keener eyes than husband or child would ever do.

She wondered if the poor creature had found what he sought in the world. Then she hastily told herself that no doubt he had died of cold and hunger in some of those gorges long ago. In any case, what did it matter to her?

Yet she had for some time afterward a vague hope and dread of meeting him

in some unexpected place, for she was sure that he was not in any ordinary groove of life. She scanned the faces of the gangs of miners when she passed them on the streets, and took to studying the features of the noted murderers, Arctic heroes, and brilliant authors

which were reproduced in the illustrated journals. But, not finding him, he soon died wholly out of her memory; for Mrs. Wootton was too much absorbed in her children to give much thought to anything else.

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

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### THE PHANTOM HEARTH.

COLD swims the moonlight on the snow;  
The black-limbed maples stretch on high  
Their ragged leaves against the sky,  
And flapping shadows fall below.

The twisted lilac, numb and bare,  
Points upward to the frosty star,  
And lonely church-bells strike afar  
The crystal clearness of the air.

Within, the hearth grows hot and red,  
The jewelled flame uprears its crest  
And lights the oaken rafters, drest  
With burnished laurel, overhead.

Amid the drifts beyond the pane  
The glowing hearth reflected lies,  
Frost-bound beneath those distant skies  
That look down coldly on the plain,—

The brasses glinting in the light,  
The knotted wreath, the crimson chair  
Still rocking slowly in the glare  
Against the white and frozen night.

As shifting shadows, blue and thin,  
Give back the swinging boughs above,  
The pictured mimics gazing move,  
And, masked, they mock the shapes within.

Their hearth is lit by empty blaze,  
Their feast is swung in middle air;  
Without a voice our song they share,  
As phantoms of the voiceless days.

DORA READ GOODALE.

## THIS OUR BROTHER.

THE freedmen are scattered over so wide an area, and subject to so many varying conditions, that studies of them must be made from different points before a fair idea can be gained of the problem which they present. Their position in East Florida is somewhat anomalous.

The St. John's River having been occupied by United States gun-boats in the early days of the civil war, the white inhabitants of the bordering counties retired to the interior, and their places were taken by "contrabands," who hastened to put themselves under the protection of the stars and stripes. They thus became practically free long before emancipation was proclaimed. Having squatted upon the abandoned plantations, they were slow to leave their new homes when peace was declared. Where, indeed, should they go? and why should they go, when few of the lawful owners of the land were found to claim their rights and oust the freedmen from the property of which they had taken possession? And thus it came about that nearly all the colored population of East Florida is clustered on or near the lower St. John's River, or in the cities of St. Augustine and Fernandina, while in other localities they, the presumably working class, are so few in number that neither love nor money can procure a day's work.

Strange to say, the Northern immigrant, whatever may have been his former state of mind with reference to the freedmen, invariably elects, after a little experience, to settle in the region where the colored people are *not*. His Southern white neighbors may possibly turn the cold shoulder upon him, but they will do him no harm, and their proximity is vastly to be preferred to that of the more friendly man and brother whose ideas of the rights of property are so very sketchy and whose views of the dignity of labor are so very heterodox.

On all sides the complaint is heard that the colored people will not work, and that they will steal.

For my part, I do not know why the colored man should indulge in any romantic ideas of the dignity of labor. For generations it has been his curse. To be free was to be above the necessity for work,—to be in a position to impose this necessity upon others. To be a slave was to be forced to submit to the imposition. Once free, why should he work? To talk to the freedman of the moral beauty of work is to give the lie to all the direct and indirect teaching of generations. And since, after all, not one in a thousand of his more enlightened brethren regards it as other than a necessary evil, it is not surprising that he, finding it by no means a necessity, and thoroughly persuaded that it is an evil, should shun it as he would not shun a lie or a theft, which certainly possess their advantages.

Perhaps few among the most conscientious of us are aware how much the stern necessity of providing for winter has to do with our industry. Just here is a very marked flaw in the argument for work as it presents itself to the mind of the freedman of East Florida. For winter is, in fact, his harvest-time. His home being in the region frequented by the Northern tourist, he can, if he belongs to the better class of negroes, find light employment in the hotels and boarding-houses at wages which make planting corn with the hope of raising ten bushels to the acre seem an act of consummate folly. The lazier, more shiftless darkies find congenial occupation in rowing a boat, running—or, rather, lounging—on an errand, loafing around wharves and hotels for chance jobs, or in capturing young alligators and mocking-birds or stealing orange-blossoms for the benefit of the Northerners. Thus the spring finds him with more or less change in his pockets, and a suit



of somebody's cast-off clothes upon his back. Why should he plant his field? The old excuse holds good here: he does not need money at planting-time; when he does need money it will be too late to plant. There is the whole thing in a nutshell.

For, alas! the time will surely come when he and his children will begin to be in want. "As pore as July" is a well-worn proverb with him, from which, however, he gleans no wisdom as the years roll on. The planting-season is gone; gone, too, is the money which once seemed so exhaustless. The hot, rainless weather has come and parched such kindly fruits as the earth had spontaneously brought forth. Who shall picture the misery of those long July days? With August come rain and hope: he may, if he will, plant a winter garden, and though he will probably take no care of anything he may plant, yet there is infinite comfort in the consciousness that the garden *might* be profitable if he chose to work. Still greater comfort lies in the thought of approaching winter and coming Yankees with pockets full of "change." And then there are white folks' crops to help tide over the waiting-time, sweet potatoes to be "grabbled," sugar-cane to be surreptitiously cut; and it will go hard indeed if an occasional fowl or a stray pig—in good condition from the mast of the autumn woods—cannot be found to keep soul and body together through the shortening days which are hurrying him on to his winter harvest-time. Honesty having been with him under the old *régime* a purely negative quality, dishonesty under the new order of things seems quite natural and positive. "If a man will not work, he must steal," is to him the simple statement of one of the primary postulates of social science.

That the average Florida negro will not work, is, as we have seen, the natural result of circumstances. To these circumstances contribute not merely the climate and the lavish good nature of the inconsiderate Northern tourist, but the far more disastrous consideration of

those worthy Christian people who come here with hearts full of zeal for all good works, and with a firm persuasion that to "take an interest in" the freedmen is to do good. They give largely to the colored-church collections; they clothe the Sunday-school children, including those who have temporarily become such in expectation of such generosity; they visit the negro-cabins, hobnobbing with their inmates as they would not with the poor in their own cities, and making presents of such little household comforts and adornings as they fancy will tend to raise their *protégés* in the scale of refinement,—never dreaming that indiscriminate giving, in a country where a little money goes so far, may be almost a crime, and that uncalled-for familiarity simply lowers them in the estimation of those whom they are trying to elevate.

Still more serious, because quite fatal to the growth of character, is the harm they do in the mere act of attending the colored church-services. The freedman knows perfectly well that the sermons and prayers which are a real stimulus to his spiritual nature have nothing of the kind to offer to his more cultured Christian brother. Any higher motive than simple curiosity is beyond his power of comprehension; and he therefore concludes, with a show of reason, that the white folks come not to worship, but to see the show,—to hear the weird songs, to witness the "fellowshipping," and to wonder, and, to a certain extent, enjoy, when some few "get the power," so long as they do not carry it—or it does not carry them—too far. And the colored people pander to this curiosity for filthy lucre's sake, being quite alive to the fact that the more interesting the show the larger will be the contribution. They are wiser in their generation than their more enlightened brethren. "You ought to been to church las' night, misses," said one of my farm-hands to me. "Lots o' Yankee folks there. Didn't we show us up well? Dey was powerful pleased." Such was the benefit which a really pious man, as I believe, reaped from the Christian fellowship of those who ought to have

known how to do him spiritual service.

Now, it is in vain that Christian men and women in their home churches give large sums of money for the cause of the freedmen with the hope of raising them to a higher Christianity, so long as their conduct while among them gives the lie to any such hope. It is a mockery to call a man our brother and then to treat the most sacred acts of his life as we would the performances of a band of trained monkeys, or a raree-show gotten up for our amusement. The better class of ministers among them understand the harm of this course very well, and it is getting to be their rule to postpone their revivals until after the Northern visitors have left the State. This brings them into the busy farming-season, and so far conspires with other influences to lead to neglect of work, and to the subsequent stealing thus induced; but this effect is less injurious than the other would be, of having their revivals turned into an exhibition for the amusement of Northern tourists.

When we consider how large a share in the lives and interests of the colored people is taken up by their religious services, we might wonder at the slight influence religion has upon their characters, had we not other experiences with which to compare theirs. Mrs. Trollope wrote of us fifty years ago that Americans went to prayer-meetings because they had no opera and no social life: church was the only place where the women could show their bonnets and the men escape from ennui. Mrs. Trollope was, of course, incapable of penetrating to the causes of the facts which came under her notice, but there is doubtless much truth in the supposition that to many people the mental stimulus of the sermon, and the relief from the monotony of home-life which the services give, have much to do with the filling of our churches. To the colored man his church-meetings give all this, and more,—excitement, occupation, a certain degree of importance; but they do not seem to supply any motive-power toward leading a better life. The most

devout church-member will lie and steal and break the seventh commandment with no apparent qualms of conscience, or even sense of shame. And that the best of them are the worst, is a common remark not only in Florida but in North Carolina also, and probably in other States. No class of men among them are viewed by white people with more distrust than the so-called "preachers;" not the ordained ministers, perhaps, but those—and their name is legion—who have taken up preaching as an easy method of gaining a comfortable livelihood with a certain added importance, even if they have not, as is too often the case, adopted the calling as a salve to conscience or a dispensation for continued ill-doing.

This fact makes it the less surprising that the preaching of the gospel does so little to correct their vices, in view not only of all that tends to foster these vices, but also of the quality of the preaching. On one of the few occasions when I have permitted myself to attend their services, I heard a sermon taken from the text, found in the story of Elisha, "There is death in the pot," which the preacher proceeded to expound as follows: "Now, my breddren, de fust ting we has to consider is de pot. What kind of a pot was dat? Why, a tree-legged pot, to be sho'. And what fu did it hab tree legs? Why, to stand on, ob co'se. Now, my breddren, what do dem tree legs signify? Dey signifies de Fader, de Son, an' de Holy Ghose!" And then followed a discourse upon the Trinity.

Now, that anything like moral training or spiritual help should be found in a pulpit occupied by a man capable of such a thing as this, seems out of the question. Yet he is by far the best of the elder race of ministers whom I have happened to meet,—a fairly intelligent man, an ordained minister, of good, and even high, social standing. He is an "old-time free nigger:" his father and grandfather before him were free, and tilled the farm he now owns, and held themselves, as does he, quite above their neighbors. His sins are by no means the vulgar ones of pig- and chicken-

stealing, though in making a contract with him (he unites the calling of carpenter to that of preacher) it is wise to be on the alert, and his promises of work can no more be depended upon than his Scripture exegesis. If such is the pastor, what can be expected of the flock?

The doctrines of the Methodist Church, widely perverted from those of its founder, tend to foster indifference to right living as a test of right feeling. This Church, which in past days has been such a blessing to the poor and the outcast and the enslaved, is, it seems to me, now doing serious harm in this respect.

On one occasion, late in the season, I was passing by a colored church, and, hearing really beautiful singing, I entered and sat down unnoticed near the open door. It was a revival meeting, and two ministers from abroad occupied the pulpit, both being of the younger and more educated generation. The sermon, though far too impassioned to seem in good taste to the colder Northern nature, was well adapted to the audience, and the feeling seemed to be deep and true. A number of "mourners" surrounded the altar, and, as the service drew to a close, one by one arose and proclaimed that he or she had found forgiveness. The ministers moved from one to another, giving the right hand of fellowship and saying a few words appropriate to each case. The scene was very impressive, in spite of the vigorous hand-shakings and the occasional lapses from grammar induced by the excitement of the moment. Finally, the preacher came to a tall, powerful black man, the terror of the whole neighborhood for his lawless acts and especially for his treatment of his wife. Grasping his hand with an exaggerated pump-handle shake, the upward and downward motion of which corresponded with the rising and falling inflection of each clause of his apostrophe, the minister thus addressed him with the utmost deliberation and solemnity: "Sam—Branch: a preacher—of the gospel: fell—from grace: jined—agin: fell—agin: jined—agin: *and he'll keep on fallin'*; *and keep on jinin'*, till he jines the Church above!"

To which all the people said "Amen" with unction, Sam Branch meanwhile gazing about with ineffable complacency, the only person in the assembly, I do believe, except myself, to see the ghastly horror of such a travesty of a doctrine meant to be a means of help and healing to the sinning, sorrowing soul.

The perversion of doctrines, however, may be, and doubtless will be, rectified by the thorough training of the ministers of the future at such schools as Hampton and Biddle and Fiske, and the consequent withdrawal of the "local preachers" from the pulpit. But the evils peculiar to the locality under consideration will need other and well-considered measures. That they are not hopeless there are a few instances to show. Here and there may be found thrifty, industrious freedmen, though their number is small. One of the most successful strawberry-growers in Mandarin, the head-quarters of strawberry-culture, is a colored man. Whether the financial result of his work corresponds with his success in raising the fruit I cannot say, and probably the time of the experiment is too short to decide; but away down in "the Scrub," thirty-five miles to the southwest, is a colored man who is a very successful farmer. He has bought and paid eight hundred dollars for his farm, which is in fine condition; he has money in the bank, and is highly respected by his neighbors, who are all Southerners. He is hardly a case in point, however, as I was the first Northern tourist to penetrate this portion of "the Scrub," and hence the untoward influences which are the chief factors in the problem under consideration do not exist in his case.

The great question is, how to overcome the adverse influences of a perfect climate and a periodical ebb and flow of money, patronage, flattery, and ill-judged charity. It is worthy of consideration, not only for the sake of its immediate objects, but as bearing upon the whole subject of the development of the colored people,—our brothers.

LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.



## THE QUEER SERVICE.

THE Rev. Dr. Ignatius Bay, as he sits in his study reading a note which has just been handed him, is a very good type of what we might call, for lack of a better title, an Anglo-American divine. There was no mistaking him for a "pastor," or even for a Low-Church "minister." "Rector" was written in, I was about to say, every fold of his garments; but the peculiarity of such garments—priestly garments, as Dr. Bay would wish them called—is, that there are no folds. From the straight square collar, with its gold cross, to the trousers so carefully strapped tight to the shoe, not a fold or wrinkle is visible. A few years ago the coat and trousers would have been shiny at elbow and knee; but now that two more rich men have been persuaded to enter the church, and the debt has been paid, the reverend doctor can indulge in fresh clerical garments, and send his shiny ones to some hard-working priest who cannot afford a true clerical tailor and yet longs to educate his people by his dress as well as his words.

The note which has placed Dr. Bay in somewhat of a quandary runs thus:

"DEAR IGNATIUS,—As usual, I seize the last moment, as the post closes, to scratch you a few lines, when, but for my habit of procrastination, I could have taken time and written you a decent epistle,—proof, old school-fellow, that our youthful failings remain with us through life, unless we treat them as more serious than failings and root them up again and again.

"The point just now is, I am advised to try a change of scene for a week or two, and shall be in your neighborhood next Sunday fortnight. Do you care to be relieved from duty for the day? You could slip off and enjoy a day among the city churches. But be sure you give me your Monday to talk over our college days and compare notes as

to the realization of our hopes and ideals. Let me hear from you by Thursday next at the latest.

"Yours as ever,

"THOS. BULLFINCH."

Now, it is not often that the rector exchanges, even with a High-Church bishop, or a priest of whose tenets he is well assured; and of Tom Bullfinch's tenets he knows nothing. For twenty years Tom has cared for the people of Christ Church, Holden, and that is all the rector knows of him since the old days when he looked up to Tom as a wonder of erudition and learning, quite a venerable fellow,—Tom was his senior by eight years,—and a steady, devoted man, longing to do good work for the Master.

"Ah, well," the rector says to himself, as he takes pen and paper to answer Tom's note, "it's not much of a risk: Tom's bishop, though not quite the Churchman our own dear father is, is stanch, and I've no doubt Tom has progressed like the rest of us. As I am needed at S—that Sunday, I feel as if this were providential, as Brother Barnes would say."

Now, do not for one moment think that the Rev. Ignatius was sneering at an overruling Providence. No one more earnestly prayed—in Prayer-book words—for providential care; but our rector had heard so much cant, had seen so many act far below their words, that little by little he had grown afraid of using any religious phrase outside the church doors; and, while he would preach most eloquently, and from his heart, about the very truths that Brother Barnes of the Methodist chapel was continually bringing up in his common talk, as if only clearly understood by Brother Barnes, the rector, outside the church doors, never used a religious phrase, and, unless actually pushed into a corner by some zealous Low-Church-

man,—or more often woman,—left the subject of religion carefully out of his conversation.

A few days later, Thomas Bullfinch received quite a long reply to his note. The answer was satisfactory enough,—a pleasant, genial letter, full of jokes and odd sayings; but one sentence puzzled the “minister,” as everybody of all denominations in the village called Tom: “Christian, my sexton and factotum, will robe you, and, as I shall not use my canonicals, you can have them, and so save packing yours. I fancy we are about the same figure, though, if I remember rightly, you were just a little below me in height, as you were above me in all else.”

“I fear, wife, that Ig, as we used to call him,” said Tom to his wife, “has been led away by his name. Still, that jolly, roystering boy could never have become narrowed down to a mere chanter of psalms and a believer in all the mummeries I hear of. But ‘canonicals’—it sounds badly! Surplice and gown is what he means, I suppose.”

Mrs. Bullfinch sincerely hoped it was, or that the sexton would see well to her husband. For had he not been known, in a fit of absence of mind, to read the service in his gown, and then quietly don the surplice,—“just to make all even, my dear”? No one minded it in Holden, for every one loved the dear man, the friend of the poor, the faithful pastor, ready to pray with the sick, quick to speak a word in season to Widow Hunt’s Ben, who was getting into bad company, and following up his sermons by such earnest words to one and another that all felt the minister cared particularly for him or her,—as indeed he did.

All this, patient reader, by way of introduction; and still must you bear with me, as I explain a little more the feeling in the parish of the Annunciation.

The church had been started by a rich man, whose wife, being a devoted Churchwoman, persuaded him to support an Episcopal minister. Little by little the younger Dutch families, whose

parents had brought them up in the true Reformed Dutch Church, were drawn into the new church: the mere fact that it was new and needed help—to say nothing of the richest man in the place being at its head—drew these people. And, as is always the case, these new Episcopalians went far ahead of the few quiet Church people who had been brought up from infancy within its pale. When a stone church was built, the minister was found rather “too low,” and, after much careful searching, the Rev. Ignatius was called. Certainly the people “builided better than they knew.” Those in authority at the time wanted plenty of ceremonial and genuflections, crosses and colored altar-cloths, vestments and weekly celebrations. But they got more than all this: the rector, with a love for ritual and music, cared for the eternal verities with all his soul, and faithfully, Sunday after Sunday, preached the gospel,—“really fed us,” as Mrs. Haring said,—a little woman who prided herself on keeping up her Low-Church idioms and practice. And so it was that all liked and honored the Rev. Ignatius, though some of the vestrymen—men of less ultra views, who had gotten in—kept a strict watch, and shut down on any intoning, recessionals, and processions, only allowing certain touches on the first Sunday of the month, and secretly chafing at the seven-o’clock celebration. The Low-Church members indulged in little flings at Ritualism, kept their heads well up when the Gloria was sung, and ignored what they considered the Ritualistic fashion of standing till the rector had left the church. You could pick out these old-fashioned Church-people at any service. There were the second warden and his wife, sitting well up in the middle aisle: as often as not they sat through the Psalter and the many chantings of the Gloria Patri, but invariably, as the last gloria burst forth, Mr. Roth and his wife would rise, as they had been taught to do as children. There were the Mants, with their seven boys and girls: the children, who had gone or were going through the Sunday-



school, bowed low again and again, and the parents smiled indulgently; but they themselves were true to early training, and bowed only in the Creed. Yet all these people had attended the Church of the Annunciation for ten years past, and, though they thought they would like to have the privilege of worshipping with less form and ceremony, were, unknown to themselves, growing fond of seeing things done "decently and in order," as Dr. Bay would insist was all he undertook to do.

But, though the members of Annunciation Parish lived very amicably with their neighbors, a disturbing element had arisen of late, and one the rector felt most keenly. As I have said, the younger families of the village had many of them left the church of their youth and come into the new and fashionable church. Sometimes the older people objected mildly, but never had the feeling been more than a slight vexation till Miss Boyce was drawn away from the Presbyterian pasture into the Episcopal paddock. Hattie Boyce and Henry Bay, the rector's eldest son, had played together as boy and girl, neither giving a thought to the fact that one was being brought up to love form and ritual, while the other was taught to regard the Episcopal Church as an offshoot of the Church of Rome,—a sort of overskirt worn by the Babylonish woman. To be sure, Miss Hattie did not learn her lesson as thoroughly as Henry did his. Having attended the pleasant gatherings, musical and conversational, at Dr. Bay's, and, later on, joined the Guild, which she was careful to call "the sewing-society" to papa,—having done all this, Miss Hattie was not implacable as to attending "service," instead of "meeting," on those Sunday nights when Mr. Boyce was providentially detained at home. She liked a short service in the twilight, and fully agreed with the rector, who declared it a beautiful thing to go to church once on the Sunday merely to worship,—not to listen to a man's preaching; but her reason was that she liked better to listen to Henry Bay than his father, even if he spent

the time in discoursing eloquently on the solemn pomp and beauty of his beloved ritual. Little by little, Hattie grew fond of church-services, and, "leaving Henry entirely out of the question,"—as if that were possible!—she wished to become a Churchwoman,—Hattie was too well instructed by Dr. Bay to say an Episcopalian.

The scenes that ensued at both the Boyce mansion and the rectory were most painful to our good-natured rector. "Let the girl remain as she is till you marry; then she can do as she pleases," he said to his son.

"But Hattie's father will not hear of our marrying, sir. We might as well fight the battle out on its true ground,—that the Church is not what the stupid old—"

"My son! my son!"

"Well, father, I heard you call him a stupid donkey years ago."

The rector cleared his throat and considered: "Well, I'm sorry for you, Henry. Hattie is a nice girl, a pretty girl; but there are plenty of charming girls already in the Church for you to choose from. This is a very unpleasant state of affairs. Here is a note from Mr. Boyce, in which he begs that I will leave his daughter in her girlish innocence, and not drag her—The man's a fool!"

"Just what I said, sir. But I tell you it is only that he has been brought up so. Why, he thinks that you'll have a confessional and a convent before long. If we could once get him to come to church and see for himself, he would not be so pig-headed. But there's the rub."

"I have it, Henry! Suppose you attend Dr. Blew's meetings with the old gentleman for two or three Sundays, and then get him to come to our church once or twice?"

Henry felt he could endure the longest Presbyterian sermon with Hattie by his side: so he ventured to call once more on Mr. Boyce, and ask if he might sit with them under Dr. Blew for a few Sundays.

Mr. Boyce, mightily pleased, was ready with his consent. "You see, all

that was needed was firmness," he said to his wife, "to save our Hattie from forsaking the way of her fathers and to pluck that fine young fellow as a brand from the burning." Which sentence was so very scriptural that Mr. Boyce excused himself from his evening chapter, and was soon dreaming that he had just rescued Hattie and her lover from the clutches of the Scarlet Woman.

For three Sundays did Henry sit under Dr. Blew, and that reverend man was heavy upon him; for, being well aware of the state of affairs, he unearthed some lengthy sermons on the doctrines of the Presbyterian Church, written the year after his ordination, and so full of logic and learning he felt sure they would "impress young Bay."

And he was impressed,—with a desire to get out, to have a chance to stand or kneel, above all to get Papa Boyce only once to his dear little church; he could not *possibly* help liking it. But still no word had been said as to why Henry Bay had sat so patiently through four sermons, occupying, as he had noted, from sixty-five minutes to one hour and ten minutes. But the old man, with all his narrowness, had gentlemanly instincts, and began to think that Henry Bay's courtesy should meet some return. Surely one Sunday in the enemy's camp could not hurt an old veteran like himself? So, to the surprise and, it must be confessed, trepidation of Hattie and Henry, on the very Sunday on which Mr. Bullfinch was to fill the rector's place, Mr. Boyce proposed that they should attend the Church of the Annunciation.

"Dear me! Some old friend of father's is to officiate," whispered Henry, who knew by past experience that his father's clerical friends were likely to be most "advanced" Churchmen; but Hattie soon forgot her anxieties in the pleasure of walking to her dearly-loved church behind her father and mother, though Mr. Boyce looked sternly watchful, as if he expected to see most awful heresies in bodily form.

Mr. Bullfinch was staying with friends not a mile off; indeed, several of his old parishioners were now under Dr. Bay.

No notice had been given of his coming, and most of the people expected to see Dr. Bay come out of the vestry after Miss Holt had played a page or two of the voluntary. But no one appeared. The Van Pelts and the Doremuses, who always kneeled the moment a glimpse of the white robe appeared, kept their eyes fixed in vain upon the vestry door. Miss Bay, the rector's sister, a Churchwoman with a very large capital C, had seen the Rev. Mr. Bullfinch go into the vestry-room long before, and knew Christian was with him. She herself with reverent hands had laid out the "canonicals,"—the white stole, with its heavy embroidery and bullion fringe, the new surplice, fastening behind, narrow and short, showing the rich black silk of the long cassock below.

But let us take a peep into the vestry-room to understand the delay. Mr. Bullfinch had been reading over his sermon, and Christian, who did not like to interrupt, stood in one corner till the first note of the voluntary sounded.

"Bless me! I quite forgot I was not at home. Here, my good man, hand me the surplice and stole."

To his astonishment, the "good man" advanced with a long black gown.

"No! no! No mistakes of that sort here: my wife cured me of that. The surplice first."

Christian, a quiet, methodical Dutchman, not given to much speaking, insisted on Mr. Bullfinch doffing his coat and donning the long black silk garment,—"more like that thing you call a Watteau wrapper, my dear, than anything else," he described it afterward to his wife. As to the surplice, Mr. Bullfinch was scandalized at its want of length and general cut. He put it on without assistance, fastening it, as he was accustomed, in front. The front was thus at the back; but, fortunately, though made without a gather, anything that fitted the Rev. Dr. Bay's broad chest was ample for Mr. Bullfinch's narrow shoulders. Next came the stole; and when Christian handed him the elegant white silk one, heavy with white and gold embroidery, reaching with its deep bullion

fringe to his very feet, Mr. Bullfinch was in despair.

"Haven't you a black one?"

"Yes, sir; two, in de clos-et. Miss Bay haf de keys. Dis is for the day. Miss Bay know."

"Ignatius, Ignatius, have you come to this?" exclaimed the quiet parson; but, knowing he was late, he went rather hastily out of the room, tripping up the steps as he advanced to the reading-desk. Poor man! if he had ever exchanged with some of the advanced clergy he would not have felt so strangely; but, even as it was, the moment he buried his face in his hands and remembered Whom he was worshipping, the minister forgot his strange vestments, and rose, after his usual prayer for help, his own unaffected, earnest self.

From the first word, every one in the church felt that things were out of gear. The easy, every-day manner, which seemed right enough when you were accustomed to it, the utter absence of turning or bowing, the constant alert glances to be sure that the people were following,—all things which Mr. and Mrs. Roth had often regretted for their absence, and which were a dim remembrance to Mrs. Haring,—all this, though strangely familiar, yet seemed odd and out of place.

Mr. Bullfinch was addicted to gesture; even in reading the Lessons he gesticulated somewhat, and, to his embarrassment, the least movement would cause the white stole to sway and curl about him. Still, the Low-Church party thought they enjoyed the service pretty well,—or were trying to think so, when the first hymn was given out. It was a favorite one with Mr. Bullfinch, and, catching sight of Mr. Roth's friendly face, he gave out the number, and paused to give due emphasis to his reading of

Soldiers of Christ, arise,

when, as he began to read, the organ sounded, but stopped after a bar or two, and Mr. Bullfinch, regretfully yielding to circumstances, read two lines and waited for the music. The organist was careful; there was a decided pause, and then the tune familiar to old church-

goers from their very cradles rolled out, and the simple, old-fashioned minister, with some of the worshippers, forgot all else in singing heartily,—

That, having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may behold the victory won  
And stand complete at last.

But they came back to earth again very soon. At the second hymn, as was his custom, Mr. Bullfinch walked into the vestry, expecting to find the sexton waiting for him with a black gown. No one was there, nor could he find any change of vestments. Three verses had been sung,—there were but four. Mr. Bullfinch felt dismayed, but, deciding that the long black silk garment he had on must be the gown, he doffed surplice and stole, and, as the congregation were singing—

Let every creature rise and bring,  
he appeared.

The children smiled; indeed, some of the elders, who understood the poor man's perplexities and knew what an agony the service was to the Ritualistic party, smiled pretty broadly.

Now, I have hinted that preaching was not Mr. Bullfinch's strong point. He read with such earnestness that, though his reading was peculiar, it was not bad; but his preaching—well, as a member of his own congregation expressed it, "You had to know the man, and then you didn't mind his preaching." So, at the best of times he was not a finished preacher; but this particular Sunday was certainly not the best of times for our poor puzzled country minister. He missed his gown; then when he knelt, as he did every Sunday before preaching, and read the collect which asks that the ministers and stewards may prepare the way, no one seemed to expect such a prayer; indeed, many sat still, as if that were part of the sermon. Then his handkerchief troubled him, finding no pocket in the cassock; but, worst of all, he found that in disrobing he had left his glasses in the vestry-room. No matter: it was an old sermon, and Mr. Bullfinch rather prided himself on not being "tied to

notes." So, having given out his text, he rambled on.

There was plenty of it; metaphors by the score, but rather mixed. Growing excited, he asserted that the children of Sin, Satan, and Death were in the end to have joy; that, in rejoicing over the incarnation, the young become old; that all lead a double life, an outer one touching the world, an inner one touching heaven. (This last was certainly comforting to the Van Pelt faction, who had not been quite easy as to a masquerade sociable the night before Ash Wednesday and the communion service the next day.) He asserted that the angels were compelled to veil their faces, or hide them in their wings, and quoted texts *ad libitum*, crowning all with an allusion to the happy land of Canaan. Mrs. Haring wondered if Miss Bay and the Van Pelts would recognize Paradise under that name.

It was like going back to the old homestead after an absence of a quarter of a century. You have always said, as you ate luscious fruit, "Ah, nothing like as good as the apples in the old orchard;" while resting in broad, luxurious apartments, you have sighed for the "roomy old house;" and, lo! the orchard bears but sour fruit, the old home looks dwarfed and cramped, and is, though you will not acknowledge it, decidedly uncomfortable.

Yet it is the old home. Old associations which touch and stir the heart as nothing else can are connected with it. So it was with the old-fashioned service. Men and women whose children had come forward to unite with the Church recalled their early vows on this Sunday as they had not done for years. They hardly listened to the poor man's preaching,—remembering the old church, the service of their youth, and comparing their actual lives with their early resolutions.

Grimly Mr. Boyce sat through the service. "Don't bother me with a book," he had warned the young people. "I'll listen to the parson and the people,—if you speak back in meeting, as you say,—and if I hear naught against

the gospel, I'll give in." He kept his eyes fastened on the minister, to detect any movements which he had warned his wife would be "a bowing in the house of Rimmon" (!); but Mr. Bullfinch seemed to him to be very like Brother Barnes. If the people had confined their "talking back" to mere ejaculations, the likeness would have been perfect. The sermon, though a little flowery, seemed "stanch," as Mr. Boyce expressed it. Hattie, watching the old gentleman's stern mouth relax, felt that Mr. Bullfinch had won her father. But the good man was to make his victory still more sure. The minister's heart filled as he looked over the congregation. He felt dimly that they expected some reference to the Church, and suddenly he forgot his awkwardness and embarrassment, and closed his sermon with an appeal to all to reach out toward the Church Triumphant, to remember that there would be no denominations, no temple, but that all who fight earnestly here shall rest happily there.

Mr. Boyce was won. He drank in those words with the peculiar appreciation we always give to an unexpected cooling draught. What recked he of the "scandalous" (I quote Miss Bay) leaving out of the offertory? He walked out of church a changed man. Let his daughter choose her own mode of worship: never more would he speak of the Babylonish woman in connection with so liberal a Church as Dr. Bay's.

Mr. Boyce called at the rectory early in the week, and said that, though for his part he preferred to stick to the Church of his fathers, he was quite willing that his daughter should unite with so liberal a Church as Dr. Bay's. The rector, though somewhat mystified, wisely held his tongue, and did not enlighten Mr. Boyce as to his own particular Church views.

Hattie was received into the Church, and now, a happy young wife, often smiles at the recollection of the "queer service," which was the only occasion, her wedding excepted, on which her father ever entered the Episcopal church.

HOPE LEDYARD.

## SUMMER IN WINTER.

THE summer never quite departs :  
Despite the snow and sleet and ice,  
I hold her to my heart of hearts  
By many a lovely, quaint device.

One glance upon my pictured walls  
Brings back her sunny face to me,  
Her meadow-lands and waterfalls  
And haunts of wild-wood greenery.

Her birds flash out in plumage gay  
From frame and easel,—nested things  
That never pine nor once essay  
A flight upon their gleaming wings.

Her plummy grasses deck my stand ;  
Her oaks and maples flaunt their sheen  
Of red and gold (by autumn's hand  
Transfigured) here and there between.

Her flowers and fruits are mine : I raise  
My head, and—artist-wrought—I see  
Great crimson roses, lily-sprays,  
And blossoms of the fair sweet pea ;

And still, above my daily board,  
To feast my beauty-loving eye,  
Her June-fed strawberries are poured,  
And cherries sunned by hot July.

Her gracious presence, too, I meet  
In alien things : my frosted panes  
The glories of her realm repeat  
And duplicate her broad domains,—

Great forests here, perhaps, and there  
A wilderness of feathery brakes ;  
Strange tropic growths, grotesque or fair ;  
Rushes and reeds by silver lakes.

So summer never quite departs ;  
For, spite the snow and sleet and ice,  
She holds me to her heart of hearts  
By many a cunning, quaint device.

CAROLINE A. MASON.



## BEAUTY VERSUS BRIC-À-BRAC.

IT not unfrequently happens that great ideas meet with most inadequate and unworthy representatives, and it is no uncommon experience of life to see in one shape or another the ass robed in the lion's hide and vainly simulating the stride and roar of the king of beasts. We all know very well how commonly and readily the world accepts a semblance for a reality, provided only it has the superscription of the original it feigns to be. But this confounding of names and things leads to very alarming results sometimes, when the pretender seems on the point of ousting the rightful prince. For several years we have been harboring an impostor so impudent, and with such a lack of even the plausible pretensions and forged credentials with which such claimants are usually provided, that the most easy-going of us have begun to kindle into a glow of indignation; and when we scrutinize the form and features of this pretender, our resentment is in no wise lessened by the discovery that from under the flowing robe with which he is garmented peep the cloven feet, not of one, but of several pygmies, all base and trivial and by nature essentially at enmity with the glorious creature whose part they are striving to play. It seems well, therefore, that such of us as believe that from beauty itself and from the love of it a high education is to be gained,—that between genuine sound æsthetic principles and the highest ethics there is no antagonism, but the closest affinity,—that to gratify one's taste for beauty and to develop the perception of it one needs to be neither an idler, nor a voluptuary, nor an egotist,—that the love and appreciation of beauty in nature or art are not the flower of an artificial and semi-effete civilization, nor the growth that springs from stagnant hoards of wealth, but a gift of God to the human race, depending on no condition of life and the property of no priv-

ileged class,—should protest against the present tendency to identify the love of luxury, ostentation, curiosity, and fashion with the love of beauty.

It seems an absurdity that such a tendency should have come to exist among the educated classes; yet it assuredly has done so. The taste for, and love of, the æsthetic, the artistic, and the beautiful is exclusively attributed to a class of people who may be summed together under the general and elastic designation of "bric-à-brac" collectors, while beauty itself, the inspiration of æsthetic perfection, of artistic excellence, partly existing objectively in the natural world without us, partly subjectively within our souls and minds, to be made concrete and visible at our will and by our labor, and the love of beauty, the gift to discern it, also a divine endowment,—it may be yours or mine, or in fuller measure that of the untaught peasant-boy keeping his sheep on some Italian hill-side,—these two things are compressed into the compass of an earthen vessel, like the genie in the Arabian tale.

Let us contrast the qualities which go to make a genuine lover of beauty, with a delicate and accurate perception of it in all its varied forms, and those which are essential to the composition of a capable and successful "bric-à-brac" collector (using "bric-à-brac collector" as a convenient phrase to represent the elements characteristic of the impostor who is being passed off on us as the only true beauty-lover). First, the collector. Apart from any intrinsic quality of his own, he must belong to the well-to-do class, must have "money in bank" or in his pocket: this is evidently a requisite. But what must he be in himself? Some uninitiated person cries out, "He must, above all, love beautiful things, and know them when he sees them." By no means. Nothing could be more detrimental to his success, should

his love and perception of beauty be largely developed or allowed free action, for under their dominion he may be led into fatal and irretrievable errors. In order that his collection of "objects" may be admired and valuable, it must be composed primarily of "rarities" as nearly "unique" as possible, secondarily of "objects" possessing a certain money-value and a floating capacity of increasing value, so as to be put advantageously on the market when the owner wishes; for a salient mark of the "collector," by which alone he might readily be distinguished from the beauty-lover, is the love of variety and change, and the speedy palling on his taste of even the most desired "object" so soon as the first flush of possession is over. No horse-jockey was ever fonder of change and barter, so much lies for him in the delight of acquiring and owning, which is of its nature evanescent, while that instant greed of possession is altogether absent from the soul of the lover of beauty, who, when brought in presence of the object of admiration, possesses it with his eyes and enshrines it in his memory, so that a "thing of beauty" is indeed to him a "joy forever;" it becomes his own, in the sense that alone constitutes real possession as distinct from material ownership: the power to feel, to appreciate, to enjoy, being his, the *thing itself* becomes his. It is in this way that great works become the property of every soul capable of seeing them that looks upon them: no man can number their owners. Who that feels beauty in his soul stands before one of Titian's or Raphael's masterpieces and desires to *own* it in a material sense? Why should he, indeed? is it not his already? he has appropriated it, and the mere vulgar desire to hang it on some obscurer wall, in some room called his own, finds no place in his expanding soul. But the collector, the adept in bric-à-brac, as he stands before his vase or his pot, is altogether preoccupied by two questions: first, can he obtain it for a particular corner of a particular shelf? second, is it as good as, or better than, another vase or pot, professing to

be of the same period or factory, which he saw yesterday for ten francs less or more? The element of beauty that exists in the "object" (and undoubtedly there is often a genuine element of beauty in such things, and a very appealing and enjoyable one) is almost obnoxious and embarrassing, because when one is bent on buying "to advantage" one hardly dares to enjoy and admire; one may, —horrible thought!—be ravished by a mere "reproduction," or carried away into investing in a bit of porcelain a couple of hundred years too "recent." It will not do to trust the quick, keen sense of delight in color, of tranquil pleasure in curving lines of symmetry: you must turn it up, look at that little mark, before you commit yourself to unauthorized admiration. "It is not the real thing, after all,—possibly of a later period,—probably a pupil's work. How fortunate we looked at the mark! for really, you know, it looks exactly like that bit of Maestro-Giorgio ware we saw yesterday. What did you say? How much is it? Oh, *that* settles it:" (then, aside) "*it couldn't* be genuine at that price. These dealers know their business: you can't catch them napping. The days of lucky finds are almost over: these things have an ascertained value, and one rarely picks up anything under its real value: it never does to trust one's eye."

It must naturally follow, from the greed to acquire in the material sense the object one admires, that the gratification one feels comes to consist mainly in the contented lust of ownership, and but little, if at all, in the daily, hourly contemplation of its beauty: it is, indeed, no longer regarded as a thing of beauty, but as a symbol of value,—value in money, derived from its rarity or fashion,—an arbitrary and attributed value, for should other similar "objects" be discovered in a forgotten closet or disinterred from the ground in which they have long lain concealed, the charm of the "object" he has hitherto rated so highly is gone forever for "the collector," which fact proves one or both of two things to be true in all such cases:

either the object has no intrinsic beauty (for true beauty is an essential and positive part of the thing to which it belongs), or, if it *be* beautiful, its owner has cared to own a beautiful object for some other reason than its beauty, since that beauty, when deprived of the potent aid of other attributes, ceases to hold and charm him: either he has loved an "object" devoid of real beauty, or, loving it, has failed to see and feel its beauty,—two things impossible and incomprehensible to the true lover of beauty. But, to return, it is plain that the bric-à-brac collector who is to successfully fill his house with the objects of his desire would be hampered by a strong, genuine, controlling love of absolute beauty, such as the face of nature shows, or the master-works of art, in pictures, statues, or buildings. Indeed, it is very unusual to see any one who is an enthusiast for such things also infected with the bric-à-brac mania. For lovers of beauty in art and nature almost invariably lack two essential impulses of "the collector,"—the desire to have, and the desire to keep exclusively to themselves that which they admire. It always jars on one's sense of harmony to hear the owner of a work of art refuse the loan of it to an exhibition, or decline to recognize the obligation to share its beauty with others which we instinctively feel its possession lays upon him: we are conscious that such a spirit is alien to the ideal beauty-lover, and it repels us.

These twin desires to possess one's self and exclude others from possessing are equally out of place in the presence of all the most beautiful things in nature or those made by the hands of men. We feel at once their impotence and absurdity and moral inappropriateness, and if they stir uneasily within us for a moment we crush them with a sense of shame and anger, for we know that beauty is the property and inheritance of the world, and that genius never achieves its masterpieces for one man's liking and pleasure: its mighty draught can only be held in the cup of the world's soul. How much has Michael Angelo or Ra-

phael lost in glory by oil- and water-color copies, by engravings and photographs? The sun remains the sun in glory and power, reflect his rays as many myriad times as you will; but multiplication is a fatal test to apply to the treasures of a modern collector, and one that reduces them to comparative worthlessness: the element of positive beauty in them is too small, too weak, to redeem them. They were not brought together by the love of beauty, they do not rest for value on the degree in which they fulfil its claims. They gratify far other qualities and tastes in human beings. No, the love and perception of beauty is not a requisite of the modern collector. If we were called upon to name the one particular quality most needed to insure his success, it would be a quick eye for points and a turn for making bargains.

Most discordant with the love of beauty is the idea of making admiration to depend on money-value, in its turn dependent on rarity: this is the method of barbarians and savages all the world over. If we value a vase because it has cost or will bring a certain sum of money, might it not as well be a coal-hod for us? Whatever its beauty may be, it is not for its beauty that we prize it. This can be tested by the simple reproduction of it in so exact a fashion as to be indistinguishable from the original, even to an expert's eye, save by virtue of those infallible and invaluable marks referred to before. Where will be its value then? Lost, gone forever; deprived of the elements which made it precious, nothing left but its color, symmetry, and design,—in a word, its beauty,—it becomes at once desirable and precious only to the beauty-lover, who holds it at once as inestimable and accessible, for money can neither take from nor confer value on beauty: it does not touch its quality.

Into the natural emotion inspired by the contemplation of beauty there rarely enters the desire of acquisition: the diviner instinct does not naturally, in the economy of the soul, link itself to the baser quality. The highest beauty in nature and art assuredly does not

awaken the vulgar greed to possess: the mind is taken out of itself, and the craving to acquire assumes its native place. Take a beautiful landscape: as one gazes on it, it is the mere existence of it that delights us, and the consciousness of enjoying its beauty in common with others but adds to our pleasure. In making a definition of beauty, abundance and freedom may not be absolute requisites to its composition, but assuredly they add to its perfection; and it is equally certain that no one would say that an object to be beautiful must be rare and of value in money, for the prodigality with which beauty has been lavished on the world forbids it.

Take the working of these two different tastes in two persons, one of whom loves beauty and has a genuine perception of it, the other of whom has caught up the cry of "the æsthetic before all things" and uses it to voice the clamor of the greedy desires within him. Put them in some Italian city rich with the works of a race of artists; let them spend a month there. How will they leave it? The one brings away a store of impressions so vivid as to seem like objects without himself, not mere pictures on his brain,—a wealth of memories, of emotions, of things of beauty seen and become his own, but, it may well be, without a franc's worth of additional luggage. The other has a vague, slightly-bored sense of a great deal of duty-work done in looking at things not to be bought for any money, but, *en revanche*, with a trunkful of prizes, a real "*trouvaille*" of plates, cups, pots, and bits of lace, which will all gain in charm with each fresh valuation they receive,—so much in Paris, and a gain in price and preciousness in New York.

Yet, if the object of loving beauty and discerning it is to educate, cultivate, and uplift us, as we must concede is its object in common with all noble loves and worthy tastes, then are we not assured that what we ourselves own in a material sense bears but the smallest part in this work of education?—that most emphatically in this sense "a man's

life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth"?

The education of beauty is not to be bought for money, save in minutest portions: the richest of us all cannot, by buying all he can pay for, own as much beauty as you or I can become possessed of during a week spent in Florence or Rome. Let us get rid of this pernicious notion that beauty is to be materially possessed, or that we can largely or adequately cultivate the love of it in ourselves by having "things." "Things," Emerson says, "are the snake." And we should not confound a love of beauty with a love of luxury or acquisition, or with any other taste or love that may enervate or debase us, however remotely: it would be the blending of light and darkness if we did so. No one of us needs to live less "laborious days," no one of us need be selfish or self-indulgent, no one need forego that sternness, hardness, and simplicity of living which is the antechamber of success for so many, because he or she loves beauty. Landor tells us that a child who is reared in a city of palaces is the nobler in his mind for it. Doubtless; but he need not have lived within a palace: he may have slept at night on its lowest step, and yet its beauty will have done its work of education in him and have become his.

By beholding comes the real having, just as the "beauty born of murmuring sound" did "pass into the face" of Wordsworth's "Child of Nature." In just so exquisitely subtle a fashion does all beauty give itself to the appreciating soul. It is by contemplation of it that we are cultivated, not by the ownership. It was so that the Greeks, pre-eminent among nations as beauty-lovers, understood both the education to be got from beauty and its most complete enjoyment. Among them the pleasure gained from exclusiveness and ownership was unknown: they placed their master-works of art in public halls and the thronged centres of life. The poorest man in Athens could show the stranger the most beautiful things the city held, for they were free to all eyes. The

Greek's perfect sense of beauty was too unerring for him to taint it by confounding its enjoyment with mere luxury. The elaborate and scientific comfort of modern days, which acts like a treacherous morass to so many of us, clogging our steps and sucking us downward into its depths, had no existence for the beauty-worshipping Greeks: whatever other errors they committed, the mistaking of sensuality for sensuousness was not one of them.

Let us distinguish between things, for in the total absence of discrimination lies a certain measure of immorality: it is unsound, because untrue, to fail to separate the love of beauty, and beauty itself, from all that is fleeting, poor, and trivial.

One hears much said to-day about the error of demanding morality, moral intuition of purpose, from an artist in his work, and it tempts one to say, "We will not ask for morality, as such, if you will but give us beauty,—if you will but admit the law that limits art to be the discovering and expressing that which is beautiful." And in the same way let us admit that beauty and the love and recognition of it are things as deeply seated, as widely spread, as the other great gifts of humanity; that one may love beauty all one's life and seek it successfully in one's daily life, and yet live poorly and hardly, without wealth; that loving beauty does not mean to seek to make a collection of bric-à-brac either primarily, or, indeed, necessarily at all; that it is the duty of all of us to teach our children and learn ourselves—the poor as well as the rich—to look for beauty, it being no luxury nor the property of a class, but the rightful inheritance of those who best discern it. No faculty is more susceptible of cultivation, and none receives less, for the reason that so many people are misled into thinking that unless they can afford to buy and have pretty things it is wiser

not to care for them, and that the measure of their purses must determine the measure of their possible delight to be had from the æsthetic side of life. Surely our modern tendency to make the purchasing power the test and gauge of all our powers is specially false in this direction. One cannot imagine a more valuable æsthetic training for a child than one which should be bent toward enabling him to see beautiful things disassociated from the idea of ownership, as in galleries and museums or similar places, and, supplementary to these, in his home, only such beautiful things as were happily to be had without any greatness of money-value overtopping their intrinsic merit. A child who had been always used to admire and so to possess the beauty of a picture or a vase, with no necessary thought of what it was worth in money, and whose only real mental connection between money and beauty was made in observing that his parents chose rather to buy two or three good "reproductions" of beautiful objects rather than have one "original," would have had an inestimable advantage in his æsthetic education, since he would have learned to rate beauty on its own merits and by its own standard, and would have been protected from the vulgarizing effect of seeing it rated by a "market value."

Whatever may be said as to its usefulness, the lust of gain is not one of the noble qualities of humanity, and in these days, when "every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys," when it reaches out its dusty, greedy hands, and, laying them on the form of Beauty herself, tries to persuade us that she too can be bought, and must be owned exclusively by its votaries, it behooves us all to vindicate our common heritage, which is so abundant, so accessible, so freely and incorruptibly to be had "without money and without price."



## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

## PUBLIC TOPICS.

## Gambetta.

THE death of Gambetta leaves France without any statesman of eminent ability or wide popularity, any whose voice has been listened to by the nation at large, or who has stamped his own individuality on its history. The death of Bismarck or of Gladstone would leave a similar blank, with more immediate perturbing results, but without the same suggestion of an unfinished career or of a possible future crisis, like those of the past, which no one still left would be competent to grapple with. There can be no doubt as to which of these three men has shown the highest capacity and achieved the greatest work. Without Bismarck it is impossible to believe that the chief power in Europe to-day would be a newly-founded German Empire, moulded out of discordant elements and established through a military prowess which was itself the creation as well as the instrument of a policy equally daring, far-sighted, and astute. No one imagines that Gladstone could have performed a feat of this kind; but even his opponents must admit that no Parliamentary leader has ever controlled and held together a body of followers of more divergent views and sentiments, or gained a stronger influence over the masses of his countrymen, or been able to shape legislation in closer conformity to his own ideas of right and expediency. Gambetta cannot be ranked with either the founders or the successful administrators of governments. Neither he nor Thiers nor any one else can be said to have established a republic which owed its existence to the sheer force of events and the proved impossibility of reviving institutions utterly defunct. His failure to unite discordant factions in support of a common policy, to impose his own will on the legislature, to retain the position for which he had been designated by the

general voice and which he had seemed to occupy as of right, sufficed, in the eyes of many persons, to discredit all his claims to statesmanship and reduce him to the level of an obstructive agitator. But it is not on his defects or his failures that the glance of posterity will dwell. It may be that he was only the man for emergencies, for the "time of danger," not for "that of difficulties," to use the distinction employed by himself, not perhaps without inward forebodings, when the dividing-line was reached. Not the less were the qualities which he displayed such as appeal most strongly to the imagination, and the part he took in the events of his time that which will be recalled with the deepest interest. The man who alone in the presence of overwhelming defeats and perils did not despair of his country, who inspired it with fresh courage and nerved its crippled arms to fresh exertions, who saved it at least from abject humiliation and all but turned back the tide of invasion, will assuredly fill no mean place in history. And the cool firmness which he evinced at a later crisis proved that his was no mere impulsive nature, unguided by insight or incapable of self-restraint. The prediction which was so fully and so reluctantly verified by MacMahon, "*Il faut se soumettre ou se démettre*," showed the same sagacity and clear comprehension of the situation as did the clinching argument of Thiers against the restoration of monarchy: "There is but one throne, and three cannot sit upon it." Finally, it was through Gambetta's policy of "opportunism" that the republic was enabled to divest itself of ominous associations without condemning itself to sterility, to enter on the path of progress without giving a pretext for reaction, and to inspire that confidence in its stability at home and abroad which was the one thing needed, and which time may be trusted to diffuse and deepen. Nor

should it be forgotten that Gambetta, like the two men of a former period who belong to the same type, Mirabeau and Danton, has perished prematurely; that he sprang into power unaided and at a single bound, and played the part which will give him an enduring fame at an age when few statesmen in other countries are intrusted with serious responsibilities; and that when the full history of his later years is disclosed, it may be expected to reveal not a mere story of weaknesses and mistakes, but one of obstacles and embarrassments such as might have baffled the strongest spirit. Some perception of this, something akin to a sentiment of remorse, had, we suspect, a share with the more common feeling that drew the immense concourse of mourners to his funeral. Certain it is that whenever again a day of darkness and danger falls upon France, the first thought of the nation will be one of regret that there is no Gambetta to meet it. And in times of peace and security he will have an equal right to be remembered, not only as the most fervent and sanguine of patriots, but as a republican full of ardor yet devoid of fanaticism.

### PLACE AUX DAMES.

#### Household Economy.

WHILE the practical duties of house-keeping are best learned by practice, yet in these days of boarding-house life there must be many young girls who have no opportunity to acquire a knowledge of duties which in nine cases out of ten it will be their lot either to perform, or to superintend the performance of, in later life. It is therefore with a wise appreciation of existing needs that the Kitchen Garden Association of New York City has published a manual of Household Economy,\* comprising specific directions for the performance of the common duties of domestic life, from the lighting of a fire, and the

ordering and preparation of food, to the art of dress, the care of the sick, and the amenities of daily life. The book is carefully and concisely written, and is furnished with questions and an index; and, as it is so short as to require but a small proportion of a single school-term for its acquisition, it may safely and advantageously be introduced into schools, without fear of unduly adding to the children's duties.

The technical instruction it conveys will not be the only, nor even the principal, benefit derived from its use. It can hardly fail to correct the opinion so widely and so disastrously current, that domestic work is degrading,—that household economy is beneath the attention of a cultured woman. That such correction is needed few will care to deny. When a woman of such wide influence as the writer of an article in a late number of the "North American Review" describes the career of three-fourths of womankind as that of "a mere wife, mother, and housekeeper," it is not surprising that our girls think lightly of the inevitable duties of such a career, even while at heart they look forward to marriage, as they may well do, as the happiest lot which life can offer them. Still less surprising is it that they to whom come the duties and the drudgery without the joys of domestic life, the servants in other women's households, should look upon their calling, not as a vocation, but as a *pis-aller*, to be ashamed of, perhaps,—to be escaped from, certainly, by the first respectable means,—but in any case to be neglectfully and slightly performed, until the happy day of release may come.

This little text-book, so earnest and so interesting, will present the common duties of home in quite another light to the children into whose hands it may be put. It will arouse enthusiasm and create a fondness for work in many a girlish heart which now is given up to thoughts of dress and of admiration utterly unsuited to her years. It will doubtless prove the source of unending annoyance to mothers, who will find their little daughters' zeal in the matter

\* Household Economy: A Manual for Schools. Published under the Direction of The Kitchen Garden Association. Pp. 140. Ivison, Blake-man, Taylor & Co.: New York and Chicago, 1882.

of house-cleaning and cookery to far outrun their discretion; but let us hope that there are few mothers who will not find a degree of comfort even in the midst of annoyance,—few who will not be aroused by their children's enthusiasm to co-operate with the writers of this book in training their daughters in the true principles of domestic economy.

### Conversation.

How seldom it is that one enjoys the pleasure of a real conversation, taking the word to mean something more than the casual chat of calling acquaintances, and something different from the confidential intercourse of familiar friends! There is no pastime more delightful in its way than the leisurely talk of a company of congenial persons, met for the simple enjoyment of each other's society, the agreeable interchange of ideas and sentiments, and it seems that the pleasure ought to be an easily attainable one. As matter of fact, however, the entertainment is not so cheap and readily to be had as might be supposed. It is a privilege restricted mostly to the dwellers in our larger cities, where, although social life may have a tendency to form itself into separate circles, yet each of these has a circumference great enough to include a sufficient number of persons disposed to draw together by natural affinities. In our smaller provincial cities and towns there is, generally speaking, nothing that can be called society, and conversation is not a lost art, but an art unknown. In such places as these the hostess who should offer her guests no other entertainment than the conversation of their equals would, I fear, be thought to provide for them but badly. If this be true, it certainly is a reflection upon the individuals who compose this provincial society so called: it seems to argue a scanty endowment of brains, culture, and social tact, when the result of their gathering together is only a common boredom. Yet, on second thoughts, this inability to make conversation a mutually agreeable thing has its

partial explanation in the circumstances of the case. Each unit of the small provincial whole lives in a narrow round of his own; his occupations and interests are necessarily much the same as those of his friend and neighbor, and it is not possible for either of them to bring anything very novel or amusing by way of contribution to the social repast. The daily life of the citizen of the metropolis is by comparison infinitely varied and full of incident: he dines to-day with B. and meets C. and D., but to-day is not the simple repetition of yesterday, for then it was A. who entertained him, and the guests were E. and F. *et al.* Doubtless there is an ideal of conversation which is not commonly realized. It implies the gathering together of a certain—not too large—number of men and women, each of whom is both able and willing to play his individual part gracefully. It does not need the possession of brilliant gifts in every member, or even in any one member, of the company: it needs only a fair amount of intelligence and culture, and of that ready perception of the drift and meaning of the words of others which may be called a sort of intellectual tact. "The whole force of conversation," it has been said, "depends upon how much you can take for granted. Vulgar chess-players have to play their game out." More than anything else, conversation implies individual self-abnegation, the putting out of sight of large egotisms and small vanities, and contentment with one's due share of attention only. There need not be agreement of opinion, but there must be mutual tolerance.

It also implies individual responsibility and the obligation of every one to give of his best. The intellectual sloth has no place at the feast of reason. One need not shine in the talk, but one must at least be able to listen intelligently. How much of the charm of words lies in the manner with which they are spoken! Our thoughts and sentiments have not one mode of expression, but a hundred: the tone of the voice interprets the mean-

ing of the word, the glance and the smile soften or intensify it. It was the cruel remark of a certain Frenchman that the English have invented "*une infinité de petites usages de convention pour se dispenser de parler.*" There is truth in this, making allowance for national prejudice. Speaking generally, the Englishman has not the gift of utterance; his thoughts do not formulate themselves quickly and well. If we were to judge from the writings of their own novelists, —an imperfect source of knowledge, I confess,—a dinner-party in an English mansion is a sort of social ordeal only submitted to in deference to some imperative law of custom. According to the descriptions of numerous fiction-writers, the interval of waiting for the announcement of the dinner is a period of unrelieved constraint and dullness, and the pleasure of consuming the viands but a small compensation for the tax of the mental powers required by the duty of keeping up a duet with the neighboring guest at table. And yet conversation is seldom so agreeable as around a dinner-table of the right size, where the talk may be general and lively without confusion. At a large gathering, where the company inevitably breaks up into groups, conversation may flourish more or less brightly, but never quite so well as where the guests are few and congenial and form but a single circle. I often wonder why it is that there is such difficulty in getting people to unite in making the talk a general one. Some perverse instinct seems to drive them to split apart; the force of repulsion is stronger than that of attraction: six or eight persons are engaged in four duets, and, if the talk begins to flag between numbers one and two, nothing better occurs to them than to exchange partners with three and four and raise a distracting cross-fire. If I want to see a friend alone, it is usually easy to accomplish it; but if I try to hold a pleasant conversation with three or four other friends at the same time, they too often appear to conspire together to defeat my wish.

M. L. H.

## ART MATTERS.

### "L'Art du XVIIIème Siècle."

THE revolutions of fashion in art have one advantage: they sometimes enable connoisseurs of modest means to become possessed of masterpieces which their sure taste teaches them to appreciate in spite of the caprice of opinion. The fact of the school of David having thrown the charming and *spirituelle* French school of the eighteenth century into undeserved discredit afforded to MM. de Goncourt an opportunity of forming a unique and splendid collection of aquarelles, sanguines, and drawings of the masters of the past century, and the occasion of establishing in a monument of æsthetic criticism their artistic value and peculiar and varied charm. When the MM. de Goncourt began to form their collection, thirty-five years ago, sketches and studies of the artists of the reign of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. were to be found in quantities on the *quais*, in the print-shops, and at the *bric-à-brac* dealers'. In their admiration of these charming *débris* of a charming age, the brothers De Goncourt were in advance of their contemporaries. Imagine that a bid of twenty-five francs for a drawing at an auction was the signal for "ohs!" and "ahs!" of derision and snufflings of pity from the despisers of that school whose works are now sold for their weight in bank-notes! The pastels of La Tour rarely sold for more than six or seven francs! As M. Edmond de Goncourt has remarked in his "*Maison d'un Artiste*," nothing was easier and cheaper at that time than to make a collection of the drawings of the eighteenth century; "only there was in the atmosphere such an enormous disdain for that school, your painter-friends pitied you with such sad looks, you passed for a man so utterly destitute of taste, that you needed to have a great contempt for the opinion of others in order to make such a collection." Happily, MM. de Goncourt had the necessary contempt for the opinion of others: they formed their collection, they saw their ideas gradually gain

ground, they saw the Duc de Morny start the Watteau craze, they saw the Louvre restore La Tour, Fragonard, and Chardin to places of honor, they saw, in short, the apotheosis in the public taste of that eighteenth century of which they had meanwhile become the elegant and exact historians. As they were precursors in fiction, so they have been precursors in artistic taste. After passing through a period of furious discussion and ferocious criticism, Edmond and Jules de Goncourt are now acclaimed masters in the modern school of novelists, they are proclaimed indisputable authorities on the history of the eighteenth century, and no price is considered too high for the masterpieces of that art whose charm they were the first in this century to recognize.

"L'Art du XVIIIème Siècle" of Edmond and Jules de Goncourt was originally published in eleven parts, containing simple critical biographies of Watteau, Boucher, Chardin, La Tour, Greuze, Fragonard, Prud'hon, Debucourt, the St. Aubins, Gravelot, Eisen, Moreau, and Cochin, illustrated by *eau-fortes* of Jules de Goncourt (Paris, 1850-70). Only two hundred copies were printed of this edition, which has become a bibliographic rarity and fetches four hundred or five hundred francs when a copy happens to appear in a sale. Since the death of his brother, M. Edmond de Goncourt has continued working at this history of the art of the eighteenth century, the success of which is proved by the fact that this year the third and final edition of the work has appeared in two forms,—an *édition de luxe* (2 vols. 4to), with seventy plates, and a cheap edition in three 12mo yellow-covered volumes, containing the complete text of the work. The plan of "L'Art du XVIIIème Siècle" is now a biographical and critical study of each artist, accompanied by notes and documents and a catalogue of the artist's work. The present edition is peculiarly rich in unpublished documents, letters, notes, and details of all kinds collected from the varied débris of the past, that contain so many precious

facts for those who know how to interrogate them.

Each chapter, besides being a biography and a criticism, is a page of the life of the eighteenth century. Like the century itself, the art is coquettish, libertine, witty; its ideal was prettiness, its function was to adorn the "*petites maisons*" of the grand seigneurs and the boudoirs of the lovely marquises. Take Watteau, for instance, "that great master who," as Théophile Gautier says, "created a new aspect of art and saw nature through a prism peculiarly his own." Watteau has a drawing, a color, types, and a kind of composition of his own. He is original. His work is graceful, elegant, and easy, and his art is serious, if his subjects seem frivolous. Concerts, balls, gallant conversations, hunting-rendezvous, Decamers in fine parks laid out by Le Votre, Mezzetins serenading Isabelles, Columbines finicking with their fans, pleasure-parties, "*bergerades*," everything smiling and amiable that imagination could invent,—such are the subjects of Watteau.

When we look at these pictures, so gay, so bright, so witty, with their ethereal blue distances, we could imagine Watteau to have been a man of joyous humor and happy life. M. de Goncourt, on the contrary, tells us that he was a valetudinarian, a melancholic, who saw everything gloomily. Boucher, a true artist in temperament, without ever being unworthy of himself, squandered his talent in a terrible fashion during his long career. He painted ceilings, panels, portraits, mythological pieces, scenes for the opera, models for tapestry; he decorated clavecins, screens, sedan-chairs, gala coaches. He was the idol of a century that preferred prettiness to beauty, piquancy to style, and wit before everything. But what an insight we get into the life of the century in studying the life and work of such a man! How amusing it is to follow St. Aubin in his incessant promenades, sketch-book in hand, to every hole and corner of Paris! What more curious commentary could we find on Rousseau and Diderot than the sentimental and liber-



tine moralist Greuze, that painter who excels in depicting woman in her first bloom,—the opening rose-bud, the passage from childhood to girlhood? What more sincere and scrupulously honest representation of the calm middle-class life of the eighteenth century than the paintings of Chardin? For in these different masters we find the expression of all the different phases of the ante-Revolutionary period. Besides the painters of the *fêtes galantes*, besides the vignettists and illustrators of the elegant frivolity and charming corruption of the age, there are the portraitists, like La Tour and Chardin,—Chardin one of the greatest of French painters, La Tour "*ce peintre de la physionomie française*;" there are the Moreaus and Debucourts, who have engraved the manners and costumes of their epoch; there is Prud'hon, enamoured of the ideal, the creator of a new grace and of

a new beauty. All these masters have a marked individuality, qualities of observation and of execution, and a distinct faculty by which they convey to us a kind of pleasure which no others can give. They are not masters of the calibre of Rubens or of Michael Angelo, but in virtue of their individuality they, too, have their place in the history of art and in the resources of general culture; and it is for those who feel their charm strongly to interpret it to us. This is the task which M. Edmond de Goncourt has undertaken, and which he has been able to accomplish with singular success, thanks to a peculiarly happy artistic temperament,—a temperament of excessive refinement and acute impressionability. "*L'Art du XVIIIème Siècle*," in its complete form, is a model of æsthetic criticism and of exact and full statement of facts.

T. C.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

"Military Life in Italy." Sketches by Edmondo de Amicis. Translated by Wilhelmina W. Cady. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It was in LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, if we are not mistaken, that the name of Edmondo de Amicis was first mentioned to American readers. In an article in the June number of 1877 Mrs. H. M. Benson described the literary *début* of the young soldier in 1869, told of his success, of his subsequent journeys to Holland, Spain, and Morocco, and the brilliant word-pictures in which they were recorded, and ended by giving, as an example of his manner, an outline of the touching story of Carmela, from his first book, "*La Vita militare*," of which a translation in full is now before us. That the writings of Amicis have found some acceptance in this country is proved by the fact that within the last two or three years his entire works, with one or two exceptions, have been issued here in translation,—a compliment seldom paid

with such promptitude to a writer of his stamp. Gautier has been coming to us piecemeal for years, while a complete and adequate set of Tourguénief in English is a boon we hardly dare look for. Meanwhile, we are glad to have such books as these of Amicis while the bloom of freshness is still on them, and we can enjoy their thorough *modernité* as well as their more enduring qualities.

By an arrangement which suggests the complications of drawing on the block, the order of Amicis's works has been reversed in the translation, so that we have had the last first and the first last. We read first the "*Studies of Paris*," a book which brought a certain air of youth and freshness to a worn theme, but gave no idea of the warmth and energy which lay in the author's earlier work. The volume on Spain—above all, the Morocco—revealed all the brilliancy of his genius, his quick susceptibility to impressions, his remarkable power of seizing

the color and movement of a scene and painting it in words with an effect almost similar to that of actual brush-work. Now comes his first book, to show that the enthusiastic traveller in Spain and Morocco, the youngest visitor at Paris, had a still earlier youth; that the impressions made by daily associations and surroundings were as keen and deep as those made by new and unfamiliar scenes. Amicis's exuberant vitality and power of enjoyment are as apparent in the sketches as in the travels, and his ready sympathy is almost painful in its intensity in touching upon some common pathos of soldier-life in his own country. Side by side with the picturesque features of his writing is a rare mobility and delicacy in the portrayal of feeling, which we are tempted to describe in the language of acting, as, to give any idea of his descriptions, one must characterize them in that of painting. It is the Italian dramatic power expressed in writing with an almost histrionic vividness.

In fact, these sketches are so thoroughly Italian in setting, and written moreover with such delicacy of touch, that it is difficult even to give any suggestion of them, much more to do them justice in a short review. The author's impressibility appears, judging from some of his studies, to be a national as well as an individual trait. The Italian soldier of the book, with his susceptibility to ridicule, his quick temper and warm impulses, would seem to be at a long remove from the ideal of stolidity set up by the British soldier. A sentinel is almost beside himself with fury at being called a Croat; a slur upon the army brings a quick flush to the face of a passing officer and leads at once to a duel. The same sensitiveness is shown throughout, and we can count the pulse of the peasant-soldier who is depicted in one of the sketches waiting at the barrack for a visit from his old mother. One of the most exquisite things in the book is "The Disabled Soldier," in which we have all the perplexities and emotions of a returning soldier, who has refrained from writing to his friends of the loss of a leg for fear of grieving them, and on the way home is tortured with apprehensions in regard to the effect upon his parents and sweetheart of his sudden appearance in a maimed condition. A certain homeliness of tone pervades most of the sketches, taken as they are from the every-day life of the soldier; but here and there, as in the powerful pages de-

scribing the visit of the captain to an old man whose son has been killed in his regiment, the theme becomes heroic and is treated with a certain largeness.

We have spoken of Amicis as a modern writer; but the man who can make such feelings the subject of his art draws his material from a different store-house from those frequented by most younger writers of the day, however he may resemble them in manner or *technique*. With only a translation at hand, it is impossible to compare his style with theirs,—with that of Daudet, for example; but even from second-hand evidence it is plain that Amicis's style, which is said to reflect the colloquial Italian of his time, can be wanting neither in mobility nor crispness. A book like this, coming from the very school of Italian patriotism, from the army of Young Italy, is no unworthy firstling of the new Italian literature. It has both youth and vitality, and is marked by a moderation of tone hardly to be looked for in the ardent enthusiast of a new liberty and the advocate of a military system. There is not a trace of the boastful patriotism so common in Southern countries, nor of the arrogant tone which the German military rule has imposed upon its soldiers and civilians.

"The Modern Hagar. A Drama." By Charles W. Clay. (The Kaaterskill Series.) New York: George W. Harlan & Co.

A CERTAIN breadth of scope about "The Modern Hagar," and an apparent easy handling of national and social questions of the epoch when conflicting ideas were fermenting and developing and massing men into two great brotherhoods, make it a book to be read. The author, whose pseudonyme may conceal her personality but not her sex, writes at blood-heat. She does not criticise her men and women from æsthetic stand-points,—cares little for dilettantism: everything with her is sheer deadly earnest. Her good people (and she is no pessimist, most of her *dramatis personæ* being of the noblest) take heroic proportions, while her bad people assume a lurid and terrible aspect. She writes at times with the stimulus of a journalist who feels the stir of voices and whispers buzzing comment and conjecture,—the movement hither and thither just before action, the vivid color and a superadded thrill of excitement over what is announced as an approaching catastrophe. This contin-

ual state of expectation is followed, however, by a feeling of unfulfilment and disappointment. Although called a drama, the story is in no sense dramatic, even if melodramatic at times: most of the action is narrated by spectators; the slow *dénouement* is encumbered by bad contrivances, and the final catastrophe is excessively painful and bears no relation to the actual plot. The readers of "Baby Rue," of which this book is a continuation, are supposed to be well acquainted with the characters, who appear upon the scene with the assured air of old acquaintances. But when, after recognizing the more obvious of these noble Virginians, one is confronted with phantasmal "Esmonds" and "Warringtons" and a "Castlewood" burned down by the Union troops during the war, one grows a little sceptical and cold. Thackeray's *pied à terre* in the Old Dominion we hold too sacred to be invaded by other novelists.

The title of the novel indicates the intention of the story. A mere episode in "Baby Rue" becomes the influence powerful for evil upon many lives. Major Hartley, after marrying a young and proud woman, thrusts out the poor Hagar, whose child, however, he keeps. The depth of the young wife's impression of her own wrong makes it at first a motive for concealing her injury from the world. She grows, nevertheless, to learn that her fealty to her own ties and obligations rests on injustice and cruelty, and the logic of the story is frankly against any apologetic philosophy on the part of a wife. This main thread is closely interlinked with the continued story of Rue Leszinksy, who grows to womanhood in these two volumes and plays a princess-like rôle with an army of devoted followers. Her character possesses charm and piquancy, the contrasting sweetness and imperiousness investing her with a fascination which rouses chivalrous sentiments. Many situations and episodes in the book are left almost wholly without elucidation, giving the reader a consciousness of dimly-understood facts, of which Rue's engagement to Bradnor is a notable instance.

The villain of the story, Major Hartley, is afforded a long opportunity to surmount and thrust down whatever opposes him; and when a losing destiny at last overtakes him, there seems no reason why his victims should not speedily be released from the tangles of the black morass into which he had led them.

There is plenty of unmapped country in "The Modern Hagar" which the writer has not mastered; her characters are not persons, but personages; at times, when she would soar, there is only a confused impression on the reader's mind of a flapping of wings. Nevertheless, the book shows, beyond most recent novels, originality, *élan*, and native force.

#### Recent Volumes of Verse.

"Helen of Troy." By A. Lang. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The Hill of Stones, and Other Poems." By S. Weir Mitchell. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Monte Rosa. The Epic of an Alp." By Starr H. Nichols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"A Garland from Greece." By George Francis Armstrong, M.A. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

"Songs of a Semite." By Emma Lazarus. New York.

If the present is not an age of great poetry, it is at least one in which the art of versification is not suffered to die out. The English bards of the day seem to exist as a society for the preservation of this art, rather than as a school of poetry properly so called. They are "skilled in legendary lore" and in antique modes of thought; they are learned in all the forms which verse has assumed in past ages, and can reproduce these forms at will, with flawless accuracy and fine sense of melody. They may be said to strew the path of learning with flowers, and find "roots of relish sweet" through laborious study into Greek roots. Their archæology is understood to be unimpeachably correct; their classicism is of the true, not the false, variety, and their mediævalism may be relied on as the actual thing. When they mix the two, it is with deliberate purpose. It may be doubted, however, whether such a plan as that adopted by Mr. Lang, of using archaic words for the interpretation of Greek subjects, be anything more than a scholarly fancy. It is based, of course, upon a certain analogy between Greek and early English habits of thought, but it is an analogy which never becomes affinity; and to readers who have not followed up such points of resemblance, old English words are associated with a totally different set of ideas and carry the mind away from the Greek scenes. On the other hand, an author who should keep strictly to classical forms would only hamper himself with all the diffi-

culties and limitations of translation, with the danger of an equal bareness as the result. The charm of Mr. Lang's poem lies in the utter absence of stiffness, in the melodious flow of the verse, the various modern beauties, and, still oftener, prettinesses of expression, joined to a scene and action in which classical models are kept always in view. The ethical idea of the poem, on the other hand, is wholly a product of modern fancy,—a contradiction rather than a reflection of ancient thought. It is a new and dainty version of the too numerous experiences of Helen to represent her as borne by Venus from one happy, innocent life to another, the breach between being healed by sleep and forgetfulness. The whole effect of the poem, with its scholarly tone, its delicate, finished beauty, is that of a classical subject finely executed by a modern hand on French porcelain. There is the recollection of the antique mythology, together with a hint or suggestion of modern nymphs and naiads. A dash of coquetry is infused into the beauty of Venus, and piquancy and grace take the place of her divinity. In "Helen of Troy" we have an admirable imitation of Homeric detail and Homeric epithet, an exquisite understanding of English verse,—in fact, a very excellent imitation of poetry.

"The Hill of Stones" is not so bare of beauty as its title, being a pleasantly-versified fairy-tale of the Tennysonian order. Nothing, however, in Dr. Mitchell's little volume of verse pleases us so much as his "Camp-Fire Lyrics," which are reprinted from LIPPINCOTT's, where they originally appeared under a *nom-de-guerre*. In these briefly-worded, fantastic little poems, Dr. Mitchell has given some vivid glimpses of forest-scenery, accompanied by a vein of clever, intellectual, rather Heinesque sentiment. His verse has the true forest ring to our perception, although it does not pretend to be the work of a rustic or professed bard of nature, but is written from the point of view, which will probably be that of his readers, of a summer visitant glad of a holiday in the wildest nook attainable. "Elk County" and "The Marsh" appear to be stragglers from the camp-fire, and show the same characteristics. The free, swinging measure of Dr. Mitchell's metre is admirably in keeping with his subjects; but we question whether a poem composed in a sort of nine-syllable blank verse can be properly called a lyric.

Mr. Nichols's poem on "Monte Rosa"

is at once epic, scientific, and philosophic, but it is above all figurative. In this respect the author has outstripped the Orientals. At whatever page we open, we find his mountain studded with more epithets than the Arab imagination ever devised to bestow upon the lion. "Cloud-capped Wetterhorn's cathedral pile" is a "source of perennial streams,"—a use to which a cathedral pile could only be put by a miraculous supply of holy water. Mr. Nichols's verse moves entirely by means of figures gathered from all sources, ancient mythology and modern science having contributed equally with all trades and objects of nature. "Gravitation, like a guardian nurse," lets down the "lengthened steps" of the hunters descending the mountain at sunset, and a moment later

the soft-footed Hours

Bring home the doughty mountaineers, unslain.

If they were uninjured as well as alive, they could, one would think, have walked home; though no doubt it would be grateful to the fatigued frames of doughty mountaineers if they could all be carried to their firesides and suppers. On the whole, we must regard this production as one of many proofs that science and poetry do not mix well. Personification of the forces of nature makes a very odd accompaniment to the latest theories in geology and physics. One who has learned to regard a glacier as "a flowing solid of translucent ice" should leave it to people not so well informed to describe it as "a monster vast and vague," "a Protean changeling," an "unwilling Python," "a maniac rout of grave-yard ghosts," and "an eerie throng of goblins, phantoms, weirds [?]."

Mr. Armstrong's "Garland" is culled from stories of ancient and modern Greece, and is intended to show the possibilities which lie in the latter, as well as to protest against its being regarded as a hopelessly degenerate offspring of the great Hellas. His enthusiasm is duly tempered by restraint; he tells a story in rhyme with a good deal of vividness, and his verse is always cultivated and thoughtful. We have read his poems with the interest with which we would peruse the prose of an intelligent and well-informed traveller,—that is to say, we have read them with pleasure, but hardly with the sort of pleasure which poetry is expected to call forth. The fault may lie in our own lack of imagination, or it may be that, with all its

smoothness, its clear, well-expressed language, and occasional felicities, Mr. Armstrong's poetry is not of a highly poetic order.

It is rare in the extreme to find a young artist willing to subject his or her powers to such a rigid self-discipline, to restrain and prune so firmly, as Miss Lazarus has done. Such earnest intellectual development, pursued in the spirit of law and restriction which Goethe prescribed for the artist, is a very different thing from the poetic diversions of adjective-hunting and metrical exercise. The result is shown in a certain fine, noble quality which belongs to all that Miss Lazarus has written. In some of her lighter pieces, it is true, the severe purity of taste gave an air of coldness to the verse which somewhat effaced its charm, and perhaps her work has never obtained the wide recognition which it might have done had it shown more impulse and at the same time needed more excuse. But the clearest vindication of her art is shown in this historical tragedy, "The Dance to Death," which comes to us in a modest pamphlet, together with a handful of songs, mostly translations. In this drama of Jewish persecution the author's profound sympathy with her subject precludes any possibility of coldness. She has entered both by study and intuition into the spirit of the time, while her verse and the entire stage-setting of the play display an acquaintance with the English drama as close as her knowledge of Jewish thought. But enthusiasm, knowledge, even dramatic power (and of that Miss Lazarus proves herself to be possessed in a high degree), would not have produced such a tragedy as "The Dance to Death" without the lofty purpose and artistic restraint of which we have spoken. The elevation of tone sustained throughout is relieved by occasional touches of a lighter sort, but is never marred either by extravagances or lapses. The citations which are made in two or three places from the Jewish service or from some utterance of Jewish wisdom find in the drama a setting in perfect harmony with their grandeur and solemnity. The characters are strongly and impressively drawn, and their individuality is distinctly brought out in the dialogue, while behind the individual action lies the idea of an impending general calamity, lending a significance to the grouping and movements of even the subordinate personages. To represent the crisis as taking place off the stage is a proceeding justified by some

of the highest examples of dramatic art, though hardly by the stage usage of our own day. Miss Lazarus has managed it in a most dramatic way; the stage itself is left full of movement, and there is even room for a simultaneous tragedy in the death of one of the two principal figures who remain, which she has not carried out. It is difficult, however, to conceive of a modern audience being thrilled by an event which is not actually before it, and on this account and the religious exaltation of the thought, rather than from any want of dramatic effect, "The Dance to Death" seems to us a reading rather than an acting play. In the present dearth of tragedians, this is a matter of little consequence. As to the actual value of the work as it stands, it is impossible to pronounce in a moment. But taking it at the lowest estimate, even supposing it to be a result of study and imitation rather than of creative force, we can only say that such imitation implies rare gifts of sympathy and discernment, and that the mind which can assimilate and reproduce thought of such a calibre cannot be lacking in originality.

#### Books Received.

Doctor Grimshawe's Secret. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Life of Washington. By Leonard Henley. New York: John W. Lovell Co.

The Secret Dispatch. By James Grant. New York: John W. Lovell Co.

Pearls of the Faith; or, Islam's Rosary. By Edwin Arnold, C.S.I. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The Cause of Variation. By M. M. Curtis. Marshall, Minn.: Published by the Author.

The Merv Oasis. By Edmond O'Donovan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Traits of Representative Men. By George W. Bungay. New York: Fowler & Wells.

The Problem of the Poor. By Helen Campbell. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

The House that Jill Built: A Book on Home Architecture. By E. C. Gardner. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

Divorce. By Margaret Lee. New York: John W. Lovell Co.

John Greenleaf Whittier: His Life, Genius, and Writings. By W. Sloan Kennedy. Boston: S. E. Cassino.

Lowest Forms of Water Animals. (Science Ladders.) By N. D'Anvers. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.



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